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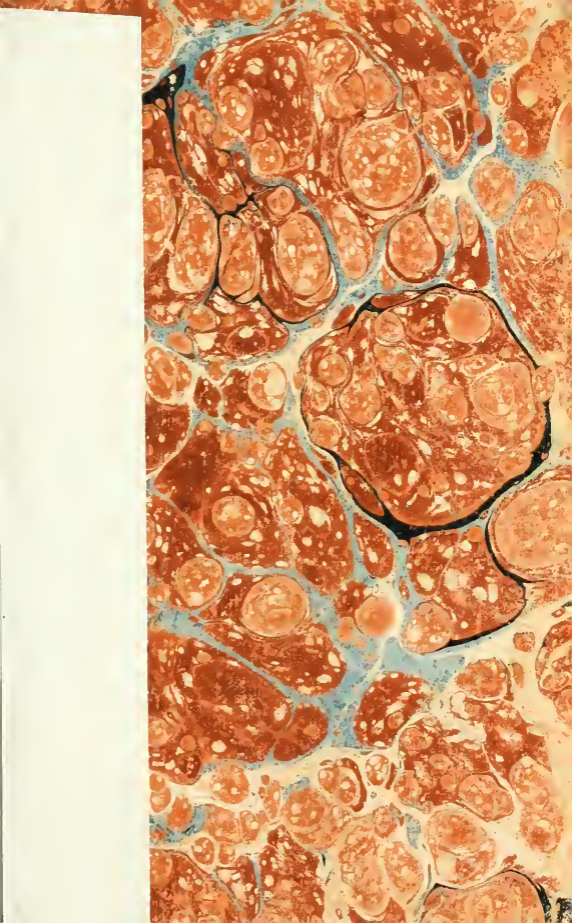


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BRITISH POETS.

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C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer,  
*Goswell-Street.*



THE

*V. Deane*

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F. S. A.

—  
VOL. XXXIII.  
—

CONTAINING THE

POEMS OF BLAIR, GLYNN, AND BOYCE,

AND

SHAW, LOVIBOND, AND PENROSE.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. SHARPE, OPPOSITE ALBANY,

PICCADILLY; AND SOLD BY

W. SUTTABY, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1808.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS

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1807.



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THE  
GRAVE.

BY  
*ROBERT BLAIR.*





THE  
GRAVE.

The house appointed for all living.      JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,  
Some flee the city, some the hermitage ;  
Their aims as various as the roads they take  
In journeying through life ;—the task be mine  
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb ;  
The' appointed place of rendezvous, where all  
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,  
Eternal King ! whose potent arm sustains  
The keys of hell and death.—The Grave, dread  
thing !

Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd : nature, appall'd,  
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah ! how dark  
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes !  
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark  
night,

Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun  
 Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams  
 Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper  
 By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty  
                     vaults,

(Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime)  
 Lets fall a supernumerary horror,  
 And only serves to make thy night more irksome.  
 Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,  
 Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell  
 Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms  
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,  
 Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)  
 Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.  
 No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane ;—the pious work  
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,  
 And buried midst the wreck of things which were ;  
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.  
 The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! Methinks  
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary :  
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul  
                     bird,

Rook'd in the spire, screams loud : the gloomy ailes,  
 Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of  
                     'sentcheons

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound  
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,  
 The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their  
                     slumbers,

In grim array the grisly spectres rise,  
 Grim horrible, and obstinately sullen,  
 Pass and repass, lush'd as the foot of night.

Again the screech-owl shrieks : ungracious sound !  
I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,  
(Coëval near with that) all ragged show,  
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down  
'Their branchless trunks ; others so thin a-top,  
'That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.  
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd  
here :

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs :  
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about ;  
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.  
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,  
When it draws near the witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,  
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the  
trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,  
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,  
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,  
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)  
'That tell in homely phrase who lie below.  
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,  
'The sound of something purring at his heels ;  
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,  
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;  
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale  
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,  
'That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand  
O'er some new-open'd grave ; and (strange to tell !)  
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied,  
Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :  
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,

Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,  
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek :  
 Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man  
 She drops ; whilst busy, meddling memory,  
 In barbarous succession musters up  
 The past endearments of their softer hours,  
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks  
 She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,  
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,  
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave !—how dost thou rend in sunder  
 Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one !  
 A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.  
 Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul ;  
 Sweetener of life, and solder of society,  
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me  
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.  
 Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,  
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,  
 Anxious to please.—Oh ! when my friend and I  
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,  
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down  
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,  
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along  
 In grateful errors through the under-wood,  
 Sweet murmuring ; methought the shrill-tongued  
                   thrush  
 Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird  
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note :  
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose  
 Assum'd a dye more deep ; whilst every flower  
 Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury  
 Of dress.—Oh ! then the longest summer's day  
 Seem'd too, too much in haste : still the full heart



BLAIR.

—bursts of sorrow gush from either eye  
Fast falling down —

*The Grave L. 70.*



Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness  
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,  
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful  
blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,  
And every smirking feature from the face;  
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.

Where are the jesters now? the men of health  
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll?

Whose every look and gesture was a joke  
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,  
And made ev'n thick-lip'd, musing Melancholy,  
To gather up her face into a smile

Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,  
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?  
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,  
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth;  
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore  
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;  
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,  
And had not room enough to do its work?

Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,  
And cram'd into a space we blush to name!  
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!

How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!  
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!  
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,  
And the majestic menace of thine eyes  
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,  
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,  
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,  
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.

Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,  
 And coward insults of the base-born crowd;  
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,  
 But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,  
 Of being unmolested and alone.  
 Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,  
 And honours by the herald duly paid  
 In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;  
 Oh, cruel irony! these come too late;  
 And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.  
 Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's bury'd  
 In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,  
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.  
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,  
 Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,  
 Stately and slow; and properly attended  
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch  
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,  
 By letting out their persons by the hour,  
 To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.  
 How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,  
 And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries  
 Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,  
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people  
 Retard the' unwieldy show; whilst from the case-  
 ments,

And honses' tops, ranks behind ranks close-wedg'd  
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?  
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcass  
 That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril  
 Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,  
 Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,  
 Why is the principal conceal'd, for which



You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:  
 What would offend the eye in a good picture,  
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud *lineage!* now how little thou appear'st  
 Below the envy of the private man.

*Honour!* that meddling officious ill  
 Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short,  
 Strange persecution! when the grave itself  
 Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd to think to overreach the grave;  
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours,  
 The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame,  
 Die fast away: only themselves die faster.  
 The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,  
 These bold insurers of deathless fame,  
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain.  
 The tapering pyramid, the Egyptian's pride,  
 And wonder of the world, whose spiky top  
 Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd  
 The angry shaking of the winter's storm;  
 Yet spent at last by the injuries of Heaven,  
 Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,  
 The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,  
 At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight:  
 The labour of whole ages lumbers down,  
 A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.  
 Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,  
 With all-subduing time: her cankering hand  
 With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:  
 Worn on the edge of days the brass consumes,  
 The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,  
 Unsteady to the steel, give up its charge.  
 Ambition, half convicted of her folly,  
 Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,  
 Who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood;  
 The' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,  
 Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,  
 And in a cruel wantonness of power  
 Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up  
 'To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,  
 Lie lush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.  
 Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn  
 That haunts and dogs them, like an injur'd ghost  
 Implacable.—Here too the petty tyrant,  
 Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,  
 And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,  
 Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,  
 And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey;  
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,  
 And piteous plaintive voice of misery;  
 (As if a slave was not a shred of nature,  
 Of the same commou feelings with his lord;)  
 Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,  
 Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his  
                   kinsman;  
 Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground  
 Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,  
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others adulation,  
 Would cunningly persuade us we were something  
 Above the common level of our kind,  
 The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd  
                   flattery,  
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty!—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,  
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,  
 And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,

The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,  
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,  
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers  
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?  
 Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,  
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek  
 The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,  
 Riots unscar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?  
 For this, thy painful labours at the glass?  
 To' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,  
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!  
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,  
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.  
 Look how the fair-one weeps!—the conscious tears  
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:  
 Honest effusion! the swol'n heart in vain  
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too—thou surly, and less gentle boast  
 Of those that loud laugh at the village-ring;  
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down  
 With greater ease, than e'er thou did'st the stripling  
 That rashly dar'd thee to the' unequal fight.  
 What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!  
 With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:  
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,  
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath  
 Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart  
 Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant  
 To give the lungs full play.—What now avail  
 The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread  
 shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,  
 Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold  
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,

Just like a creature drowning ; hideous sight!  
 Oh ! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly !  
 While the distemper's rank and deadly venom  
 Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,  
 And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan ?  
 It was his last.—See how the great Goliah,  
 Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,  
 Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty  
                   boaster!

To vaunt of nerves of thine? what means the bull,  
 Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,  
 And flee before a feeble thing like man ;  
 That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,  
 Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,  
 The star-surveying sage close to his eye  
 Applies the sight-invigorating tube ;  
 And travelling through the boundless length of  
                   space,

Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs  
 That roll with regular confusion there,  
 In ecstacy of thought. But, ah ! proud man,  
 Great heights are hazardous to the weak head ;  
 Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails ;  
 And down thou drop'st into that darksome place,  
 Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here, the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,  
 Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,  
 And cannot tell his ail to passers by.  
 Great man of language!—whence this mighty  
                   change,

This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?  
 Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,  
 And sly insinuation's softer arts

In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue ;  
 Alas! how chop-fall'n now! 'Thick mists and silence  
 Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast  
 Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,  
 The strength of action, and the force of words,  
 The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,  
 With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?  
 Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,  
 Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,  
 Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler  
 Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb  
 With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,  
 With heavy halting pace that drawl along:  
 Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,  
 And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,  
 These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,  
 Spite of their julaps and catholicons,  
 Resign to fate.—Proud Æsculapius' son!  
 Where are thy boasted implements of art,  
 And all thy well-eramm'd magazines of health?  
 Nor hill nor vale, as far as ship could go,  
 Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,  
 Escap'd thy rifling hand;—from stubborn shrubs  
 Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring virtues out,  
 And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,  
 Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.  
 But why this apparatus? why this cost?  
 Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,  
 Where are thy recipes and cordials now,  
 With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?  
 Alas! thou speakest not—'The bold impostor  
 Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felous,

Who meanly stole (discreditable shift)  
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,  
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay  
To his own carcass ; now lies cheaply lodg'd,  
By clamorous appetites no longer teas'd,  
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.  
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?  
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed ;  
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?  
Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,  
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds :  
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death !  
To him that is at ease in his possessions ;  
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,  
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come ?  
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,  
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help ;  
But shrieks in vain !—How wishfully she looks  
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!  
A little longer, yet a little longer,  
Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains,  
And fit her for her passage—Mournful sight!  
Her very eyes weep blood ;—and every groan  
She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,  
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,  
Pursues her close through every lane of life,  
Nor misses once the track, but presses on ;  
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,  
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die ! my soul,  
What a strange moment must it be, when near  
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view !

That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd  
 To tell what's doing on the other side.  
 Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,  
 And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;  
 For part they must: body and soul must part;  
 Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.  
 This wings its way to its Almighty source,  
 The witness of its actions, now its judge;  
 That drops into the dark and noisome grave,  
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;  
 If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,  
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing,  
 Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee  
 Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might the  
 drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,  
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh  
 At the poor bugbear death:—then might the wretch  
 That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,  
 At once give each inquietude the slip,  
 By stealing out of being, when he pleas'd,  
 And by what way, whether by hemp or steel;  
 Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could  
 force

The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,  
 Or blame him if he goes?—Sure, he does well,  
 That helps himself as timely as he can,  
 When able—But if there's an *hereafter*;  
 (And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd  
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man;)  
 Then must it be an awful thing to die:  
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.  
 Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame,

That makes her the reproach of neighbouring  
states.

Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,  
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?

Forbid it, Heaven!—Let not, upon disgust,  
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er  
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!  
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,  
To rush into the presence of our Judge;  
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,  
And matter'd not his wrath!—Unheard-of tor-  
tures

Must be reserv'd for such : these herd together ;  
The common damn'd shun their society,  
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.  
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd!  
How long, how short, we know not:—this we  
know,

Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,  
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission :  
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,  
And wait the' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.  
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,  
And keep it to the last. To run away  
Is but a coward's trick : to run away  
From this world's ills, that at the very worst  
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,  
By holdly venturing on a world unknown,  
And plunging headlong in the dark ;—'tis mad ;  
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity  
To those you left behind, disclose the secret!  
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out ;  
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.



I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes  
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly  
done

To knock and give the' alarm.—But what means  
'This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness  
'That does its work by halves—Why might you not  
'Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws  
Of your society forbid your speaking  
Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more:  
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine  
Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter;  
A very little time will clear up all,  
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village-  
swain,

And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:  
And who so artful as to put it by?

'Tis long since death had the majority;  
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.  
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,  
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,  
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole  
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand  
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaint-  
ance,

By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,  
But well he knew its owner, and can tell  
Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand  
'The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;  
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,  
Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,  
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand  
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds  
not,

That soon some trusty brother of the trade  
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends.  
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out  
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers  
In the world's hale and undegenerate days  
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,  
Never to think of death and of ourselves  
At the same time: as if to learn to die  
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,  
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood  
To frolic on eternity's dread brink  
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,  
The very first swol'n surge shall sweep us in.  
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on,  
With a resistless unremitting stream;  
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight-thief,  
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,  
And carries off his prize.—What is this world?  
What? but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,  
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals  
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.  
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;  
And we that live, must lend our carcasses  
To cover our own offspring; in their turns  
They too must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet,  
The shivering Iclander, and sunburn'd Moor;  
Men of all climes, that never met before;  
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Christian.  
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,  
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,  
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd  
The great negotiators of the earth,  
And celebrated masters of the balance,

Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts,  
 Now vain their treaty-skill:—Death scorns to treat ;  
 Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden  
 From his gall'd shoulders ;—and when the stern  
     tyrant,  
 With all his guards and tools of power about him,  
 Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,  
 Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought escapes  
 Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.  
 Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,  
 The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,  
 (Time out of mind the favourite seats of love)  
 Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,  
 Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes  
 Lie close ; unmindful of their former feuds.  
 The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,  
 Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,  
 Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams  
 That some rude interposing rock has split.  
 Here is the large-limb'd peasant :—Here the child  
 Of a span long, that never saw the sun,  
 Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.  
 Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters :  
 The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,  
 Whose lonely unappropriated sweets  
 Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,  
 Not to be come at by the willing hand.  
 Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette,  
 The sober widow, and the young green virgin,  
 Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,  
 Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!  
 Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;  
 And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant hear  
 Whose every-day was made of melody,

Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongued  
shrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.

Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;

The just, the good, the worthless, and profane,

The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;

The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean ;

The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;

The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,

With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man!—how happy once in thy first state!

When yet but warm from thy great Maker's  
hand,

He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well-pleas'd,

Smil'd on his last fair work.—Then all was well.

Sound was the body, and the soul serene ;

Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,

That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,

Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should ;

For all was pure within: no fell remorse,

Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,

Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas

Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern  
winds

Just ready to expire—scarce importun'd,

The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,

Offer'd the various produce of the year,

And every thing most perfect in its kind.

Blessed! thrice blessed days!—But ah! how short!

Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men ;

But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.

Oh! slippery state of things.—What sudden turns!

What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf

Of man's sad history!—To-day most happy,

And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.  
How scant the space between these vast extremes!  
'Thus far'd it with our sire :—not long he enjoy'd  
His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant  
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,  
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,  
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?  
Can nought compound for the first dire offence  
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,  
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,  
And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain.  
Not all the lavish odours of the place,  
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,  
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel,  
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,  
And drives the loiterer forth ; nor must he take  
One last and farewell round.—At once he lost  
His glory, and his God.—If mortal now,  
And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has sinn'd.  
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,  
Evil he would needs try : nor tried in vain.  
(Dreadful experiment ! destructive measure !  
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)  
Alas ! too well he sped :—the good he scorn'd  
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,  
Not to return ;—or if it did, its visits,  
Like those of angels, short and far between :  
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd train,  
Admitted once into its better room,  
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone ;  
Lording it o'er the man : who now too late  
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend :  
An error fatal not to him alone,  
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.

Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans  
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,  
 And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!  
 Greatest and first of ills.—The fruitful parent  
 Of woes of all dimensions!—But for thee  
 Sorrow had never been —All-noxious thing,  
 Of vilest nature!—Other sorts of evils  
 Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.  
 The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails,  
 That belches molten stone and globes of fire,  
 Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,  
 Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,  
 And there it stops.—The big-swoln inundation,  
 Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,  
 Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more;  
 But that too has its shore it cannot pass.  
 More dreadful far than those! Sin has laid waste,  
 Not here and there a country, but a world:  
 Dispatching at a wide-extended blow  
 Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, defacing  
 A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;  
 Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,  
 And marking all along its way with ruin,  
 Accursed thing!—Oh! where shall fancy find  
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive  
 Of all thy horrors?—Pregnant womb of ills!  
 Of temper so transcendently malign,  
 That toads and serpents, of most deadly kind,  
 Compar'd to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesses  
 Of every size and symptom, racking pains,  
 And bluest plagues are thine.—See, how the fiend  
 Profusely scatters the contagion round! [heels,  
 Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her

Wades deep in blood new-spilt ; yet for to-morrow  
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,  
 And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But, hold ! I've gone too far ; too much discover'd

My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.  
 Hére let me pause, and drop an honest tear,  
 One burst of filial duty and condolence,  
 O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,  
 'This chaos of mankind.—O great man-eater !  
 Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet !  
 Unheard-of Epicure ! without a fellow !  
 The veriest gluttons do not always cram ;  
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought  
 To edge the appetite : thou seekest none.  
 Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,  
 And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,  
 This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.  
 But, ah ! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more :  
 Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,  
 On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,  
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.  
 As if diseases, massacres, and poison,  
 Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou must render up thy dead,  
 And with high interest too.—They are not thine,  
 But only in thy keeping for a season,  
 'Till the great promis'd day of restitution ;  
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump  
 Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,  
 And rouse the long, long sleepers, into life,  
 Day-light, and liberty.—  
 Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal

The mines, that lay forming under ground,  
In their dark cells immur'd ; but now full ripe,  
And pure as silver from the crucible,  
'That twice has stood the torture of the fire,  
And inquisition of the forge.—We know  
The' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,  
The SON of GOD, thee foil'd.—Him in thy power  
Thou could'st not hold :—self-vigorous he rose,  
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook  
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent :  
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall !)  
'Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,  
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,  
By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting  
Had not a scruple left.—This having done,  
He mounted up to Heav'n.—Methinks I see him  
Climb the ærial heights, and glide along  
Athwart the severing clouds : but the faint eye,  
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold ;  
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.  
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in !  
Nor are his friends shut out : as a great prince  
Not for himself alone procures admission,  
But for his train.—It was his royal will,  
That where he is, there should his followers be ;  
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path !  
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears :  
But not untrod, nor tedious : the fatigue  
Will soon go off.—Besides, there's no bye-road  
To bliss.—Then, why, like ill-condition'd children,  
Start we at transient hardships in the way  
'That leads to purer air, and softer skies,  
And a ne'er-setting sun?—Fools that we are !



We wish to be, where sweets unwithering bloom;  
 But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.  
 So have I seen, upon a summer's even,  
 Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play:  
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!  
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:  
 At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,  
 His fears redouble, and he runs away  
 From the' inoffensive stream, unmindful now  
 Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,  
 And smil'd so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome  
 Death!

That after many a painful bleeding step  
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe  
 On the long wish'd-for shore.—Prodigious change;  
 Our bane turn'd to a blessing!—Death disarm'd,  
 Loses its fellness quite.—All thanks to Him  
 Who scourg'd the venom out.—Sure the last end  
 Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!  
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
 Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft—  
 Behold him in the evening tide of life,  
 A life well-spent, whose early care it was  
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:  
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;  
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.  
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches  
 After the prize in view! and, like a bird  
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:  
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded  
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits  
 Of the fast coming harvest.—Then, oh then!  
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,

Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs  
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!  
 'Tis done! and now he's happy!—the glad soul  
 Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag flesh  
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again  
 Its better half, never to sunder more,  
 Nor shall it hope in vain:—the time draws on  
 When not a single spot of burial earth,  
 Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,  
 But must give back its long-committed dust  
 Inviolate :—and faithfully shall these  
 Make up the full account; not the least atom  
 Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.  
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;  
 And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane!  
 Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the same pow'r  
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,  
 Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,  
 And put them as they were.—Almighty God  
 Has done much more: nor is his arm impair'd  
 Through length of days: and what he can, he will:  
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.  
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering  
     dust,  
 (Not unattentive to the call) shall wake:  
 And every joint possess its proper place,  
 With a new elegance of form, unknown  
 To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious soul  
 Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd  
 Singling its other half, into its arms  
 Shall rush with all the impatience of a man  
 That's new-come home, and, having long been ab-  
     sent,

With haste runs over every different room,  
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!  
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.  
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night ;  
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.  
Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird  
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake  
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day ;  
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

# A POEM,

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LEARNED AND EMINENT

*MR. WILLIAM LAW,*

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY  
OF EDINBURGH.

IN silence to suppress my griefs I've tried,  
And keep within its banks the swelling tide ;  
But all in vain : unbidden numbers flow ;  
Spite of myself, my sorrows vocal grow,  
This be my plea.—Nor thou, dear shade, refuse  
The well-meant tribute of the willing Muse,  
Who trembles at the greatness of its theme,  
And fain would say what suits so high a name.

Which, from the crowded journal of thy fame,  
Which of thy many titles shall I name ?  
For, like a gallant prince, that wins a crown,  
By undisputed right before his own,  
Variety thou hast : our only care  
Is what to single out, and what forbear.

Though scrupulously just, yet not severe ;  
Though cautious, open ; courteous, yet sincere ;  
Though reverend, yet not magisterial ;  
Though intimate with few, yet lov'd by all ;  
Though deeply read, yet absolutely free  
From all the stiffnesses of pedantry :

Though circumspectly good, yet never sour ;  
 Pleasant with innocence, and never more.  
 Religion worn by thee, attractive show'd,  
 And with its own unborrow'd beauty glow'd :  
 Unlike the bigot, from whose watery eyes  
 Ne'er sunshine broke, nor smile was seen to rise ;  
 Whose sickly goodness lives upon grimace,  
 And pleads a merit from a blubber'd face.  
 Thou kept thy raiment for the needy poor,  
 And taught the fatherless to know thy door ;  
 From griping hunger set the needy free ;  
 That they were needy was enough to thee.

Thy fame to please, whilst others restless be,  
 Fame laid her shyness by, and courted thee ;  
 And though thou bade the flattering thing give o'er,  
 Yet, in return, she only woo'd thee more.

How sweet thy accents ; and how mild thy  
 look !

What smiling mirth was heard in all thou spoke !  
 Manhood and grizzled age were fond of thee,  
 And youth itself sought thy society.  
 The ag'd thou taught, descended to the young,  
 Clear'd up the' irresolute, confirm'd the strong ;  
 'To the perplex'd thy friendly counsel lent,  
 And gently lifted up the diffident ;  
 Sigh'd with the sorrowful, and bore a part  
 In all the anguish of a bleeding heart :  
 Reclaim'd the headstrong, and with sacred skill,  
 Committed hallow'd rapes upon the will ;  
 Sooth'd our affections, and, with their delight,  
 'To gain our actions, brib'd our appetite.

Now who shall, with a greatness like thy own,  
 Thy pulpit dignify, and grace thy gown ;



And, thou, the once glad partner of his bed,  
 But now by sorrow's weeds distinguished,  
 Whose busy memory thy grief supplies,  
 And calls up all thy husband to thine eyes,  
 Thou must not be forgot. How alter'd now!  
 How thick thy tears! How fast thy sorrows flow!  
 The well-known voice that cheer'd thee heretofore,  
 These soothing accents, thou must hear no more.  
 Untold be all the tender sighs thou drew,  
 When on thy cheek he fetch'd a long adieu!  
 Untold be all thy faithful agonies,  
 At the last anguish of his closing eyes:  
 For thou, and only such as thou, can tell  
 The killing anguish of a last farewell!

This earth, yon sun, and these blue-tinctur'd skies,  
 Through which it rolls, must have their obsequies;  
 Pluck'd from their orbits, shall the planets fall,  
 And smoke and conflagration cover all:  
 What then is man? The creature of a day.—  
 By moments spent, and minutes borne away,  
 Time, like a raging torrent, hurries on;  
 Scarce can we say it is, but that 'tis gone.

Whether, fair shade! with social spirits, tell,  
 (Whose properties thou once describ'd so well)  
 Familiar now thou bearest them relate  
 The rites and methods of their happy state;  
 Or if, with forms more fleet, thou roams abroad,  
 And views the great magnificence of God,  
 Points out the courses of the orbs on high,  
 And counts the silver wonders of the sky;  
 Or if with glowing seraphim, thou greets  
 Heaven's King, and shoutest through the golden  
 streets,

That crowds of white-rob'd choristers display,  
Marching in triumph through the pearly way?

Now art thou rais'd beyond this world of cares,  
This weary wilderness, this vale of tears ;  
Forgetting all thy toils and labours past,  
No gloom of sorrow stains thy peaceful breast.  
Now midst seraphic splendors shalt thou dwell,  
And be what only these pure forms can tell.  
How cloudless now, and cheerful is the day !  
What joys, what raptures, in thy bosom play !  
How bright the sunshine, and how pure the air !  
There is no difficulty of breathing there.

With willing steps, a pilgrim at thy shrine,  
To dew it with my tears the task be mine ;  
In lonely dirge, to murmur o'er thy urn,  
And with new-gather'd flowers thy turf adorn :  
Nor shall thy image from my bosom part,  
No force shall rip thee from this bleeding heart ;  
Oft shall I think on all I've left in thee,  
Nor shall oblivion blot thy memory :  
But grateful love its energy express  
(The father's gone) now to the fatherless.



# ODE,

TRANSLATED FROM

THE LATIN OF FLORENTIUS VOLUSENUS<sup>1</sup>, SCOTUS,  
IN HIS DIALOGUE 'DE ANIMI TRANQUILLITATE.'

WHY do I, O most gracious God !  
So heavily complain ?  
And at thy providence most just,  
Why do I thus repine ?

Since by reflecting I perceive,  
And certainly do know,  
That I, my wretched self alone,  
Am cause of all my woe.

Who wittingly do strive in vain,  
From darkness light to bring ;  
And life and solid joys expect  
Under Death's awful reign.

As bitter wormwood never doth  
Delicious honey yield,  
Nor can the cheerful grape be reap'd  
From thistles in the field ;

<sup>1</sup> Florentius Volusenus was Florence Wilson, a scholar whose attainments have been commemorated by Eucharas and Sadolet. See Irwin's *Scotish Poets*.

So who, in this uncertain life,  
Deceitful joys pursue,  
They fruits do seek upon such trees  
On which it never grew.

That fading beauty men admire,  
Of person, and of face ;  
That splendor of rich ornament,  
Which stately buildings grace ;

That train of noble ancestors,  
Which gives illustrious birth,  
Wealth luxury : then add to these  
All the delights on earth :

Yea, whatsoever object doth  
Invite our wandering sight,  
And whatsoe'er our touch doth feel  
With pleasure and delight,

They all, like despicable dust  
And atoms, fly away ;  
And are mere dreams of the short night,  
Which we have here to stay.

That which is past is nothing sure,  
And what of joy to come  
Impatiently we want ; when got,  
Is quickly past and gone :

And when 'tis past, like other things,  
It nothing will be thought ;  
Should then that dream which nothing is,  
So anxiously be sought !

Go now, go fool, to catch the wind!  
Prepare thy nets to bind;  
Which thing no man but he that's mad  
Did ever yet pretend.

See if thou canst thy shadow grasp,  
Which no man yet could find;  
It flies the more the more that thou  
To follow art inclin'd.

That which will leave thee 'gainst thy will  
Thou freely shouldst forsake;  
And wisely choose these better things  
Which none from thee can take.

What comfort can that mortal have  
Who earth's whole wealth ingrostr,  
If, after this short span of life,  
His soul's for ever lost?

With how much wiser conduct he  
His course of life doth steer,  
Who by his pious endeavours  
Of doing good whilst here;

And by an holy, humble life,  
When he shall hence remove,  
Secures a passage for himself  
Into the heavens above.

Meanwhile, wouldst thou a small taste have  
Of real happiness?  
And whilst thou on this earth doth dwell,  
Some pleasant days possess?

Lay down all fears and anxious cares ;  
To things within thy power  
Confine thy wish ; and make thy will  
Strict reason's laws endure.

If thou affection do transgress  
The bounds by reason plac'd,  
In noise and trouble thou shalt live,  
Both wretched and disgrac'd.

—If thou wouldst perfect peace enjoy,  
Thy heart see thou apply  
To know Christ, and him crucified ;  
This is the only way. —

How happy is that man, who doth  
This blessed peace attain !  
He all the joys on earth, besides,  
Will know to be but vain.

He doth not set his heart on wealth,  
The care of worldly men,  
But strives to do that which is good,  
And heaven's reward to gain.

He flies the fond delights which we  
So ardently affect ;  
Shuns them as crosses, and as things  
Which contemplations check.

What we for greatest blessings take,  
He wholly doth disdain :  
And counts all things but loss and dung,  
That Christ's love he might gain.

What other men do grievous think,  
He calmly can endure ;  
He knows none truly can rejoice,  
Whose right in Christ's not sure.

He on the cross of Christ alone  
His wondering thoughts employs,  
Where in his death he hidden sees  
Life and eternal joys.

Thus he can honey from the rocks,  
And oil draw from hard stones ;  
A gift to few, and seldom given,  
By Heaven, amongst men's sons.

'Tis he alone long life deserves,  
And his years sweetly pass,  
Who holds that treasure in his breast,  
Whose worth doth all surpass.

What can he want of outward things,  
Who hath this pearl of price,  
Which we should buy at any rate,  
And all things else despise?

Woe's me ! how much do other men  
In seas of trouble live,  
Whose ruin oft and endless cares,  
Ev'n things they wish do give !

'Tis he alone in earnest can  
Wish for his dying day ;  
All mankind's terrors, yea, with tears  
Expostulate its stay.

O ! would to God my soul just now  
Were rais'd to such a frame,  
As freely to part hence, which soon  
Must be, though I reclaim.

-This present flies, another life  
Is swiftly hastening on,  
The way that leads to which, is through  
The cross of Christ alone.-

How canst thou, without grief and tears,  
Think on these impious wounds,  
Which thou didst cause, through which to thee  
Salvation free rebounds?

Thou, who shun'st all fatigue, and gives  
Thyself to soft delight,  
With what assurance canst thou crave  
What is the labourer's right?

If a strict life thou canst not reach,  
At least let him not see  
Thee much unlike himself, with whom  
Thou wouldst partaker be.

That which resembles most the sun  
We truly may call bright ;  
And what is most like to the snow,  
Will whitest be to sight.

These things are sweet which in their taste  
With honey may compare,  
And these are swift which can contend  
With the light flying air ;

So, sure, the more thou art like Christ,  
More perfect thou'rt indeed ;  
For, of all true perfection, he  
Both pattern is, and head.

Who are persuaded of this truth,  
When sore affliction grieve,  
This comfort have, that, ev'n in this,  
They more like Christ do live.

Men of this stamp are very scarce,  
Whose virtue doth them bear  
Above the vulgar ; for what's great,  
Difficult is, and rare.

But we to mind salvation's work  
Will never be advis'd ;  
And that all things are vanity,  
Till death hath us surpris'd :

Then to reflect we first begin,  
And our past lives abhor,  
And all these empty joys which we  
So much admir'd before.

Then under terrors we would fly  
To Christ, the only rock  
Of life ; whom in prosperity  
We never did invoke.

The fear which can no merit have  
Drives us to' implore his grace ;  
So great his mercy, that in vain  
We ne'er shall seek his face.

But yet we ought, without delay,  
Examine our estate;  
And saving interest get in Christ,  
Far better soon than late.

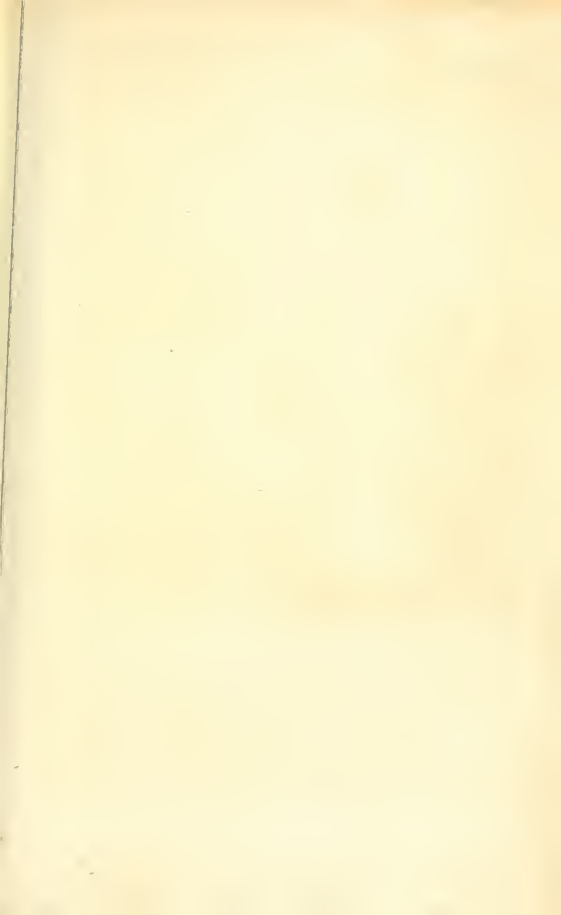
If any other way we seek  
Our passions to oppose,  
Or get tranquillity of mind,  
We time and labour lose.



THE  
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY  
*RICHARD GLYNN, M.D.*







GLYNN.

When Virtue long abandon'd and forlorn,  
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, —  
— shall sink appall'd;

*Thy of Suspense.*

*Drawn by A. W. Davis*

*Engraved by Mark Gorton*

THE  
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

---

THY justice, heavenly King! and that great day,  
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,  
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst  
Rang'd unprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;  
I sing adventrous.—But what eye can pierce  
The vast immeasurable realms of space,  
O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car  
To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits  
First-born of Heaven, to judge assembled worlds,  
Cloth'd in celestial radiance! Can the Muse,  
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,  
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around  
Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,  
Hymn hallelujahs; and in concert loud,  
Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—  
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd  
To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles  
Of Fancy me, enchanted, ne'er could lure  
To rove o'er fairy-lands; to swim the streams  
That through her vallies weave their mazy way;

Or climb her mountain tops ; yet will I raise  
 My feeble voice, to tell what harmony  
 (Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)  
 Attunes the moral world : that Virtue still  
 May hope her promis'd crown ; that Vice may dread  
 Vengeance, though late ; that reasoning Pride may  
 own

Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heaven.  
 — Sceptic ! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,  
 That divine particle which God's own breath  
 Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest  
 Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd  
 Her never-ending line ; tell, if thou know'st,  
 Why every nation, every clime, though all  
 In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,  
 With one consent expect another world,  
 Where Wickedness shall weep—Why paynim bards  
 Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes,  
 Styx and Cocytus ? Tell, why Heli's sons  
 Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,  
 Banquets, and blooming nymphs ? Or rather tell,  
 Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,  
 Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,  
 The' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds  
 Behind the cloud-topt hill ? Why, in each breast  
 Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,  
 Informs, directs, encourages, forbids ?  
 Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends ;  
 Or joy, on secret good ? Why conscience acts  
 With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain,  
 Stands tottering on the precipice of death ?  
 Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul  
 Of dying sinners ; while the goodman sleeps  
 Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires ?

Look round the world! with what a partial hand  
The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd!  
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity  
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,  
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,  
Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear:  
But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain  
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes  
Neglected and forlorn: disease, and cold,  
And famine, worst of ills, her steps attend:  
Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,  
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to you sweet-smelling bow'r,  
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,  
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him the' Arabian gale  
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills  
For him pour nectar from the purple vine;  
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due  
To Heaven: of Heaven he never names the name;  
Save when with imprecations dark and dire  
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom health  
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet honour gilds  
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd sleep  
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'st thou this, righteous Father? See'st thou this,  
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill  
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land  
Where all things are forgot?—Ah! no; the day  
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst  
That long obscur'd her beams; when Sin shall fly  
Back to her native hell; there sink eclips'd  
In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise,  
Nor ever sunshine pierce the' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,  
 (That trump which once in Heaven on man's revolt  
 Convok'd the' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice  
 The' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.  
 Then shall the' assembled nations of the earth  
 From every quarter at the judgment-seat  
 Unite: Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,  
 Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,  
 Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,  
 Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,  
 Tenant the wide terrene; and they who pitch  
 Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun  
 Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,  
 Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise  
 Whom distant ages to each others sight  
 Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel  
 Some great progenitor, while at his side  
 Stands his descendant through a thousand lines.  
 Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,  
 Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,  
 With equal eye the God of All shall see;  
 And judge with equal love. What though the great  
 With costly pomp and aromatic sweets  
 Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome  
 A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,  
 While solemn organs to his parting soul  
 Chanted slow orisons? Say, by what mark  
 Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain  
 Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound  
     turf  
 Long lay neglected?—All at once shall rise;  
 But not to equal glory: for, alas!  
 With howlings dire and execrations loud



Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these  
Behold the mighty murderers of mankind ;  
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew ; or they  
Who to the tottering pinnacle of power  
Waded through seas of blood ! How will they curse  
The madness of ambition ; how lament  
Their dear-bought laurels ; when the widow'd wife  
And childless mother at the judgment-seat  
Plead trumpet-tongued against them !—Here are  
they

Who sunk an aged father to the grave ;  
Or with unkindness hard and cold disdain  
Slighted a brother's sufferings. Here are they  
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd ;  
Who from the infant virgin tore her dower,  
And ate the orphan's bread :—who spent their stores  
In selfish luxury ; or o'er their gold,  
Prostrate and pale, ador'd the useless heap.—  
Here too, who stain'd the chaste connubial bed ;—  
Who mix'd the poisonous bowl ; or broke the ties  
Of hospitable friendship :—And the wretch  
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,  
Unsummon'd to the presence of his God  
Rush'd in, with insult rude. How would they joy  
Once more to visit earth ; and, though oppress'd  
With all that pain or famine can inflict,  
Pant up the hill of life ? Vain wish ! the Judge  
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,  
Perpetual punishment ! Seek not to know  
What punishment ! For that the' Almighty will  
Has hid from mortal eyes : and shall vain man,  
With curious search refin'd, presume to pry  
Into thy secrets, Father ? No : let him  
With humble patience all thy works adore,

And walk in all thy paths : so shall his meed  
 Be great in Heaven, so haply shall he 'scape  
 The' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who, bound in tenfold chains,  
 Stand horribly aghast ? This is that crew  
 Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,  
 And in the place of Heaven's eternal King  
 Set up the phantom Chance. For them, in vain,  
 Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year ;  
 In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r  
 Shed genial influence mild ; and the pale moon  
 Repair'd her waning orb. Next these is plac'd  
 The vile blasphemer, he, whose impious wit  
 Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,  
 And 'gainst the' impenetrable walls of Heaven  
 Planted his feeble battery. By these stands  
 The arch-apostate : he with many a wile  
 Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas !  
 No hope have they from black despair, no ray  
 Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking  
 souls :

In agonies of grief they curse the hour  
 When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are rang'd : but on the right  
 A chosen band appears, who fought beneath  
 The banner of Jehovah, and defied  
 Satan's united legions. Some unmov'd  
 At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barbarous climes  
 Diffus'd the gospel's light ; some, long immur'd  
 (Sad servitude !) in chains and dungeons pin'd ;  
 Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain  
 Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy they  
 Whom Heaven elected to that glorious strife!—  
 Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence

Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping head ;  
And on the labours of a future race  
Entail'd their just reward. Thon amongst these,  
Good Seaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence,  
Fostering fair genius, bade the poet's hand  
Bring annual offerings to his Maker's shrine,  
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—  
Here is that favourite band, whom mercy mild,  
God's best-lov'd attribute, adorn'd ; whose gate  
Stood ever open to the stranger's call :  
Who fed the hungry ; to the thirsty lip  
Reach'd out the friendly cup ; whose care benign  
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side ;  
Who heard the widow's tender tale ; and shook  
The galling shackle from the prisoner's feet ;  
Who each endearing tie, each office knew  
Of meek-ey'd heaven-descended Charity.—  
O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!  
Sweeter than those whom ancient poet's bound  
In amity's indissoluble chain,  
'The Graces! How shall I essay to paint  
Thy charms, celestial maid ; and in rude verse  
Blazon those deeds thyself did'st ne'er reveal?  
For thee nor rankling envy can infect,  
Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening pride  
Puff up with vain conceit : ne'er did'st thou smile  
To see the sinner as a verdant tree  
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream :  
While like some blasted trunk the righteous fall,  
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,  
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no  
more,  
And this Great Day is come ; thou by the throne  
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid,

Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,  
 And through the adamantine gates of Heaven  
 Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulf  
 And dark abyss where Sin and Satan reign!

But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,  
 Tell how that restless element of fire  
 Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,  
 And deluge all creation? Whether (so  
 Some think) the comet, as through fields of air  
 Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on,  
 Thwarting the' ecliptic where the' unconscious earth  
 Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun  
 With force centripetal into his orb  
 Attract her long reluctant; or the caves,  
 Those dread volcanos, where engendering lie  
 Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyss  
 Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,  
 As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand  
 Rains fierce combustion. Where are now the works  
 Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now  
 The' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,  
 Trophies and pillars?—Where is Egypt's boast,  
 Those lofty pyramids which high in air  
 Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times  
 Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?—  
 Tell me where Athens rais'd her towers?—Where  
 Thebes  
 Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where  
 Stood sea-girt Albion?—Where imperial Rome  
 Propt by seven hills stood like a scepter'd queen,  
 And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—  
 Show me the rampart, which o'er many a hill,  
 Through many a valley stretch'd its wide extent,  
 Rais'd by that mighty monarch, to repel

The roving Tartar, when with insult rude  
 'Gainst Pekin's towers he bent the unerring bow.

But what is mimic Art? Ev'n Nature's works,  
 Seas, meadows, pastures, the meandering streams,  
 And everlasting hills, shall be no more.  
 No more shall Teneriffe, cloud-piercing height,  
 O'er-hang the Atlantic surge: nor that fam'd cliff  
 Through which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,  
 Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade  
 O'er half the wide Ægean. Where are now  
 The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,  
 And from the Black-sea to the Ocean-stream  
 Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,  
 That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,  
 Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,  
 First rested, when the earth with all her sons,  
 As now by streaming cataracts of fire,  
 Was whelm'd by mighty waters? All at once  
 Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,  
 No mark of vain distinction: Heaven itself,  
 That azure vault with all those radiant orbs,  
 Sinks in the universal ruin lost.—

No more shall planets round their central Sun  
 Move in harmonious dance; no more the Moon  
 Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd Stars  
 Spangling the golden canopy of night,  
 Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass  
 Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their  
 names

And magnitude, some winged minister  
 Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth  
 Is lost) shall rend from Heaven thy mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous Day,  
 Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief

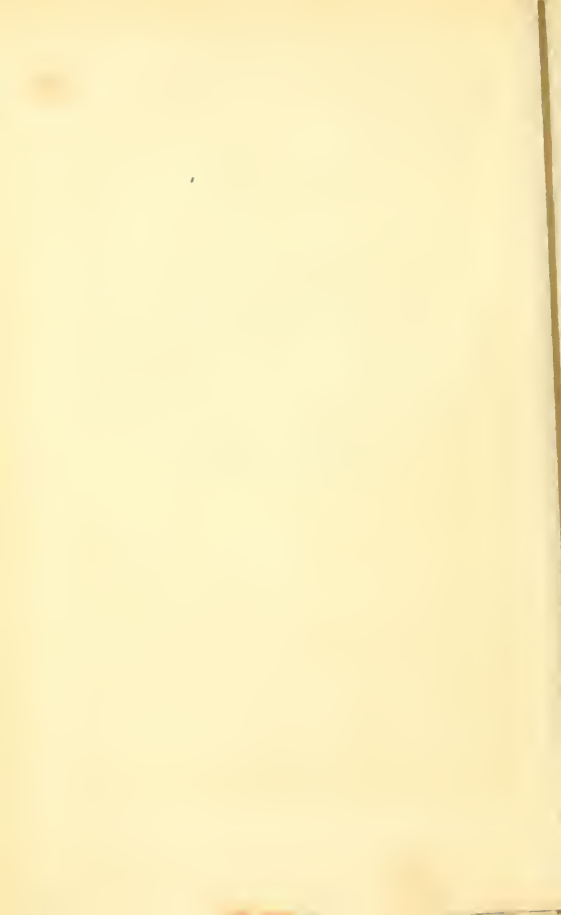
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace  
 Through Night's dark gloom. Perhaps as here I sit,  
 And rudely carol these incondite lays,  
 Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth  
 That lisps the faltering strain. O! may it ne'er  
 Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;  
 But find me wrapt in meditations high,  
 Hymning my great Creator!

—————' Power supreme!  
 O everlasting King! To Thee I kneel,  
 To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat  
 Melt all ye elements! And thou, high Heaven,  
 Shrink like a shrivel'd scroll! But think, O Lord!  
 Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;  
 Think on thine own bright image! Think on Him,  
 Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;  
 And, midst the wreck of worlds, remember man!

DEITY.

BY

*SAMUEL BOYSE.*





## DEITY.

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,  
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum  
HOR.

FROM Earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,  
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,  
The lovers raptures, and the hero's views,  
All the false joys mistaken man pursues ;  
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,  
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!  
Recal, fond bard, thy long-enchanted sight  
Deluded with the visionary light!  
A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,  
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue !  
But oh, alas ! unhallow'd and profane,  
How shall thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain ?  
Do thou, who from the altar's living fire  
Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,  
Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come ;  
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom :  
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,  
To sing that God from whom existence came ;  
Till Heav'n and Nature in the concert join,  
And own the Author of their birth divine.

## ETERNITY.

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame? or whence  
 The various forms the universe compose? [arose  
 From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs  
 Shall we derive the origin of things?

Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light  
 Drew dawning planets from the womb of Night!  
 Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,  
 Adores a pow'r beyond the reach of thought.

First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!  
 Sole light of Heav'n! acknowleg'd life of Earth;  
 Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous  
 whole,

This wide expanded all from pole to pole!  
 Who shall prescribe the boundary to thee,  
 Or fix the era of eternity?

Should we, deceiv'd by Error's sceptic glass,  
 Admit the thought absurd—that nothing was!  
 Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,  
 That nothing rais'd this beauteous all below;  
 When from disclosing darkness splendour breaks,  
 Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,  
 When non-existence bursts its close disguise,  
 How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!

If one vast void eternal held its place,  
 Whence started time? or whence expanded space?  
 What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change,  
 Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?  
 Could nothing link the universal chain?

No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!  
 Here reason its eternal Author finds,  
 The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,  
 Enlivens matter, and produces minds!

}

Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,  
 Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!  
 A nobler source those powers ethereal show,  
 By which we think, design, reflect, and know;  
 These from a cause superior date their rise,  
 'Abstract in essence from material ties.'  
 An origin immortal, as supreme,  
 From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:  
 In whom all possible perfections shine,  
 Eternal, self-existent, and divine!

From this great spring of uncreated might!  
 This all-resplendent orb of vital light;  
 Whence all-created beings take their rise,  
 Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies;  
 Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,  
 Which Heav'n enrich and gladden worlds below!  
 Which are no less, when properly defin'd,  
 Than emanations of the' Eternal Mind!  
 Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear,  
 (Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear!)  
 That what for ever was—must surely be  
 Beyond commencement, and from period free;  
 Drawn from himself his native excellence,  
 His date eternal, and his space immense!  
 And all of whom that man can comprehend,  
 Is, that he ne'er began, nor e'er shall end.

In him from whom existence boundless flows,  
 Let humble faith its sacred trust repose:  
 Assur'd on his eternity depend,  
 'Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!'  
 Within that mystic circle safety seek,  
 No time can lessen, and no force can break;  
 And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,  
 High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

## UNITY.

Thus recognis'd, the spring of life and thought!  
 Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot!  
 Approach, celestial Muse, the' empyreal throne,  
 And awfully adore the' exalted One!  
 In nature pure, in place supremely free,  
 And happy in essential unity!  
 Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand  
 No creature sprung to hail his wide command;  
 Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,  
 A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!

Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,  
 Nor reason two eternal gods believe!  
 Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,  
 The good would triumph, and the ill subside!  
 Again would vanquish'd Aramanus bleed,  
 And darkness from prevailing light recede!

In different individuals we find  
 An evident disparity of mind;  
 Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,  
 And actions vary as the will ordains;  
 But should two beings, equally supreme,  
 Divided pow'r and parted empire claim;  
 How soon would universal order cease!  
 How soon would discord harmony displace!  
 Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,  
 Nor yield, supported by eternal might;  
 Where each would uncontroll'd his aim pursue,  
 The links dissever, or the chain renew!  
 Matter from motion cross impressions take,  
 As serv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,

While neutral Chaos, from his deep recess,  
 Would view the never-ending strife increase,  
 And bless the contest that secur'd his peace !  
 While new creations would opposing rise,  
 And elemental war deform the skies ;  
 Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,  
 Eclipse the heav'ns, and waste the ruin'd world.

Two independent causes to admit,  
 Destroys religion, and debases wit ;  
 The first by such an anarchy undone,  
 The last acknowledges its source but one.  
 As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,  
 That wind irriguous through the flow'ry lawn ;  
 So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,  
 Exploring, till they find their native deep !

Exalted Power, invisible, supreme,  
 Thou sov'reign, sole unutterable name !  
 As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,  
 And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand ;  
 Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,  
 With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold ;  
 Transported with the ardours of thy praise,  
 The holy ! holy ! holy ! anthem raise !  
 To them responsive, let creation sing,  
 Thee, indivisible eternal King !

## SPIRITUALITY.

O SAY, celestial Muse ! whose purer birth  
 Disdains the low material ties of earth ;  
 By what bright images shall be defin'd  
 The mystic nature of the' eternal Mind !  
 Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,  
 Where all that reason can—is to adore !

That God's an immaterial essence pure,  
 Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;  
 Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,  
 In good pre-eminent, in truth severe;  
 Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'rs  
 From all the gross alloy that tempers ours;  
 In whose clear eye the bright angelic train  
 Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain!  
 Impervious to the man's or seraph's eye,  
 Beyond the ken of each exalted high.  
 Him would in vain material semblance feign,  
 Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;  
 Object of faith! he shuns the view of sense,  
 Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence!  
 Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,  
 In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;  
 In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,  
 Whose form is spirit, and whose essence thought!  
 Are truths inscrib'd by wisdom's brightest ray,  
 In characters that gild the face of day!

Reason confess'd, (howe'er we may dispute)  
 Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;  
 But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,  
 Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay!  
 In forms superior kindles less confin'd,  
 Whose dress is ether, and whose substance mind;  
 Yet all from Him, supreme of causes, flow,  
 To him their pow'rs and their existence owe:  
 From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,  
 To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on earth;  
 From matter then to spirit still ascend,  
 Through spirit still refining, higher tend;  
 Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,  
 Pierce through infinitude in quest of God!

Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,  
 Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh!  
 So its bright orb the' aspiring flame would join,  
 But the vast distance mocks the fond design.  
 If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,  
 Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state;  
 Bid from his plastic hand, a greater rise,  
 Produce a master, and resign his skies;  
 Impart his incommunicable flame,  
 The mystic number of th' Eternal Name;  
 Then might revolting reason's feeble ray  
 Aspire to question God's all-perfect day!  
 Vain task! the clay in the directing hand,  
 The reason of its form might so demand,  
 As man presume to question his dispose  
 From whom the power he thus abuses flows.

Here point, fair Muse! the worship God requires,  
 The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires:  
 Where love celestial warms the happy breast,  
 And from sincerity the thought's express'd;  
 Where genuine piety, and truth refin'd,  
 Re-consecrate the temple of the mind;  
 With grateful flames the living altars glow,  
 And God descends to visit man below!

#### OMNIPRESENCE.

THROUGH th' unmeasurable tracks of space  
 Go, Muse divine! and present Godhead trace!  
 See where, by place uncircumscrib'd as time,  
 He reigns extended; and he shines sublime!  
 Shouldst thou above the Heav'n of Heav'ns ascend,  
 Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend,  
 Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere  
 The radiant Morning's lucid pinions bear!

There should his brighter presence shine confest,  
 There his almighty arm thy course arrest!  
 Could'st thou the thickest veil of Night assume,  
 Or think to hide thee in the central gloom!  
 Yet there, all patient to his piercing sight,  
 Darkness itself would kindle into light:  
 Not the black mansions of the silent grave,  
 Nor darker hell, from his perception save;  
 What pow'r, alas! thy footsteps can convey  
 Beyond the reach of omnipresent day!

In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,  
 Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie:  
 Systems enclos'd in his perception roll,  
 Whose all-informing mind directs the whole:  
 Lodg'd in his grasp, their certain ways they know;  
 Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.  
 -On earth his footstool fix'd, in Heav'n his seat;  
 Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.~

Nor want his shining images below,  
 In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow;  
 His spirit broods along the boundless flood,  
 Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood:  
 Warms in the genial sun's enliv'ning ray,  
 Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!

Should man his great immensity deny,  
 Man might as well usurp the vacant sky:  
 For were he limited in date, or view,  
 Thence were his attributes imperfect too:  
 His knowledge, power, his goodness all confin'd,  
 And lost th' idea of a ruling mind!  
 Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense  
 Of a defective partial providence!  
 Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,  
 Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;



Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye :  
 And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh !  
 An absent God no abler to defend,  
 Protect, or punish, than an absent friend ;  
 Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,  
 To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow,  
 If he, Supreme Director, were not near,  
 Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear ;  
 Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,  
 And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail !  
 'The moral world a second chaos lie,  
 And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye !

Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,  
 From his high pow'r its slender texture takes ;  
 While in his book the various parts enroll'd,  
 Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.

Nor views he only the material whole,  
 But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul !  
 Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,  
 Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,  
 His steady eye the mental birth perceives,  
 Ere yet to us the new idea lives !  
 Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,  
 And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed !

But Conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,  
 Asserts its author, and restores the scene !  
 Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,  
 ' And vindicates the ways of God to man.'

Then, sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,  
 From Heav'n descended, as by Heav'n inspir'd ;  
 His all-enlight'ning omnipresence own,  
 When first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence  
     known ;

His wide omniscience, justly, grateful, sing,  
 Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing!  
 And bless th' Eternal, all-informing Soul,  
 Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the  
 whole.

## IMMUTABILITY.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,  
 By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,  
 Is always independent, always free,  
 Hence shines confess'd Immutability!  
 Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,  
 Or birth of force—is imperfection still.  
 But he, all-perfect, in himself contains  
 Power self-deriv'd, and from himself he reigns!  
 If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,  
 That God his fix'd stability should lose;  
 How startles reason at a thought so strange!  
 What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change?  
 If from his own divine productive thought,  
 Were the yet stranger alteration wrought;  
 Could excellence supreme new rays acquire?  
 Or strong perfection raise its glories higher?  
 Absurd!—his high meridian brightness glows,  
 Never decreases, never overflows!  
 Knows no addition, yields to no decay,  
 The blaze of incommunicable day!

Below, through different forms does matter range,  
 And life subsists from elemental change;  
 Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,  
 Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;  
 While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,  
 Inconstant as the shadows we survey!

With them, along Time's rapid current pass,  
 And haste to mingle with the parent mass ;  
 But thou, Eternal Lord of life divine !  
 In youth immortal shalt for ever shine !  
 No change shall darken thy exalted name ;  
 From everlasting ages still the same !

If God, like man, his purpose could renew,  
 His laws could vary, or his plans undo ;  
 Desponding faith would droop its cheerless wing,  
 Religion deaden to a lifeless thing !  
 Where could we, rational, repose our trust,  
 But in a Pow'r immutable as just ?  
 How judge of revelation's force divine,  
 If Truth unerring gave not the design ?  
 Where, as in Nature's fair according plan,  
 All smiles benevolent and good to man.

Plac'd in this narrow, clouded spot below,  
 We darkly see arround and darkly know !  
 Religion lends the salutary beam,  
 That guides our reason through the dubious gleam ;  
 Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies  
 Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise !  
 Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,  
 And show his creatures—all his ways are right !

Then, when astonish'd Nature feels its fate,  
 And fetter'd Time shall know his latest date ;  
 When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,  
 Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire !  
 The universal system shrink away,  
 And ceasing orbs confess th' almighty sway !  
 Immortal he, amidst the wreck secure,  
 Shall sit exalted, permanently pure !  
 As in the sacred bush, shall shine the same,  
 And from the ruin raise a fairer frame !

## OMNIPOTENCE.

FAR hence, ye visionary charming maids,  
 Ye fancied nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades!  
 Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,  
 Yourselves producing phantoms as untrue :  
 But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,  
 Daughter of Heav'n, whose offspring still are light ;  
 Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest!  
 To purge my sight, and animate my breast,  
 While I presume Omnipotence to trace,  
 And sing that Pow'r who peopled boundless space!

Thou present were, when forth th' Almighty rode,  
 While Chaos trembled at the voice of God!  
 Thou saw, when o'er th' immense his line he drew,  
 When Nothing from his word existence knew!  
 His word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,  
 While conscious light was kindled at the sound!  
 Creation fair surpris'd the angelic eyes,  
 And sov'reign Wisdom saw that all was wise!

Him, sole Almighty, Nature's book displays,  
 Distinct the page, and legible the rays!  
 Let the wild sceptic his attention throw  
 To the broad horizon, or earth below ;  
 He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,  
 He feels the God, and owns him unconfest :  
 Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,  
 In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,  
 Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?  
 Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought!

What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine,  
 Could give the model of this vast design?  
 What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole?  
 And bid consenting systems beauteous roll!

What hand but thine supply the solar light !  
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright !  
What hand but thine the starry train array,  
Or give the moon to shed her borrow'd ray ?  
What hand but thine the azure convex spread ?  
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed ?  
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,  
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe ?  
What hand but thine the wint'ry flood assuage,  
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage ?

Thee infinite ! what finite can explore ?  
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r ;  
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,  
Lost were thy unity, for He were thou !  
Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,  
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns !  
In vain would error from conviction fly,  
Thou every where art present to the eye.  
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,  
That fails this universal truth to find !

Go ! all the sightless realms of space survey,  
Returning trace the planetary way !  
The Sun that in his central glory shines,  
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines ;  
Then at our intermediate globe repose,  
And view you lunar satellite that glows !  
Or cast along the azure vault thy eye,  
When golden day enlightens all the sky ;  
Around, behold Earth's variegated scene,  
The mingling prospects, and the' flow'ry green ;  
The mountain brow, the long extended wood,  
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood !  
And say, are these the wild effects of chance ?  
Oh, strange effect of reas'ning ignorance !



With airy flight the insect roves abroad,  
 And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod !  
 Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,  
 And to thy name their grateful homage raise !  
 Thee, potent God ! let Egypt's land declare,  
 That felt thy justice awfully severe !  
 How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land !  
 Nature revers'd, how own thy high command !  
 When jarring elements their use forgot,  
 And the sun felt thy overcasting blot !  
 When Earth produc'd the pestilential brood,  
 And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood !  
 How deep the horrors of that awful night,  
 How strong the terror, and how wild the fright !  
 When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd,  
 And men and infants breath'd at once their last,  
 How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey !  
 Thy light conducting point the patent way ?  
 Obedient ocean to their march divide  
 The wat'ry wall distinct on either side ;  
 While through the deep the long procession led,  
 And saw the wonders of the oozy bed !  
 Nor long they march'd, till, black'ning in the rear,  
 The vengeful tyrant and his host appear !  
 Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,  
 And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea !  
 Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,  
 When through Arabia's sands their way they took ;  
 By day thy cloud was present to the sight,  
 Thy fiery pillar led the march by night ;  
 Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,  
 With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread ;  
 When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,  
 Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide !

What limits can Omnipotence confine?  
 What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?  
 Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,  
 Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!

On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing  
 The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing!  
 When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,  
 Involv'd the nations in its awful shade;  
 When shrunk the Earth from thy approaching face,  
 And the rock trembled to its rooted base:  
 Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,  
 Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;  
 Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,  
 Idolatry its impious rites could pay!  
 Oh, shame to thought!—thy sacred throne invade,  
 And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

## WISDOM.

O THOU, who, when the' Almighty form'd this all,  
 Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanc'd ball;  
 And as his hand completed each design,  
 Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine!  
 O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,  
 Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,  
 What tongues shall make thy charms celestial  
 known?

What hand, fair goddess! paint thee but thy own?

What though in nature's universal store  
 Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r;  
 Pow'r, unattended, terror would inspire,  
 Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.  
 But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,  
 The beauty of the whole result's divine!



Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,  
 And matter owns its great Disposer's laws ;  
 Hence in a thousand different models wrought,  
 Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought ;  
 Hence flow the forms and properties of things,  
 Hence rises harmony, and order springs ;  
 Else, had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,  
 Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!

See how, associate, round their central sun  
 Their faithful rings the circling planets run ;  
 Still equi-distant, never yet too near,  
 Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.  
 Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,  
 While from the sun her monthly light renews,  
 Breathes her wide influence on the world below,  
 And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.  
 View how in course the constant seasons rise,  
 Deform the earth, or beautify the skies :  
 First, Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train ;  
 Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the silvan scene ;  
 Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvests crown'd,  
 And trembling Winter close the annual round.  
 The vegetable tribes observant trace,  
 From the tall cedar to the creeping grass :  
 'The chain of animated beings scale,  
 From the small reptile to the' enormous whale ;  
 From the strong eagle stooping through the skies,  
 To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!  
 And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,  
 Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same :  
 As proper organs to the least assign'd,  
 As proper means to propagate the kind,  
 As just the structure, and as wise the plan,  
 As in this lord of all—debating man!

Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,  
 Nor longer to the ways of Heav'n be blind.  
 Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,  
 But outward beauty points a charm behind.  
 What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,  
 The plain, the river, or the wood to please?  
 Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,  
 The beautifier, or the beautified?  
 There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,  
 Beyond the ken of all created eyes;  
 His works our love and our attention steal;  
 His works (surprising thought) the Maker veil;  
 Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,  
 Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.

O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,  
 Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies!  
 All-condescending, to my feeble heart  
 One beam of thy celestial light impart;  
 I seek not sordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r;  
 O grant me wisdom—and I ask no more!

#### PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,  
 With towns replete, with green enclosures bound,  
 Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,  
 But gets a transient vista as it strays;  
 The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,  
 Whence opens all the scene as he ascends;  
 So Providence the friendly height supplies,  
 Where all the charms of Deity surprise;  
 Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,  
 And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight!

Almighty Cause ! 'tis thy preserving care  
 That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair ;  
 The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,  
 Eternal sheds his delegated light ;  
 Lends to his sister orb inferior day,  
 And paints the silver moon's alternate ray :  
 Thy hand the waste of eating Time renews :  
 Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews :  
 When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,  
 Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm ;  
 Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,  
 While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face ;  
 When lightnings through the air tremendous fly,  
 Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,  
 Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke ;  
 Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke ;  
 When subterraneous fires the surface heave,  
 And towns are buried in the yawning grave ;  
 Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail ;  
 Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.  
 To Zembla's rock thou send'st the cheerful gleam ;  
 O'er Libya's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream ,  
 Thy watchful providence o'er all intends ;  
 Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.

When man too long the paths of vice pursued,  
 Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood ;  
 Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,  
 To save a remnant from the wrath divine !  
 One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,  
 And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea ;  
 Thou bad'st the deep his ancient bed explore,  
 The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more !  
 The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were  
 The dove pacific brought the olive green. [seen,

On Arrarat the happy patriarch tost,  
 Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost ;  
 There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,  
 The Earth all verdant, and the air serene !  
 Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,  
 While Noah grateful adoration paid !  
 Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow  
 The promise of a safer world below.

When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,  
 And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd ;  
 Thy word the mighty labour could confound,  
 And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.

From thee all human actions take their springs,  
 The rise of empires, and the fall of kings !  
 See the vast theatre of time display'd,  
 While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread !  
 With pomp the shining images succeed,  
 What leaders triumph ! and what monarchs bleed !  
 Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,  
 Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd :  
 Awhile they glitter in the face of day,  
 Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away ;  
 No traces left of all the busy scene,  
 But that remembrance says—' The things have  
 been !'

' But (questions Doubt) whence sickly nature feels  
 The ague-fits her face so oft reveals ?

Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd  
 breast ?

Whence tempests rage ? or yellow plagues infest ?

Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store ?

Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour ?'

Go, sceptic mole ! demand the' eternal cause,  
 The secret of his all-preserving laws ?

The depths of wisdom infinite explore,  
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?

Thy error still in moral things as great,  
As vain to cavil at the laws of fate.  
To ask why prosperous vice so oft succeeds,  
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?  
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,  
By crimes grow powerful, and disgrace a throne?  
Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,  
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage;  
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,  
Or Nero reign'd, the delegate of hell?  
In vain by reason is the maze pursued,  
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good,  
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim  
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame;  
As we direct to God, what should belong,  
Or say that sovereign wisdom governs wrong.

Nor always vice does uncorrected go,  
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!  
Oft sacred Justice lifts her awful head,  
And dooms the tyrant and the' usurper dead;  
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,  
Arrests the hero in his wild career,  
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,  
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall;  
Or when the cursed Borgias brew the cup  
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up.  
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,  
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare:  
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,  
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!

But fast as Time's swift pinions can convey,  
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,

When to the view of all created eyes,  
 God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,  
 When the loud trumpet shall assemble round  
 The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!  
 Where men and angels shall to audit come,  
 And millions yet unborn receive their doom?  
 Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,  
 Appear divinely bright without a shade;  
 In light triumphant, all her acts be shown,  
 And blushing doubt, eternal wisdom own!

Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence supreme,  
 Sov'reign director of this mighty frame,  
 Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,  
 Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men,  
 Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,  
 Or measure sparingly the daily bread;  
 Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,  
 Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain;  
 On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,  
 Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!  
 Know that thy Providence, their constant friend,  
 Through life shall guard them, and in death at-  
 tend;  
 With everlasting arms their cause embrace,  
 And crown the paths of piety with peace.

## GOODNESS.

YE seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,  
 With holy zeal your golden censors fill:  
 Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands  
 Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;

Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,  
 Attuning to the voice the' angelic lyre!  
 Or ye, fair natives of the heavenly plain,  
 Who once were mortal,—now a happier train!  
 Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,  
 In blissful meads and amaranthine bow'rs.  
 Oh, lend one spark of your celestial fire,  
 Oh, deign my glowing bosom to inspire;  
 And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,  
 While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!

Though all thy attributes divinely fair,  
 Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;  
 Yet if one beams superior to the rest,  
 Oh, let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd:  
 As shines the moon amidst her starry train,  
 As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,  
 As the mild dove her silver plumes displays;  
 So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.

This led, Creator mild! thy gracious hand,  
 When formless Chaos heard thy high command;  
 When, pleas'd, thy eye thy matchless works re-  
 view'd,

And Goodness placid, spoke that all was good!

Nor only does in Heav'n thy Goodness shine,  
 Delighted Nature feels its warmth divine;  
 The vital Sun's illuminating beam,  
 The silver crescent, and the starry gleam,  
 As day and night alternate they command,  
 Proclaim that truth to ev'ry distant land.

See smiling Nature, with thy treasures fair,  
 Confess thy bounty and parental care;  
 Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,  
 And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.

The generous lion, and the brinded bear,  
 As nightly through the forest walks they roar,  
 From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,  
 Nor from thy hand unsated go away :  
 To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,  
 Supported by thy all-preserving eye :  
 From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,  
 Or those who range the field, or plough the main,  
 Receive with constant course the' appointed food,  
 And taste the cup of universal good ;  
 Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live ;  
 Thou frown'st, they faint, thou smil'st, and they  
 revive !

On Virtue's acre, as on Rapine's stores,  
 See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs !  
 ' Life's common blessings all her children share,'  
 Tread the same earth, and breathe a general air !  
 Without distinction boundless blessings fall,  
 And Goodness, like the Sun, enlightens all !

Oh man! degenerate man! offend no more!  
 Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore !  
 Shall these through every tribe his bounty own,  
 Of all his works ungrateful thou alone !  
 Deaf when the tuneful voice of Mercy cries,  
 And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the eyes?  
 Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,  
 His pity spares—his clemency reclaims !  
 Observe his patience with the guilty strive,  
 And bid the criminal repent and live ;  
 Recal the fugitive with gentle eye,  
 Beseech the obstinate, he would not die !  
 Amazing tenderness—amazing most,  
 The soul on whom such mercy should be lost !



But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness join  
 In one strong point of radiance all divine,  
 Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light;  
 To Bethlehem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!  
 Hear the glad message to the shepherds given,  
 ' Good will on earth to man, and peace in Heav'n!  
 Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,  
 And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!

Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan,  
 Thon salutary source of life to man!  
 What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?  
 What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?  
 When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,  
 When awful Justice claim'd her righteous pay!  
 See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,  
 And stop the lightning just prepar'd to fly!  
 (O strange effect of unexampled love!)  
 View him descend the heav'nly throne above:  
 Patient the ills of mortal life endure,  
 Calm, though revil'd, and innocent, though poor!  
 Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,  
 His life one fair continued scene of good;  
 For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,  
 The victim of eternal justice bleed!  
 Look! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,  
 They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side;  
 See God expires! our forfeit to atone,  
 While Nature trembles at his parting groan!  
 Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,  
 Behold, and if thou canst, forbear to melt!  
 Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,  
 And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain!  
 Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,  
 When dying he looks down to bid thee live!

Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,  
 Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood?  
 Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,  
 Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!  
 Can all the errors of thy life atone,  
 And raise thee from a rebel to a son!

O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,  
 Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!  
 (Where from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,  
 Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)  
 From that exalted height of bliss supreme,  
 Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;  
 Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,  
 Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;  
 Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,  
 And by their morals prove their faith divine!

Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,  
 O'er the glad world thy healing light display;  
 Fair Son of Righteousness! in beauty rise,  
 And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies!  
 To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,  
 Oh, great Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;  
 O'er Earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse,  
 As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews;  
 And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy pow'r,  
 Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

#### RECTITUDE.

HENCE distant far, ye sons of Earth profane,  
 The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain:  
 Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd slaves of state,  
 The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!

But come, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,  
 The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!  
 Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,  
 Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze,  
 Your grateful voices aid the Muse to sing  
 The spotless justice of the' Almighty King!

As only Rectitude divine he knows,  
 As truth and sanctity his thoughts compose;  
 So these the dictates which the' Eternal Mind  
 To reasonable beings has assign'd;  
 These has his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,  
 The conscious seals the hand of Heav'n attest!  
 When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,  
 He still attentive keeps the fault in sight;  
 Demands that strict atonement should be made,  
 And claims the forfeit on the offender's head!

But Doubt demands—' Why man dispos'd this  
 way?

Why left the dang'rous choice to go astray?  
 If Heav'n that made him did the fault foresee,  
 Thence follows, Heav'n is more to blame than he.  
 No—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,  
 What toil, what prize had Virtue been assign'd?  
 From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,  
 Her spirits languish when she finds no foe!  
 Man might perhaps have so been happy still,  
 Happy, without the privilege of will,  
 And just, because his hands were tied from ill!  
 O wondrous scheme, to mend the' almighty plan,  
 By sinking all the dignity of man!

Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,  
 And view thy happiness and choice allied;  
 See Virtue from herself her bliss derive,  
 A bliss, beyond the pow'r of throues to give;

See Vice, of empire and of wealth possess'd,  
 Pine at the heart, and feel herself unblest'd :  
 And, say, were yet no further marks assign'd,  
 Is man ungrateful? or is Heav'n unkind?

' Yes, all the woes from Heav'n permissive fall,  
 The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them all.'  
 From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,  
 Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed!  
 His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,  
 Or from his av'rice famine takes her birth;  
 Had Nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,  
 His pride would lead him to attempt the sky!  
 To angels make the pigmy's folly known,  
 And draw ev'n pity from the' eternal throne.

Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,  
 Celestial Justice balances her scales.

With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,  
 With hand impartial ev'ry crime she weighs ;  
 Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,  
 The man of blood her awful presence feels ;  
 Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,  
 The regal tyrant, with success elate,  
 Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!  
 Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,  
 'Tis but to make the future stroke severe ;  
 For soon or late eternal Justice pays  
 Mankind the just desert of all their ways.

'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day,  
 When high Omniscience shall her books display,  
 When Justice shall present her strict account,  
 While Conscience shall attest the due amount ;  
 That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,  
 Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!

Oh then, while penitence can Fate disarm,  
 While ling'ring Justice yet withholds its arm;  
 While heav'nly Patience grants the precious time,  
 Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;  
 Immediate, to the seat of mercy fly,  
 Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die!

But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,  
 Ye giants, that deform the face of earth;  
 Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,  
 And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt:  
 Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,  
 And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear:  
 Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,  
 Forsake the mansions of defiling night:  
 Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,  
 Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies!  
 Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,  
 And bid the useful treasure learn to flow!  
 Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain!  
 Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,  
 Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow!  
 And drive you to the realms of night below!

But Doubt resumes—' If Justice has decreed  
 The punishment proportion'd to the deed;  
 Eternal misery seems too severe,  
 'Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!  
 'Too harsh! that endless torments should repay  
 The crimes of life—the errors of a day!

In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;  
 Heav'n's counsels are beyond conception high;  
 In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan  
 His ways how different from the ways of man!  
 Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,  
 Inquire not, but more wisely shun the woe;

Warn'd by his threat'nings to his laws attend,  
 And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!  
 Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,  
 Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends;  
 Oft partial pow'r, to serve its own design,  
 Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line,  
 Strikes biass'd at the person, not the deed,  
 And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!

But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,  
 Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;  
 And while subservient, as his will ordains,  
 Obedient Nature yields the present means;  
 While neither force nor passions guide his views,  
 Ev'n Evil works the purpose he pursues!  
 That bitter spring, the source of human pain!  
 Heal'd by his touch, does mineral health contain;  
 And dark affliction, at his potent rod,  
 Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.

Thus human justice (far as man can go)  
 For private safety strikes the dubious blow;  
 But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,  
 Consults each individual in the whole!  
 Directs the issues of each moral strife,  
 And sees creation struggle into life!

And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways  
 Observant walk, and sing his daily praise;  
 Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts  
 No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,  
 To whom his gracious promises extend,  
 In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,  
 Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who build)  
 Shall with eternal Justice be fulfill'd:  
 Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n  
 The bright reversion of approaching Heav'n,

With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,  
 Whose love from darkness call'd you into light ;  
 So let your piety reflective shine,  
 As men may thence confess his truth divine!  
 And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,  
 Shall drop, returning to its native dust ;  
 The work of life with approbation done,  
 Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

## GLORY.

BUT oh, adventurous Muse, restrain thy flight,  
 Dare not the blaze of uncreated light !  
 Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise  
 The' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes ;  
 Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,  
 No colours can describe, or words express !  
 All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,  
 Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours,  
 Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,  
 Pale as the moon before the solar ray !

See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,  
 In all the pomp of the luxuriant East !  
 While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,  
 And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold ;  
 Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield  
 To the fair lily that adorns the field !  
 Obscur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,  
 By the rich bird's inimitable dyes ;  
 Yet these survey confounded and outdone  
 By the superior lustre of the sun ;  
 That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam  
 From thee, the glorious Author of his frame !

Transcendent Power! sole arbiter of fate!  
 How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!  
 To view from thy exalted throne above,  
 (Eternal source of light, and life, and love)  
 Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,  
 To bless the Heav'ns, or beautify the earth;  
 While systems roll, obedient to thy view,  
 And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.

Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,  
 And swell the concert of eternal praise!  
 Assist, ye orbs, that form this boundless whole,  
 Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;  
 Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,  
 And bend, concerted, round the solar frame;  
 Thou eye of Nature! whose extensive ray  
 With endless charms adorns the face of day;  
 Consenting raise the' harmonious joyful sound,  
 And bear his praises through the vast profound!  
 His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,  
 Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!  
 His praise let ocean through her realms display,  
 Far as her circling billows can convey!  
 His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,  
 In rains descending, or in milder dews!  
 His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,  
 As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!  
 His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,  
 Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!  
 His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,  
 As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale!  
 His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,  
 As to your notes the vocal forests ring!  
 His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,  
 Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!



Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,  
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green!  
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear  
The universal hymn of worship hear!  
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,  
'Thy soul transported with the task divine!  
While by his works the' Almighty is confess'd,  
Supremely glorions, and supremely bless'd!

Great Lord of life! from whom this humble frame  
Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,  
Forgive the lowly Muse, whose artless lay  
Has dar'd thy sacred attributes survey!  
Delighted oft through Nature's beauteous field  
Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd;  
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,  
But awful rev'rence still withheld her tongue.  
Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,  
As feels my conscions breast thy vital flame,  
So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay  
His mite of gratitude this feeble way;  
Thy goodness own, thy providence adore,  
And yield thee only—what was thine before.



DEATH.

BY

*BEILBY PORTEUS, D.D.*

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## DEATH.

---

FRIEND to the wretch, whom every friend forsakes,  
I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths  
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill  
The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys  
I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour,  
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,  
And wearied nature makes a general pause!  
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloisters drear,  
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng  
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path  
With silent glauce, I seek the shadowy vale  
Of Death!—Deep in a murky cave's recess,  
Lav'd by oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd  
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors  
Of yew' and cypress' shade, from all intrusion  
Of busy noontide beam, the monarch sits  
In unsubstantial majesty entron'd.  
At his right hand, nearest himself in place,  
And frightfulness of form, his parent, Sin,  
With fatal industry and cruel care,  
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,

And tipping every shaft with venom drawn  
 From her infernal store; around him rang'd  
 In terrible array, and strange diversity  
 Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.  
 Foremost Old Age, his natural ally  
 And firmest friend: next him, diseases thick,  
 A motley train; fever with cheek of fire;  
 Consumption wan; palsy, half warm with life,  
 And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing gout,  
 And ever-gnawing rheum; convulsion wild;  
 Swoln dropsy; panting asthma; apoplex  
 Full-gorg'd.—There too the pestilence that walks  
 In darkness, and the sickness that destroys  
 At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,  
 Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when  
 By Heaven's command, Death waves his ebon wand,  
 Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,  
 And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

Ill-fated man, for whom such various forms  
 Of misery wait, and mark their future prey!  
 Ah! why, All-righteous Father, didst thou make  
 This creature, man? Why wake the' unconscious  
 dust

To life and wretchedness? O better far  
 Still had he slept in uncreated night,  
 If this the lot of being!—Was it for this  
 Thy breath divine kindled within his breast  
 The vital flame? For this was thy fair image  
 Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?  
 For this dominion given him absolute  
 O'er all thy creatures, only that he might reign  
 Supreme in woe? From the blest source of good  
 Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ill  
 Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,

The impious thought! God never made a creature  
 But what was good. He made a living man :  
 The man of death was made by man himself.  
 Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,  
 Fresh with immortal bloom ; no pain he knew,  
 No fear of death, no check to his desires,  
 Save one command. That one command, (which  
 stood

'Twixt him and ruin, the test of his obedience,)  
 Urg'd on by wanton curiosity  
 He broke.—There in one moment was undone  
 'The fairest of God's works. 'The same rash hand  
 'That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,  
 Unbar'd the gates of hell, and let loose Sin  
 And Death, and all the family of Pain,  
 To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw  
 'The monstrous crew, and shook through all her  
 frame,

Then fled her new-born lustre, then began  
 Heaven's cheerful face to low'r, then vapours  
 chok'd

The troubled air, and form'd a vale of clouds  
 To hide the willing sun. The earth, convuls'd  
 With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop  
 Of thorns and briars ; and insect, bird, and beast,  
 That wont before with admiration fond  
 To gaze at man, and fearless crowd around him,  
 Now fled before his face, shunning in haste  
 'The' infection of his misery. He alone  
 Who justly might, the' offended Lord of man,  
 Turn'd not away his face ; he, full of pity,  
 Forsook not in this uttermost distress  
 His best-lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd,  
 (That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)

The countenance of God, and through the gloom  
 Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm  
 The' offender's sinking soul. Hope, sent from  
 Heaven,

Uprais'd his drooping head, and show'd afar  
 A happier scene of things ; the promis'd seed  
 Trampling upon the serpent's humbled crest,  
 Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dank grave  
 Made pervious to the realms of endless day,  
 No more the limit but the gate of life.

Cheer'd with the view, man went to till the earth  
 From whence he rose ; sentenc'd indeed to toil,  
 As to a punishment ; (yet ev'n in wrath  
 So merciful is Heaven!) this toil became  
 The solace of his woes, the sweet employ  
 Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard  
 Against disease and Death.—Death, though de-  
 nounc'd,

Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm  
 Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.  
 Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men  
 Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes ;  
 Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years  
 One solitary ghost went shivering down  
 To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,  
 Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,  
 The venerable patriarch guileless held  
 The tenor of his way ; labour prepar'd  
 His simple fare, and temperance rul'd his board.  
 Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve  
 He sunk to sudden rest ; gentle and pure  
 As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet  
 Were all his slumbers ; with the sun he rose,  
 Alert and vigorous as he, to run



His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant strength,  
He stem'd the tide of time, and stood the shock  
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.

At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,  
And looking round saw all the vallies fill'd  
With nations from his loins; full well content  
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,  
Along the gentle slope of life's decline  
He bent his gradual way, till full of years  
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was man ;  
So calm was life, so impotent was death.  
O, had he but preserv'd those few remains,  
Those shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,  
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck  
Of innocence primeval, still had he liv'd  
Great ev'n in ruin, though fallen yet not forloru ;  
Though mortal, yet not every where beset  
With Death in every shape ! But he, impatient  
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up  
The measure of his woes. 'Twas man himself  
Brought Death into the world, and man himself  
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,  
And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest born of hell, embru'd  
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men  
To make a death which nature never made,  
And God abhor'd, with violence rude to break  
The thread of life, ere half its length was run,  
And rob a wretched brother of his being.  
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd  
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough,  
By subtle Fraud, to snatch a single life,

Puny impiety ! whole kingdoms fell  
To sate the lust of power ; more horrid still,  
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature  
Became its boast.—One murder made a villain,  
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileg'd  
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.  
Ah ! why will kings forget that they are men !  
And men that they are brethren ? Why delight  
In human sacrifice ? Why burst the ties  
Of nature, that should knit their souls together  
In one soft bond of amity and love ;  
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on  
Inhumanly ingenious to find out  
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,  
Artificers of Death ! still monarchs dream  
Of universal empire growing up  
From universal ruin.—Blast the design,  
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall  
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine !  
Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,  
And the loud din of battle cease to roar ;  
Should dove-eyed Peace o'er all the earth extend  
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,  
Would Death be foil'd ? Would health, and strength,  
and youth,  
Defy his power ? Has he no arts in store,  
No other shafts save those of war ?—Alas !  
Ev'n in the smile of peace, that smile which sheds  
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks  
That serpent Luxury ; war its thousands slays,  
Peace its ten thousands : in the' embattled plain,  
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,  
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,

So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes  
 Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,  
 Where in the' intoxicating draught conceal'd,  
 Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,  
 He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting  
 Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.  
 Down the smooth stream of life the stripling  
       darts,

Gay as the morn ; bright glows the vernal sky,  
 Hope swells his sails, and fancy steers his course ;  
 Safe glides his little bark along the shore,  
 Where virtue takes her stand ; but if too far  
 He launches forth, beyond discretion's mark,  
 Sudden his tempest scowls, the surges roar,  
 Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.  
 O sad but sure mischance ! O happier far  
 To lie like gallant Howe, midst Indian wilds,  
 A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands  
 In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice  
 To freedom's holy cause ; than so to fall,  
 Torn immature from life's meridian joys,  
 A prey to vice, intemperance, and disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,  
 Ye sons of pleasure, by the' Almighty stricken,  
 Than ever dare (though oft, alas ! ye dare)  
 To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,  
 To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,  
 And be your own avengers.—Hold, rash man,  
 Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd  
 Through every region of delight, nor left  
 One joy to gild the evening of thy days,  
 Though life seem one uncomfortable void,  
 Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair.  
 Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,

Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,  
 And ere thou plung'st into the vast abyss,  
 Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see  
 Thy future mansion—Why, that start of horror?  
 From thy slack hand why drops the' uplifted steel?  
 Didst thou not think such vengeance must await  
 The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about  
 him,

Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,  
 Into his Maker's presence, throwing back,  
 With insolent disdain, his choicest gift?

Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,  
 And think it all too short to wash away  
 By penitential tears, and deep contrition,  
 The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find  
 Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet  
 Death when he comes, not wantonly invite  
 His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern  
 With innocence to live, with patience wait  
 The' appointed hour; too soon that hour will  
 come,

Though Nature run her course; but Nature's God,  
 If need require, by thousand various ways,  
 Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,  
 And quench the lamp of life.—O when he comes,  
 Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,  
 To Heaven ascending from some guilty land,  
 Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd  
 In all the terrors of Almighty wrath;  
 Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm,  
 And on the miscreant pours destruction down!  
 Who can abide his coming? Who can bear  
 His whole displeasure? In no common form  
 Death then appears, but starting into size

Enormous, measures with gigantic stride  
The astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws  
round

Unutterable horror and dismay.

All Nature lends her aid. Each element  
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven,  
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,  
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,  
And drown creation, or in floods of fire  
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes  
An impious race.—Sometimes, when all seems  
peace,

Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace  
Sweeps nations to their graves, or in the deep  
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth  
Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept  
On some sad desert shore.—At dead of night,  
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:  
Contagion close behind taints all her steps  
With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is seen,  
No sound is heard; but soon her secret path  
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps  
Promiscuous drop: no friend, no refuge near;  
All, all is false and treacherous around,  
All they that touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

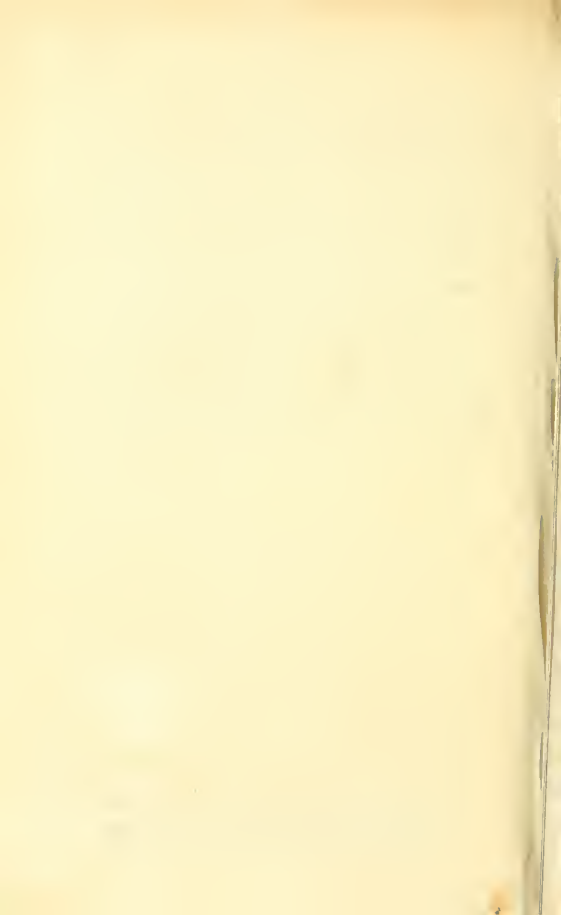
But, ah! what means that ruinous roar? Why fail  
These tottering feet?—Earth to its centre feels  
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch  
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,  
Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave  
Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,  
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight  
Of general devastation, millions find  
One common grave: not ev'n a widow left

To wail her sons : the house that should protect,  
Entombs its master, and the faithless plain,  
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn  
Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious  
Heaven,

O snatch me from destruction ! if this globe,  
This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made  
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray :  
If my own mother-earth from whence I sprung,  
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour  
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly ?  
Where look for succour ? Where, but up to Thee,  
Almighty Father ? Save, O save thy suppliant  
From horrors such as these !—At thy good time  
Let Death approach ; I reckon not—let him but come  
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,  
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend  
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,  
And at that hour when all aghast I stand  
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)  
On this world's brink, and look into the next ;  
When my soul starting from the dark unknown,  
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings  
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd  
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,  
And all the lovely relatives of life,  
Then shed thy comforts o'er me ; then put on  
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes  
In all their hideous forms then starting up  
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,  
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,  
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.  
Far be the ghastly crew ! and in their stead,  
Let cheerful memory from her purest cells

Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,  
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back  
With tenfold usury the pious care,  
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm  
Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly thou,  
Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven  
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,  
And, oh ! still harder lesson ! how to die :  
Disdain not thou to smooth the restless bed  
Of sickness and of pain.—Forgive the tear  
That feeble nature drops, calm all her fears,  
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,  
Till my rapt soul, anticipating Heaven,  
Bursts from the thralldom of encumbering clay,  
And on the wing of ecstasy upborn,  
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life !


FINIS.





THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
*CUTHBERT SHAW.*



COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

*THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.*

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# SONG.

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TO EMMA.

WHENE'ER to gentle Emma's praise  
I tune my soft enamour'd lays,  
When on the face so dear I prize,  
I fondly gaze with love-sick eyes ;  
' Say, Damon,' cries the smiling fair,  
With modest and ingenuous air,  
' Tell of this homely frame, the part  
To which I owe your vanquish'd heart.'

In vain, my Emma, would I tell  
By what thy captive Damon fell ;  
' The swain who partial charms can see  
May own—but never lov'd like me !  
Wou by thy form and fairer mind,  
So much my wishes are confin'd,  
With lover's eyes so much I see,  
Thy very faults are charms to me.

*EMMA TO DAMON,*

ON FINDING HIS ADDRESSES NOT FAVOURED BY  
HER FRIENDS, ON ACCOUNT OF HIS WANT OF  
FORTUNE.

FORBEAR, in pity, ah ! forbear  
To soothe my ravish'd ear ;  
Nor longer thus a love declare,  
'Tis death for me to hear.

Too much, alas ! my tender heart  
Does to thy suit incline ;  
Why then attempt to gain by art,  
What is already thine ?

O ! let not, like the Grecian dame <sup>1</sup>,  
My hapless fortune prove,  
Who languish'd in too fierce a flame,  
And died by too much love.

<sup>1</sup> Semele.

*THE AUTHOR,*

BEING IN COMPANY WITH EMMA, AND HAVING NO OPPORTUNITY OF EXPRESSING CERTAIN DOUBTS HE HAD CONCEIVED OF HER SINCERITY, CONVEYS TO HER THE FOLLOWING LINES, AS A DEVICE TO KNOW THE SENTIMENTS OF HER HEART.

ARE all my flattering hopes at once betray'd,  
 And cold and faithless grown my nut-brown maid?  
 Have I so long indulg'd the pleasing smart,  
 And worn thy grateful image next my heart?  
 And must I thus at once all hopes resign,  
 When, fix'd as fate, I fondly thought thee mine?  
 Then go, irresolute,—and dare to prove,  
 To please proud friends, a rebel to thy love.  
 Perhaps, too long accustom'd to obtain,  
 My flattering views were ever false and vain!  
 Perhaps my Emma's lips, well skill'd in art,  
 Late breath'd a language foreign to her heart  
 Perhaps the Muse profaneiy does thee wrong,  
 Weak my suspicions and unjust my song <sup>1</sup>!  
 Whichever is the cause, the truth proclaim,  
 And to that sentence here affix thy name;  
 So shall we both be rescued from the fear  
 Which thou must have to tell, and I to hear;

<sup>1</sup> After perusing the paper. Emma (as the reader may conjecture from the sequel) returned it to the Author, after having written her name with a pencil at the close of the following line: 'Weak my suspicions and unjust my song.'

If thou art false the Muse shall vengeance take,  
 And blast the faithless sex for Emma's sake :  
 If true—my wounds thy gentle voice shall heal,  
 And own me punish'd by the pangs I feel.  
 But O! without disguise pronounce my fate,  
 Bless me with love, or curse me with thy hate!  
 Hearts soft as mine indifference cannot bear ;  
 Perfect my hopes, or plunge me in despair.

---



---

TO EMMA,

DOUBTING THE AUTHOR'S SINCERITY.

WHEN misers cease to doat on gold,  
 When justice is no longer sold,  
 When female tongues their clack shall hush,  
 When modesty shall cease to blush,  
 When parents shall no more control  
 The fond affectionous of the soul,  
 Nor force the sad reluctant fair  
 Her idol from her heart to tear ;  
 For sordid interest to engage,  
 And languish in the arms of age ;  
 Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,  
 And pay thy kindness with disdain.  
 When friends severe as thine shall prove  
 Propitious to ingenuous love,  
 Bid thee in merit place affiance,  
 And think they're honour'd by the' alliance :  
 And oh! when hearts as proud as mine  
 Shall basely kneel at Plutus' shrine,  
 Forego my modest plea to fame,  
 Or own dull power's superior claim ;



When the bright sun no more shall bring  
 The sweet return of annual spring ;  
 When Nature shall the change deplore,  
 And music fill the groves no more ;  
 'Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,  
 And pay thy kindness with disdain.  
 But why from dearer objects rove,  
 Nor draw illusions whence I love?  
 When my dear Emma's eyes shall be  
 As black as jet or ebony,  
 And every froward tooth shall stand  
 As rang'd by Hemet's <sup>1</sup> dextrous hand ;  
 When her sweet face, deform'd by rage,  
 No more shall every heart engage,  
 When her soft voice shall cease to charm,  
 Nor malice of its power disarm ;  
 When manners, gentle and refin'd,  
 No more speak forth her spotless mind ;  
 But the perfidious minx shall prove  
 A perjur'd traitress to her love :  
 Then—nor till then—shall Damon be  
 False to his vows, and false to thee !

---

AN

*INVITATION TO EMMA,*

AFTER MARRIAGE, TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

COME, my dear girl, let's seek the peaceful vale,  
 Where honour, truth, and innocence prevail.  
 Let's fly this cursed town—a nest of slaves—  
 Where fortune smiles not but on fools or knaves,

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated dentist.

Who merit claim proportion'd to their gold,  
 And truth and innocence are bought and sold.  
 An humble competence we have in store,  
 Mere food and raiment—kings can have no more !  
 A glorious patriarchal life we'll lead,  
 See the fruits ripen, and the lambkins feed ;  
 Frequent observe the labours of the spade,  
 And joy to see each yearly toil repaid ;  
 In some sequester'd spot a bower shall stand,  
 The favourite task of thy lov'd Damon's hand,  
 Where the sweet woodbine clasps the curling vine,  
 Emblem of faithful love, like your's and mine !  
 Here will we sit when evening shades prevail,  
 And hear the night-bird tell its plaintive tale,  
 Till nature's voice shall summon us away,  
 To gather spirits for the' approaching day ;  
 Then on thy breast I'll lay my weary head,  
 A pillow softer than a monarch's bed !

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*MONODY*

TO THE MEMORY OF EMMA.

YET do I live ! O how shall I sustain  
 This vast unutterable weight of woe ?  
 This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,  
 Or all the complicated ills below—  
 She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,  
     Is gone—for ever fled—  
     My dearest Emma's dead ;  
 These eyes, these tear-swol'n eyes, beheld her fall :  
 Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore, [more.  
 She lives—but (cruel thought !) she lives for me no

I, who the tedious absence of a day  
 Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,  
 Would chide the lingering moments for delay,  
 And fondly blame the slow return of night ;  
     How, how shall I endure  
     (O misery past a cure !)  
 Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,  
 Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul ?  
 Was she not all my fondest wish could frame ?  
     Did ever mind so much of Heaven partake ?  
 Did she not love me with the purest flame,  
     And give up friends and fortune for my sake ?  
     Though mild as evening skies,  
     With downcast streaming eyes,  
 Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,  
 Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.  
 Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,  
     (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)  
 Teach me each moving melancholy strain ;  
     And, O ! discard the pageantry of phrase :  
 Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine ?  
     Thus, haply, as I paint  
     The source of my complaint,  
 My soul may own the' impassion'd line ;  
 A flood of tears may gush to my relief,      [grief.  
 And from my swelling heart discharge this load of  
 Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear  
 To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell—  
 ' How good she was, how gentle, and how fair !'  
     In pity cease—alas ! I know too well  
 How, in her sweet expressive face,  
     Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,  
 Yet heighten'd by exterior grace  
     Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,  
 But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,  
 While smiles of affability  
 Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow :  
 Whate'er the' emotions of her heart,  
 Still shone conspicious in her eyes,  
 Stranger to every female art,  
 Alike to feign, or to disguise :  
 And O—the boast how rare !  
 The secret in her faithful breast repos'd  
 She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,  
 In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.  
 O feeble words—unable to express  
 Her matchless virtues, or my own distress !  
 Relentless Death ! that, steel'd to human woe,  
 With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,  
 Why (cruel !) strike this deprecated blow,  
 And leave such wretched multitudes behind ?  
 Hark ! groans come wing'd on every breeze !  
 The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow ;  
 Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,  
 And supplicate thy aid, as I do now :  
 In vain—Perverse, still on the' unweeting head  
 'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;  
 Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,  
 And drench in tears the face of Joy.  
 But, oh ! fell tyrant ! yet expect the hour  
 When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r ;  
 When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,  
 Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.  
 Alas ! the day—where'er I turn my eyes,  
 Some sad memento of my loss appears ;  
 I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,  
 Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears ;

But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place  
 The memory can efface  
 Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air, [spair.  
 Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and de-

Where were the delegates of Heaven,—oh where?

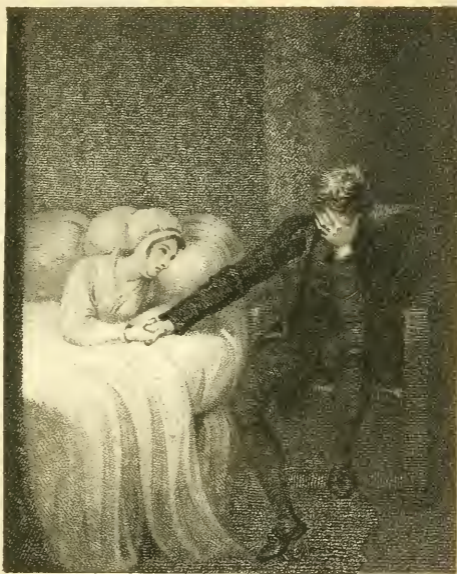
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep!  
 Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,  
 She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:  
 Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,  
 To see her force the' endearing smile,  
 My sorrows to beguile,  
 When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;  
 Sure they had warded that untimely dart, [heart.  
 Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's  
 How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,  
 When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,  
 My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,  
 And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears:—

' Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,  
 And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!  
 But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,  
 If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;  
 If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain, [vain;  
 Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in  
 If it has been my sole endeavour, still  
 To act in all obsequious to thy will;  
 To watch thy very smiles, and wish to know,  
 Then only truly bless'd when thou wert so;  
 If I have doated with that fond excess,  
 Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;  
 If this I've done, and more—oh! then be kind  
 To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.

When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,  
 Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,  
 With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,  
 And hate it for the love thou bore to me:  
 My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,  
 But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)  
 Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,  
 (Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)  
 That to some distant spot thou wilt remove  
 This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,  
 Where, safe, thy blandishments it may partake;  
 And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake:  
 Wilt thou?—

I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,  
 And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content!

I, who with more than manly strength have bore  
 The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,  
 Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,  
 But sink beneath the weight:  
 Just Heaven! (I cried) from memory's earliest day  
 No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,  
 Misfortune still with unrelenting sway  
 Has claim'd me for her own.  
 But O!—in pity to my grief, restore  
 This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—  
 Vain hope—the' irrevocable doom is pass'd,  
 Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—  
 Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,  
 And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death  
 When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,  
 How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!  
 With impious wish to tear her from the skies,  
 How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!



S H A W,

Wilt thou? .....  
I know thou wilt... sad silence speaks assent,  
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content

Monody





But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?  
Fond man, forbear,  
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,  
Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed ;  
In humble reverence kiss the' afflictive rod,  
And prostrate bow to an offended God.  
Perhaps kind Heaven in merey dealt the blow,  
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach ;  
To wean thy heart from groveling views below,  
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach :  
To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,  
Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,  
One fatal moment can destroy,  
And plunge the' exulting maniae in despair.  
Then O! with pious fortitude sustain  
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain ;  
Nor let thy Emma die in vain ;  
Time shall administer its wonted balm,  
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm  
Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,  
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely eage,  
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,  
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage :  
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,  
No more it pants and rages for the plain ;  
Moping awhile in sullen mood  
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,  
Prunes its light wings, and peeks its food,  
And meditates the song :  
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,  
And with its plaintive warbling saddens all the place.  
  
Forgive me, Heaven! yet—yet the tears will flow,  
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!

My budding joys just promising to blow,  
 All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!  
 My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,  
     Move heavily along;  
     Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?  
 Time creeps unconscious of delight:  
 How shall I cheat the tedious day?  
 And O—the joyless night!  
 Where shall I rest my weary head?  
 How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,  
 To my torn heart its former peace restore;  
 Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,  
     Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:  
 Haply when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,  
 Again I shall behold my Emma's face;  
     Again with transport hear  
     Her voice soft whispering in my ear;  
 May steal once more a balmy kiss,  
 And taste, at least, of visionary bliss.

But, ah! the' unwelcome morn's obtruding light  
 Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,  
 Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,  
     And wake me to the sense of all my woes:  
     If to the verdant fields I stray,  
 Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?  
 Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,  
     And darkens all the scene with woe.  
 By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,  
     Sorrowing I rove  
     Through valley, grot, and grove:  
 Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;

No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,  
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,  
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,  
With lenient hand support my drooping head,  
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?

Should worldly business call away,  
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,  
Count every minute of the loitering day,  
Impatient for my quick return?

Should aught my bosom discompose,  
Who now, with sweet complacent air,  
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,  
And soften all my woes?

Too faithful Memory——Cease, O cease——  
How shall I e'er regain my peace?

(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,  
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little chernb, left behind,  
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,  
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,  
And thy sweet-lipping tongue shall ask the cause?

How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,  
When, twining round my knees, I trace

Thy mother's smile upon thy face!

How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore  
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!  
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,  
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.

My little darling!——dearer to me grown

By all the tears thou'st caus'd—O strange to hear!)

Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,  
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:

Who now shall seek with fond delight  
 Thy infant steps to guide aright?  
 She, who with doating eyes would gaze  
 On all thy little artless ways,  
 By all thy soft endearments bless'd,  
 And clasp thee o't with transport to her breast,  
 Alas! is gone——Yet shalt thou prove  
 A father's dearest, tenderest love;  
 And, O sweet senseless smiler, (envied state!)  
 As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,  
 When years thy judgment shall mature,  
 And reason shows those ills it cannot cure;  
 Wilt thou, a father's grief to' assuage,  
 For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth,  
 (Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)  
 And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,  
 Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?  
 And, oft as to thy listening ear  
 Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,  
 Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,  
 Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?  
 'Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,  
 Where'er thou seest the soft distress,  
 Which I would vainly seek to hide,  
 Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?  
 To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,  
 And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

# EVENING ADDRESS

TO

## *A NIGHTINGALE.*

---

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,  
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,  
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego  
The melancholy haunts of Woe;

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—  
For, surely, thou hast known to prove,  
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;  
Else why so feelingly complain,  
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravis'd mate,  
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?  
Or has the cruel hand of Fate  
Bereft thee of thy darling young?

Alas, for *both* I weep—

In all the pride of youthful charms,  
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms,  
A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,  
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,  
At once the source of rapture and distress,  
The flattering prop of my declining years!  
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,  
By every art that Science could devise,  
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,  
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.—

Then O! our comforts be the same,  
 At evening's peaceful hour,  
 To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,  
 And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain!  
 To thee—unconscious of my pain!  
 Soon shalt *thou* cease to mourn thy lot severe,  
 And hail the dawning of a happier year:  
     The genial warmth of joy-renewing Spring  
     Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;  
     Again thy little heart shall transport prove,  
     Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy  
         love.

But O! for *me* in vain may seasons roll,  
 Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears;  
 Deploring still the *comfort of my soul*,  
 I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou syren Hope, deceiver, say,  
 Where is the promis'd period of my woes?  
 Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,  
 And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:  
     O what delusion did thy tongue employ!  
     ' That *Emma's* fatal pledge of love,  
     Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,  
     The bitterness of sorrow should remove,  
     Soften the horrors of despair,  
     And cheer a heart long lost to joy?'  
 How oft, when fondling in mine arms,  
 Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,  
 My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,  
 And burn with all a father's fond alarms!

And O! what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd!  
 How did I rave of blessings yet in store!  
 Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,  
 And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could  
 utter more.—

'Just Heaven,' I cried——with recent hopes elate,  
 'Yet I will live——will live, though *Emma's* dead!  
 So long how'd down beneath the storms of Fate,  
 Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!  
 My little *Emma*, now my *all*,  
 Will want a father's care,  
 Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,  
 And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear;  
 And oft together we'll complain;  
 Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know;  
 From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,  
 And prattle tales of woe.  
 And O! in that auspicious hour,  
 When Fate resigns her persecuting power,  
 With duteous zeal her hand shall close,  
 No more to weep——my sorrow-streaming eyes,  
 When Death gives Misery repose,  
 And opes a glorious passage to the skies.'

Vain thought! it must not be.—She too is dead——  
 The flattering scene is o'er,——  
 My hopes for ever——ever fled——  
 And vengeance can no more——  
 Crush'd by misfortune——blasted by disease——  
 And none——none left to bear a friendly part!  
 To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,  
 Or soothe the anguish of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,  
 With lenient hand, (O falsely deem'd severe!  
 Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,  
 And dry up every tear!  
 Perhaps, obsequious to my will,  
 But ah! from my affections far remov'd!  
 The last sad office strangers may fulfil,  
 As if I ne'er had been belov'd;  
 As if, unconscious of poetic fire,  
 I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;  
 As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,  
 Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet——while this weary life shall last,  
 While yet my tongue can form the' impassion'd  
     strain,  
 In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,  
 And dwell with fond delay on blessings past;  
 For O! how grateful to a wounded heart  
 The tale of misery to impart!  
 From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,  
 And raise esteem upon the base of woe!  
 Ev'n he <sup>1</sup>, the noblest of the tuneful throng,  
 Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,  
 Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,  
 And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear!

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lyttelton, who had highly applauded Shaw's Monody.



# THE RACE.

BY

*MERCURIUS SPUR, ESQ.*

WITH NOTES BY FAUSTIMUS SCRIBLERUS.

1766.

Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum!

HOR.

## ADDRESS TO THE CRITICS.

YE puny things, who self-important sit  
The sovereign arbiters of monthly wit ;  
Who, guatling-like, your stings around dispense,  
And feed on excrements of sickly sense ;  
Ye gentle Critics, whom, by Fancy led,  
My Pegasus has kick'd upon the head,  
Who, zealous to decry the' injurious strain,  
While Common-sense<sup>1</sup> has bled at every vein ;

<sup>1</sup> In justification of the author's severity, the reader is desired to attend to the Critical Review on the first edition of this poem, where he will find, comprised in a very narrow compass, a most wonderful variety of nonsense, both literal and metaphorical ; where the Race is ingeniously discovered to be an imitation of Pope's Dunciad. Now, the only circumstance which has the least reference to that

Bewilder'd wander on, with idiot-pride,  
 Without or wit or grammar for your guide ;  
 Behold ! again I blot the' envenom'd page,  
 Come, whet your tiny stings, exhaust your rage :  
 Here wreak your vengeance, here exert your skill,  
 Let blustering Kenrick <sup>2</sup> draw his raven's quill :  
 My claims to genius let each dunce disown,  
 And damn all strains more favour'd than their own.

Where Pegasus, who ambled at fifteen,  
 No longer sporting on the rural green,  
 Rampant breaks forth : now flies the peaceful plains,  
 And bounds, impetuous, heedless of the reins,  
 O'er earth's vast surface madly scours along,  
 Nor spares a critic, gaping in the throng ;  
 Truth rides behind <sup>3</sup>, and prompts the wild career ;  
 And, truth my guardian, what have I to fear ?

Oh, Truth ! thou sole director of my views,  
 Whom yet I love far dearer than the Muse !  
 Teach me myself in every sense to know,  
 Proof'gainst the' injurious shafts of friend or foe.  
 When smooth-tongued flatterers my ears assail,  
 May my firm soul disdain the fulsome tale !

poem, is the hero's tumbling into a bog, which is (as it is there acknowledged) an exact imitation of a passage in Homer, and was designed at the same time as a stroke of ridicule on one of the instances where that immortal bard has nodded.—This the set of gentlemen had not eyes to see, and are therefore excusable. Those gentlemen certainly cannot help their having neither genius nor literature ; but blockheads may certainly help commencing critics.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Kenrick, a writer at perpetual warfare with his contemporaries.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps some half-witted critic may perty inquire why should Truth ride behind, rather than before ? Soft and fairly : certainly every man has a right to ride foremost on his own Pegasus.

And ah! from pride thy votive bard defend,  
 Though Conway smile, or Chesterfield commend!  
 Unmov'd by squibs from all the scribbling throng,  
 Whom thou proclaim'st the refuse of my song;  
 Still may I safe between the danger steer  
 Of Scylla-flattery, and Charybdis-fear! [claim!]  
 Those foes to Genius (should'st thou grant my  
 Those wrecks alike of reason and of fame.

---

*THE RACE.*

And me,—some honest sister of the Nine,  
 Who ne'er paid court at Flattery's fulsome shrine,  
 A youth enlighten with thy keenest fires,  
 Who dares proclaim whate'er the Muse inspires,  
 By squint-ey'd Prejudice, or love inclin'd,  
 No partial ties shall here enslave the mind:  
 Though fancy sport in fiction's pleasing guise,  
 Truth, still conspicuous, through the veil shall rise;  
 No bribe or stratagem shall here take place,  
 Though (strange to tell!)—the subject is a Race.

Unlike the Race which fam'd Newmarket boasts,  
 Where pimps are peers' companions, whores their  
 toasts,

Where jockey-nobles with groom-porters vie,  
 Who best can hedge a bet, or cog a die.  
 Nor like the Race, by ancient Homer told,  
 No spears for prizes, and no cups of gold:  
 A poets' Race, I sing—a poet's prize,  
 Who gold<sup>4</sup> and fighting equally despise.

<sup>4</sup> The poverty of poets is a well-known adage; or, to speak more poetically, their contempt of riches. They also seem

To all the rhyming brethren of the quill  
Fame sent her heralds, to proclaim her will:—

‘ Since late her votaries in abusive lays  
Had madly wrangled for the wreath of bays ;  
To quell at once this foul tumultuous heat,  
The day was fix’d whereon each hard should meet.  
Already had she mark’d the destin’d ground,  
Where from the goal her eager sons should bound,  
There, by the hope of future glory fed,  
Prove by their heels the prowess of the head ;  
And he, who fleetest ran, and first to fame,  
The chaplet and the victory should claim.’  
Swift spread the grateful news through all the town,  
And every scribbler thought the wreath his own.  
No corporal defect can now retard  
The one-legg’d, short-legg’d, or consumptive bard <sup>5</sup> ;  
Convinc’d that legs or lungs could make no odds  
’Twixt man and man, where goddesses or gods  
Presided judges ; sure to have decreed  
To dulness crutches, and to merit speed.

To view the various candidates for fame,  
Booksellers, printers, and their devils came.  
First Becket and De Hondt came hand in hand,  
And next came Nourse and Millar, from the Strand ;

providentially in all ages to have possessed the most pacific tempers : no doubt, lest their lives should be endangered, whose labours are so conducive to the amusement of society. Horace confesses himself a coward :

*Relicta non bene parmula, &c.*

But the moderns are not quite so ingenuous.

<sup>5</sup> The discerning reader will at once be sensible of the necessity of this proviso ; otherwise it is to be supposed, a poet with a wooden leg, or any other bodily infirmity, would never have started.

Here Woodfall—there the keen-ey'd Scott appears,  
 And Say<sup>6</sup> (oh, wonderful!) with both his ears.  
 Morley the meagre, with Moran the fat,  
 And Flexney<sup>7</sup> with a favour in his hat.  
 Williams and Kearsley<sup>8</sup> now afresh begin  
 To curse the cruel walls that held 'em in.  
 In rage around his shop poor Owen<sup>9</sup> flies,  
 Danning the Chevalier who clos'd his eyes;  
 'Oh! could he see, this day, the glorious strife,  
 He'd grope contented all his future life.'—  
 To Paternoster Row the tidings reach,  
 And forth came Johnny Coot<sup>10</sup> and Dryden Leach;  
 Associates in each cause alike they share,  
 Be it to print a prayer-book or Voltaire.  
 Thus leagued, how sweet the friendly pence to earn,  
 Like gentle Rosencrantz and Guildenstern<sup>11</sup>! [fled,  
 But Leach<sup>12</sup> where Churchill came still cautious  
 Skulk'd through the crowd, and trembled for his  
 head.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Say's boldness in asserting any thing, written in opposition even to the ministerial measures, will render the meaning of this line sufficiently obvious to the intelligent reader

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the custom of tenants wearing ribbons in their hats when the Squire's horse wins the plate. Mr. Flexney, our hero's publisher, does the same, from strong presumption of his author's success

<sup>8</sup> These two gentlemen, at the time this poem was first published, were imprisoned for publications that were deemed libellous.

<sup>9</sup> Owen sold books and mineral waters near Temple-Bar.

<sup>10</sup> Coot usually published what Leach printed.

<sup>11</sup> Two characters in Hamlet, where one never appears without the other.

<sup>12</sup> From a circumstance which Mr. Leach has the best reason to remember (as we hold *feeling* to be the most perfect of all the senses) the author must allow Mr. Churchill to be an exception to the general rule of poets being cowards, who for most part are fonder of laying on their

With his whole length of body scarce a span,  
 Yet aping all the dignity of man,  
 Next Vaillant came, erect his dwarfish mien,  
 He perch'd on horseback, that he might be seen ;  
 And vow'd, with worshipful grimace <sup>13</sup> and din <sup>14</sup>,  
 He'd back the peerless bard <sup>15</sup> of Lincoln's Inn.

High on a hill, enthron'd in stately pride,  
 Appear'd the Goddess ; while on either side  
 Stood Vice and Virtue, harbingers of Fame,  
*This* stamps a good, and *that* an evil name.  
 On flowers thick scatter'd o'er the mossy ground,  
 The nymphs of Helicon reclin'd around ;  
 Here, while each candidate his claim preferr'd,  
 In silent state the Goddess sat and heard.

Not far from hence, across the path to Fame,  
 A horrid ditch appear'd—known by the name  
 Of black Oblivion's gulf. In former days  
 Here perish'd many a poet and his lays ;  
 Close by the margin of the sable flood  
 Reviewers *Critical* and *Monthly* stood  
 In terrible array, who dreadful frown, [down.  
 And, arm'd with clubs, here knock poor authors  
 Merit, alas ! with them is no pretence,  
 In vain the pleas of poësy or sense ;

blows with a pen than a cudgel ; though we must confess it is a very cruel alternative where a printer must either submit to have his head broke, or run the hazard of losing his ears.

<sup>13</sup> The reader is not to suppose Mr. Vaillant made faces, but only that he assumed the proper air and countenance of a worshipful magistrate.

<sup>14</sup> No inglorious expression, as some may imagine, witness the din of war—the din of arms, &c. therefore proper to be employed in any character of consequence.

<sup>15</sup> A phrase common upon the turf, and consequently very applicable here.

All level'd here, though some triumphant rise,  
 Shake off the dirt, and seek their native skies.  
 But, strange! to Dulness they deny the crown,  
 And damn ev'n works as stupid as their own!  
 Oh! be this rage for massacre withstood,  
 Nor thus imbrue your hands in brother's blood.  
 Foremost, the spite of Hell upon his face,  
 Stood the Thersites of the Critic Race,  
 Tremendous Hamilton! Of giant strength,  
 With crab-tree staff full twice two yards in length,  
 Near John o'Groats' <sup>16</sup> thatch'd cot its parent stood  
 Alone for many a mile—itselt a wood;  
 Till Archy spied it, yet unform'd and wild,  
 And robb'd the mother of her tallest child.  
 Ill-omen'd birds beheld with dire affright  
 Their roost despoil'd, and sicken'd at the sight;  
 The ravens croak'd, pies chatter'd round his head,  
 In vain—he frown'd, the birds in terror fled:  
 Perch'd on their thistles droop'd the mournful band,  
 Archy stalk'd off, the crab-tree in his hand.

Close wedg'd behind, in rauk and file were seen,  
 From Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen,  
 A troop of Lairds with scraps of Latin hung,  
 Who came to teach John Bull his mother tongue.  
 Poor John! who must not judge whate'er he read,  
 But wait for sentence from these sons of Tweed.

Now coward Prudence, in the Muse's ear  
 Whispers—' How dar'st thou, novice, persevere

<sup>16</sup> The learned reader will not be surprised at this genealogy of the crab-tree stick, belonging to so illustrious a character as the printer of the Critical Review.—It is common, and Homer has often done the same, in regard to his hero's swords and spears, &c.





Lur'd by a sober honest thirst for fame,  
 Armstrong appear'd to lay his lawful claim ;  
 Armstrong <sup>19</sup>, whose Muse has taught the youth to  
 The sweet economy of health and love. [prove  
 But, when he saw what spleen each bosom fir'd,  
 Forth from the field he modestly retir'd.

Not so repnls'd, nor overaw'd with shame,  
 Next Hill stood forth, a darling child of Fame ;  
 But, as to Justice, Fame herself must bow,  
 The poets' bays shall never deck his brow :  
 Else who, like Hill, can save a sickly age ;  
 Like him arrest the hand of death with sage <sup>20</sup> ?  
 But this the ancients never knew <sup>21</sup>, or sure  
 They ne'er had died while sage remain'd a cure.  
 Oh, matchless Hill ! if aught the Muse foresee  
 Of things conceal'd in dark futurity,  
 Death's triumph by thy skill shall soon be o'er,  
 Hence dire disease and pain shall be no more ;  
 'Tis thine to save whole nations from his maw,  
 By some new tincture of a barley-straw.

<sup>19</sup> This gentleman has obliged the public with two poetical pieces ; the one entitled, 'The Economy of 'Love ;' the other 'Health ;' in which he has displayed great abilities, both in sentiment and diction.

<sup>20</sup> It is impossible to express the obligations of the public to the author of this discovery. We learn that the ancients had indeed the art of restoring youth, by cutting the party to pieces, and boiling them in a kettle ; but certainly the horror of so dismal a process (could the art be revived) might deter a person of a moderate share of courage from receiving the benefit of it. But Dr. Hill has removed the scruples of the most timorous, and has promised all the good effects of so dreadful an experiment, in a discovery both simple and palatable.

<sup>21</sup> A favourite expression of Dr. Hill's, in all his advertisements, is, 'the Ancients knew this,—the Greeks knew this,' &c.

He bow'd, and spoke :—' Oh, Goddess, heavenly  
 To thy own Hill now show a mother's care ; [fair !  
 If I go unrewarded hence away,  
 What bard will court thee on a future day ?  
 Who toils like me thy temple to unlock,  
 By moral essays, rhyme, and water-dock ?  
 With perseverance who like me could write  
 Inspector on Inspector, night by night ;  
 Supplying still, with unexhausted head,  
 Till every reader slumber'd as he read ?  
 No longer then my lawful claim delay'—  
 She smil'd <sup>22</sup>—Hill simper'd, and went pleas'd away.

Next Dodsley spoke :—' A bookseller and bard  
 May sure with justice claim the first regard.  
 A double merit's surely his, that's wont  
 To make the fiddle, and then play upon't :—  
 But more ; to prove beyond a doubt my claim,  
 Behold the work on which I build my fame !  
 Search every tragic scene of Greece and Rome,  
 From ancient Sophocles to modern Home <sup>23</sup> ;  
 Examine well the conduct, diction, plan,  
 And match, then match Cleone, if you can.  
 A father wretched,—husband wretched more,—  
 A harmless baby weltering in its gore,  
 Such dire distress as ne'er was seen before !  
 Such sad complaints and tears, and heartfelt  
                   throes,  
 Sorrows so wet and dry <sup>24</sup>, such mighty woes,  
 Too big for utterance e'en in tragic ohs !'

<sup>22</sup> As the reader may perhaps ascertain within himself the future success of Dr. Hill, from the smile of the goddess ; he is desired to suspend his judgment, and consider that here are smiles of contempt as well as of approbation.

<sup>23</sup> Author of Douglas.

<sup>24</sup> In perusing the above piece, the readers may observe the different effects of grief here mentioned, where one cha-

Next Smollett came. What author dare resist  
Historian, critic, bard, and novelist ?

'To reach thy temple, honour'd Fame,' he cried,  
'Where, where's an avenue I have not tried ?

But since the glorious present of to-day  
Is meant to grace alone the poet's lay,  
My claim I wave to every art beside,  
And rest my plea upon the Regicide<sup>25</sup>.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* 26.

But if, to crown the labours of my Muse,  
Thou, inauspicious, should'st the wreath refuse,  
Whoe'er attempts it in this scribbling age  
Shall feel the Scotch powers of critic-rage ;  
Thus spurn'd, thus disappointed of my aim,  
I'll stand a bugbear in the road to Fame ;  
Each future minion's infant hopes undo,  
And blast the budding honours of his brow.'

He said—and, grown with future vengeance big,  
Grinly he shook his scientific wig<sup>27</sup>.

To clinch the cause, and fuel add to fire,  
Behind came Hamilton, his trusty 'squire.

racter complains of being drowned in tears, and another that he cannot shed any.

<sup>25</sup> A tragedy written by Dr. S. and printed by subscription, but never acted. See 'Companion to the Playhouse ;' where it is said to have been offered to the managers of the Theatres, but rejected : a particular account of which the author has given, under feigned characters, in his adventures of Roderick Random.

<sup>26</sup> The reader is to suppose that these asterisks must certainly mean something of the utmost consequence. It is exactly of the same kind with the blank-page in 'Trislarra Shandy.'

<sup>27</sup> Annuit et tolum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

VIRGIL.

Awhile he paus'd, revolving the disgrace,  
 And gathering all the horrors of his face;  
 Then rais'd his head, and turning to the crowd,  
 Burst into bellowing terrible and loud:—

‘ Hear my resolve, and first by G— I swear!—  
 By Smolett, and his gods! whoe'er shall dare  
 With him this day for glorious fame to vie,  
 Sons'd in the bottom of the ditch shall lie;  
 And know, the world no other shall confess,  
 Whilst I have crab-tree life, or letter-press.’  
 Scar'd at the menace, authors fearful grew,  
 Poor Virtue trembled, and e'en Vice look'd blue <sup>23</sup>.

Next Wilkes appear'd, vain hoping the reward,  
 A glorious patriot, an inglorious bard,  
 Yet erring, shot far wide of Freedom's mark,  
 And rais'd a flame, in putting out a spark:  
 Near to the throne, with silent step he came,  
 To whisper in her ear his filthy claim;  
 But ruin to his hopes! behind stood near,  
 With fix'd attention and a greedy ear,  
 A sneaking priest, who heard, and to the crowd  
 Blab'd, with most grievous zeal, the tale aloud.  
 The peaceful Nine, whom nothing less could vex,  
 Flew on the vile assassin of the sex,  
 Disown'd all knowledge of his brutal lays,  
 And scratch'd the front intended for the bays.

Here Johnson comes—unbless'd with outward  
 His rigid morals stamp'd upon his face, [grace,  
 While strong conceptions struggle in his brain,  
 (For even wit is brought to bed with pain.)

<sup>23</sup> As *pale* is an epithet that characterises the fear of mortals, the author has made use of the Poetica Licentia, in making a goddess turn *blue*.

To view him, porters with their loads would rest,  
 And babes cling frighted to the nurses' breast:  
 With looks convuls'd, he roars in pompous strain,  
 And, like an angry lion, shakes his mane.

The Nine, with terror struck, who ne'er had seen  
 Aught human with so horrible a mien,

Debating, whether they should stay or run—

Virtue steps forth, and claims him for her son.

With gentle speech she warns him now to yield,  
 Nor stain his glories in the doubtful field;

But, wrapt in conscious worth, content sit down,

Since Fame, resolv'd his various pleas to crown,

Though forc'd his present claim to disavow,

Had long reserv'd a chaplet for his brow.

He bows; obeys—for Time shall first expire,

Ere Johnson stay, when Virtue bids retire.

Next Murphy silence broke:—'Oh, Goddess fair!  
 To whom I still prefer my daily pray'r;

For whose dear sake I've scratch'd my drowsy head,

And robb'd alike the living and the dead; [thin,

Stranger to fear, have plung'd through thick and

And Fleet-ditch virgins drag'd to Lincoln's-Inn;

Smile on my hopes, thy favour let me share,

And show mankind Hibernia boasts thy care.'

Here stop'd he, interrupted quick by Jones,

A poet, rais'd from mortar, brick, and stones:

'Goddess,' he cries, 'reject his pitch-patch work,

He was a butter-seller's boy at Cork <sup>29</sup>;

On me bestow the prize, on me, who came

From my dear country in pursuit of fame:

For thus advis'd Mæcenas <sup>30</sup> (best of men:)

"Jones, drop the trowel, and assume the pen;

<sup>29</sup> See the 'Picklock,' a scurrilous poem.

<sup>30</sup> Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, when lord lieutenant, transplanted Jones from Ireland to England.

The Muses thrive not in this barren soil,  
 Come, seek with me fair Albion's happier isle ;  
 There shall the theatres increase thy store,  
 And Essex<sup>31</sup> bleed to make thy purse run o'er."—  
 Thus have I fondly left the mason's care,  
 To build imaginary tow'rs i'the' air,  
 Then since my golden hopes have prov'd a cheat,  
 Oh, give him Fame, whom Fate forbids to eat<sup>32</sup> ;  
 This, this at least, to me forlorn supply,  
 I'll live contented on a farthing-pie.'  
 Next in the train advanc'd a Highland lad<sup>33</sup>,  
 Array'd in brogues and Galedonian plaid,  
 Surrounded by his countrymen, while loud  
 The British Homer<sup>34</sup> rang through all the crowd.  
 Then he with nickle pride and uncouth air  
 His bonnet doff'd, and thus prefer'd his pray'r :  
 ' O Fame ! regard me with propitious eyes,  
 Give me to seize this long-contested prize ;  
 In epic lines I shine the king of verse !  
 From torn and tatter'd seraps of ancient Erse,

<sup>31</sup> Jones's tragedy of the Earl of Essex was produced at Covent Garden in 1753.

<sup>32</sup> It is a mortification to which the professed patrons of merit must ever be liable, to have their benevolence abused and their hopes deceived ;—but great souls have no limits, or rather disdain any ; which is well expressed by Voltaire :

Repandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,  
 Meme au moins vertueux ne les refusez pas,  
 Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,  
 Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.

<sup>33</sup> Macpherson.

<sup>34</sup> There is indeed an air of originality, which, to a literary virtuoso, renders Fingal worthy of notice. But I am afraid the North Britons cannot easily be acquitted of national partiality ; who, instead of a bonnet and thistle, which would have been no incompetent reward, have insisted on his right to a crown of laurel.

'Tis mine a perfect pile to raise, for all  
Must own the wondrous structure of Fingal!  
No less a miracle, than if a Turk  
A mosque should raise up of Mosaic work.

Next Mallet came ; Mallet, who knows each art,  
The ear to tickle, and to soothe the heart ;  
Who with a goose-quill, like a magic rod,  
Transforms a Scottish peer<sup>35</sup> into a god.

Oh ! matchless Mallet, by one stroke to clear,  
One lucky stroke, four hundred pounds a year !  
Long round a court poor Gay dependent hung,  
(And yet most trimly<sup>36</sup> has the poet sung)

Twice six revolving years vain-hoping pass'd,  
And unrewarded went away at last. [strain,

Again dame Prudence checks the madd'ning  
And thus advises, wisely, though in vain :

' Ah, Spur ! enlisted in a luckless cause,  
Who pelf despising, seeks for vain applause,  
Thy will how stubborn, and thy wit how small,  
To think a muse can ever thrive on gall !  
Then timely throw thy venom'd shafts aside,  
Choose out some fool, blown up with power and  
Be flattery thy arrow, this thy butt, [pride,—  
And praise the devil for his cloven foot.'

The counsel's good ;—but how shall I subscribe,  
Who scorn to flatter, and detest a bribe ?

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>35</sup> For taking part with the Earl of Bute in some political disputes, Mallet was rewarded by the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for ships in the port of London, in the year 1763.

<sup>36</sup> ' He told me, once upon a day,  
Thou art thy sonnets, gentle Gay.'

*Prolog. to the Shepherd's Week.*

In voice most weak, in sentiment most strong,  
 Like Milton, murder'd in an eunuch's song;  
 With honesty no malice e'er could shame,  
 With prejudices hunger ne'er could tame;  
 With judgment sometimes warp'd, but oft refin'd,  
 Next Cleland came—the champion of mankind!  
 Who views, contented with his little state,  
 Wealth squander'd by the partial hand of fate;  
 And, whilst dull rogues the joys of life partake,  
 Lives, a great patriot—on a mutton steak!

Dreaming of genius, which he never had,  
 Half-wit, half-fool, half-critic, and half-mad;  
 Seizing, like Shirley, on the poet's lyre,  
 With all the rage, but not one spark of fire;  
 Eager for slaughter, and resolv'd to tear  
 From others' brows that wreath he must not wear,  
 Next Kenrick came; all-furious, and replete  
 With brandy, malice, pertness, and conceit.  
 Unskill'd in classic lore, through envy blind  
 To all that's beauteous, learned, or refin'd;  
 For faults alone behold the savage prowl,  
 With reason's offal glut his ravening soul;  
 Pleas'd with his prey, its inmost blood he drinks,  
 And mumbles, paws, and turns it—till it stinks.

Erect he stood, nor deign'd one bow to Fame,  
 Then bluntly thus:—' Will Kenrick is my name.  
 Who are these minions crowding to thy fane?  
 Poets! 'pshaw! scribblers, impotent and vain;  
 The chaplet's mine—I claim it, who inherit  
 Dennis's rage, and Milbourne's glorious spirit <sup>37</sup>.

<sup>37</sup> Dennis and Milbourne, two things called Critics, damned to immortality for being the persecutors of Dryden and Pope.



Struck with amazement, Fame, who ne'er had seen  
 A face so brazen, and so pert a mien,  
 Calmly replied—' Vain-boaster, go thy way,  
 And prove more furious, and more dull than they.'

Then Brown appear'd:—with such an air he  
 mov'd,

As show'd him confident and self-approv'd.  
 Poor, injur'd, honour'd Pope! the bard on thee  
 Has clapp'd a rusty lock without a key<sup>38</sup>:  
 Thus, when enraptur'd, we attempt to rove  
 Through all the sweets of the Pierian grove,  
 The gate, alas! is strongly barr'd: and all  
 That taste the sweets must climb the rugged wall.

Reverent he bow'd, and thus address'd the  
 throne:

' One boon, oh! grant me, and the day's my own!  
 When the shrill trumpet calls the rival train  
 To scour with nimble feet the dusty plain;  
 Let not the dread professor, Lowth, appear,  
 To freeze thy votary's shivering soul with fear,  
 Tear the fine form, perhaps of all I've writ,  
 And drown me in a deluge of his wit.'

Next Vaughan<sup>39</sup> appear'd; he smil'd, and strok'd  
 his chin,

And, pleas'd to think his carcass was so thin,

<sup>38</sup> Alluding to the ' Essay on Satire,' by Dr Brown, prefixed to the second volume of Pope's works, which the reader of no discernment might mistake for the production of that immortal genius, unless he is lucky enough to stumble upon the title-page. It has often been a matter of astonishment, how it came there; as there is no such privilege in Mr. Pope's will, bequeathed to the editor, together with the property of his works.

<sup>39</sup> Vaughan was a friend of Murphy, and wrote two farces. Churchill introduces him in the Rosciad as

' Vaughan or Dapper, call him which you will.'

So moulded for the Race, while self-dubb'd worth  
Beam'd from his eyes, he hemm'd—and thus held  
forth:

'Goddess, your slave;—'tis true I draw the quill,  
Sometimes through anger, not to show my skill<sup>40</sup>;  
Yet all must own, spite of the Bear's<sup>41</sup> report,  
There's obvious merit in my keen retort:  
Though Flexney (oh! his ignorance confound!)  
Sells its contents to grocers by the pound,  
And, deaf to genius, and its pleas to fame,  
Puts it to purposes——unfit to name.  
Then, since no profit from the Muse I draw,  
You can't refuse me praise, and so your ta—!  
The goddess laugh'd:—and who could well contain,  
To see such foplings skip around her fane? [heart  
Next Churchill came—his face proclaim'd a  
That scorn'd to wear the smooth address of art,  
Strongly mark'd out that firm unconquer'd soul,  
Which nought on earth could bias or control.  
He bow'd—when all sneer at his want of grace<sup>42</sup>  
And uncouth form, ill-suited for the Race;  
While he contemptuous smil'd on all around,  
And thus address'd her in a voice profound<sup>43</sup>:

<sup>40</sup> *Facit indignatio versus.*] Let no one pretend to say, that even anger has not its good effects, since we owe the immortal works both of a Juvenal and a Vaughan to their being roused by a spirit of resentment.

<sup>41</sup> A name by which the late Mr. Churchill was distinguished, on account (as we suppose) of the rough manner in which he handled the gentle bards who were so unlucky as to come within reach of his poetical paws.

<sup>42</sup> Not spiritual grace, but grace in making a bow; or, if the reader must be let into the secret, this may refer to the cavils of the critics in general, against the unharmoniousness of his numbers.

<sup>43</sup> Mr. Churchill, as a scholar, is here supposed well acquainted with that general maxim in oratory, *Loquere ore rotundo*, which is here rendered 'a voice profound.'

' Goddess, these gnatlings move not me at all,  
 I come by just decrees to stand or fall.  
 When first the daring bard aspires to sing,  
 To check the sallies of his infant wing,  
 Critics not only try (your pardon, Fame,  
 To you a stranger is the critic's name,)  
 But ev'ry blockhead, who pretends to write,  
 Would damp his vigour, and retard his flight.  
 Critics, oh Fame! are *things* compos'd between  
 The two ingredients, Ignorance and Spleen;  
 Who, like the daw, would infamously tear  
 The shining plumes they see another wear;  
 That, thus unfeather'd by these wretched elves,  
 All may appear as naked as themselves.

' Hard is the task in such a cause to' engage,  
 With fools and knaves eternal war to wage,  
 By fears or partial feelings un subdued,  
 To hurl defiance at so vast a crowd;  
 To stand the teizing of their little spleen,  
 So oft to clear the witing-crowded scene;  
 From vice and folly tear the foul disguise,  
 And crush at once the Hydras as they rise.  
 Yet on I will—unaw'd by slavish fears,  
 Till gain'd the glorious cause, or lost my ears.'

Next from the temple six poetic cubs,  
 With him whose humble Muse delights in shrubs <sup>44</sup>,  
 And commentator Fawkes—let Woty tell,  
 Alone who sees, how much he can excel,  
 Who wipes all doubts from sacred texts away,  
 Clear as the skies upon a misty day;  
 Bard, critic, and divine—with upturn'd eyes  
 Dejected virtue to the goddess cries,  
 ' What ways and means for raising the supplies!'

<sup>44</sup> The Shrubs of Parnassus were published in 1700.

Awhile demurring who should move the pleas,  
 Fawkes claim'd the right, from having ta'en degrees :  
 ' Combin'd, dear Woty, sure we ne'er can fail,  
 Ill speak—do thou hold up the cassock's tail.'  
 He hemm'd—then baw'd—then bow'd, and thus  
 began :

' Oh Fame! propitious view the friendly plan.  
 See Law on Gospel cast a social look,  
 And Moses side with Lyttelton and Coke :  
 Let not a partnership, unknown before,  
 In vain for favour and for bays implore <sup>45</sup> ;  
 But guide thy votary's feet across the plain,  
 While gentle Woty bears the sable train ;  
 And crown'd with conquest, amply to reward  
 So mean an office in so great a bard ;  
 Six days in seven I'll the wreath resign,  
 Only on Sundays be its honours mine.' [vanc'd  
 Reverent he bow'd :—then Bickerstaff <sup>46</sup> ad-  
 His sing-song Muse, by vast success enhanc'd ;  
 Who, when fair Wright <sup>47</sup>, destroying Reason's fence,  
 Inveigles our applause, in spite of sense,  
 With syren voice our juster rage confounds,  
 And clothes sweet nonsense in delusive sounds ;  
 Perty commends the judgment of the town,  
 And arrogates the merit as his own ;  
 Talks of his taste! how well each air was hit !  
 While printers and their devils praise his wit ;  
 And, wrapp'd in warm surtout of self-conceit,  
 Defies the critic's cold, and poet's heat.

<sup>45</sup> Fawkes and Woty published the Poetical Calendar in editorial conjunction.

<sup>46</sup> Isaac Bickerstaff, the writer of many popular English operas.

<sup>47</sup> Afterwards Mrs. Arue.

He ey'd the rabble round, and thus began :  
 ' Goddess! I wonder at the pride of man!  
 Fellows, whose accents never yet have hung  
 On skilful Beard's or Brent's harmonious song,  
 Dare here approach, who chatter like a parrot,  
 But hardly "know a sheep's head from a carrot"<sup>48</sup> ;  
 Whose tasteless lines ne'er grac'd a royal stage,  
 Nor charm'd a tuneful crotchet-loving age!  
 Prove then, oh Goddess! to my labours kind,  
 And let the sons of Dulness lag behind,  
 While hoity-toity, whisky-frisky<sup>49</sup>, I  
 On ballad-wings spring forth to victory.'

So sure!—but justice stops thee in thy flight,  
 And damns thy labours to eternal night,  
 Brands that success which boasts no just pretence  
 To genius, judgment, wit, or common sense ;  
 But who for taste shall dare prescribe the laws,  
 Or stop the torrent of the mob's applause ?

In thought sublim'd, next Elphinston came  
 forth,

And thus harangu'd the goddess on his worth :

' 'Tis mine, oh Fame! full fraught with Attic lore,  
 Long-lost pronunciation to restore,  
 Of letters to reform each vile abuse,  
 And bring the Grecian *kappa*<sup>50</sup> into use,  
 Tully once more his proper name shall know,  
 Restor'd its ancient sound of Kikero.

<sup>48</sup> See *Love in a Village*, a comic opera, printed in 1762.

<sup>49</sup> A favourite word of this author. See *Education*, a poem.

<sup>50</sup> Mr. Elphinston intends to lay before the public his reasons for giving C always the sound of the Grecian K, which will certainly give a softness and dignity to the expressions of many other sounds in our language, as well as this instanced by the author.

First, from my native tongue, 'tis mine to' expel  
 The superfluities of E and L,  
 To' unveil the long conceal'd recess of truth,  
 And teach betimes to bend the pliant youth;  
 To point the means of proper recreation,  
 And prove no "whetter equals emulation<sup>51</sup>?"  
 In song didactic as I move to draw  
 The proper rules for study and for taw,  
 In taste for sacred writings to refine us,  
 And show the odds 'twixt Daniel and Longinus;  
 To criticise, instruct, and prove, in metre,  
 Tully's a perfect blockhead to St. Peter:  
 Deign then, oh Fame! to satisfy my lore,  
 Who've wrote as mortal man ne'er wrote before;  
 Broke through all pedant rules of mood and tense,  
 And nobly soar'd beyond the reach of sense.

He bow'd:—then Arne swift bolted through the  
 throng,

Renown'd for all the various powers of song:  
 Sweet as the Thracian's whose melodious woe  
 Mov'd the stern tyrant of the shades below;  
 Or that, by which the faithless syren charms,  
 And woos the sailor, shipwreck'd in her arms:  
 Soft as the notes which Phœbus did employ  
 To raise the glories of ill-fated Troy;  
 Or those which banish'd Reason could recall,  
 And bring the Devil capering out of Saul.

But, not contented with his crotchet-praise,  
 Lo! he adventures for the poets bays!

No more is genius rear'd in classic schools,  
 But falls, like Fortune, on the heads of fools:  
 Dull dogmas, thunder'd from the pedant's mouth,  
 No more shall tire the ear-belabour'd youth;

<sup>51</sup> See his poem entitled 'Education.'

Since bards now spring without the pains of lashing,  
Like Arne and Duck, from fiddling and from  
thrashing.

‘ Oh, Fame !’ he cries, ‘ with kind attention hear  
The cause why I thy candidate appear.

Ere yet the outwitted Guardian crawl’d to light,  
Four smother’d brats I doom’d to endless night <sup>52</sup> :  
Abash’d, lest any thing less fair should prove  
Unworthy Arne and thy maternal love.

But here behold a babe, to whom belong  
The double gift of eloquence and song ;  
Who, not like other infants born or bred,  
Sprung forth, like Pallas, from its daddy’s head ;  
On me then, Fame, oh ! let thy favours fall,  
And show that Tommy Arne outwits ’em all !’

Here F \* \* s rais’d his head, though last not least,  
A wanton poet, and a solemn priest ;  
By turns through life each character we mark,  
A priest by day, a poet in the dark ;  
Yet each at will the Proteus can forsake,  
Now politician, now commences rake,  
Nay worse—(if Fame says true) panders for love,  
And acts the Mercury to a lustful Jove.  
Now grave he sits, and checks the’ unhallow’d jest,  
Whilst his sage precepts cool each amorous breast ;  
Now strips the priest’s disguise, awakes desire,  
Tells the lewd tale, and fans the dying fire :  
All poz’d, despair his character to paint,  
And wonder how the devil they lost the saint !

Next from the different theatres came forth  
A score at least, of self-sufficient worth ;  
Each claims the chaplet, or protests his wrong,  
A prologue this had wrote, and that a song ;

<sup>52</sup> See the preface to the ‘ Guardian Outwitted.’

Forth from the crowd a general hissing flies,  
 To see such triflers arrogate the prize;  
 But fully bent this day the Goddess came,  
 To hear with patience every coxcomb's claim.

Here endless groups on groups from every street,  
 Popes, Shakspeares, Johnsons—in their own  
 conceit,

With hopes elate advance, and ardour keen,  
 Whom not one Muse had ever heard or seen;  
 Who still write on, though hooted and disgrac'd,  
 And damn the public for their want of taste.

Oh, Vanity! whose far-extended sway  
 Nations confess, and potentates obey,  
 How vast thy reign!—Say, where, oh! where's  
 the man

His own defects who boldly dares to scan?  
 Just to himself—Ev'n now, whilst I incline  
 To paint the votaries kneeling at thy shrine,  
 Whilst others' follies freely I impart,  
 Thy power resistless flutters round my heart,  
 Prompts me this common weakness to disclose,  
 (Myself the very coxcomb I expose.)

And, ah! too partial to my lays and me,  
 My kind—yet cruel friends—soon shall you see  
 The culprit-muse, whose idle sportive vein  
 No views can bias, and no fears restrain, [grace,  
 (Thus female thieves, though threaten'd with dis-  
 Must still be fingering dear forbidden lace,)  
 Dragg'd without mercy to that awful bar  
 Where Spleen with Genius holds eternal war;  
 And there, her final ruin to fulfil,  
 Condemn'd by butchers, pre-resolv'd to kill,  
 In vain her youth shall for compassion plead,  
 Ev'n for a syllable the wretch shall bleed;



And, spite of all the friendship you can show,  
 Be made a public spectacle of woe.  
 But hold, though sentenc'd—manners! and be  
 Derrick appears to move his kingly suit. [mute—

' Goddess, I come not here for fame to vie,  
 (A master of the ceremonies I.)

Since re-enthron'd at Bath I now appear,  
 This day appoint me to that station here ;

In nicest order I'll conduct the whole,

All riot and indecency control. [soul! }

For know, this pigmy frame contains a mighty }

Nay, let me urge a more important claim,

'Twas I first gave the strumpets' list <sup>53</sup> to fame,

Their age, size, qualities, if brown or fair, [hair.

Whose breath was sweetest, whose the brightest

Display'd each various dimple, smile, and frown,

Pimp-generalissimo to all the town!

From this what vast advantages accrue!

Thus each may choose the maid of partial hue ;

Know to whose bed he has the best pretensions,

And buy the Venus of his own dimensions.

' Nor yet a stranger to the tuneful Nine,

Songs, prologues, and meandering odes are mine,

Such jeux d'esprit as best becomes a king,

And gentle epigrams—without a sting.

The fam'd Domitian still before my eyes,

Who ne'er for pastime murder'd aught but flies ;

Nay—let my Muse boast gentler sport than he,

Since fly or gnat was never hurt by me ;

By me, though seated in monarchal state,

And, spite of Harrington <sup>54</sup>, whose will is fate.'

<sup>53</sup> A most infamous pamphlet, entitled ' Harris's List.'

<sup>54</sup> The musical and well-known Dr. Harrington of Bath.

Here rais'd the little monarch on his toe,  
 And smil'd contempt on printers' boys below.  
 He spoke:—The goddess thus replied:—'My son,  
 'Tis time the business of the day were done;  
 Enjoy what thou demand'st—up yonder tree  
 Climb expeditious, that the crowd may see;  
 This flag, the signal to begin, hang out,  
 And quell the tumult of the rabble rout.

'But stay, methinks, while round the field I gaze,  
 Amid the various claimants for the bays,  
 One favourite bard escapes my notice—say,  
 My dear Melpomene, on such a day,  
 Why is not thy beloved Shenstone here?'—  
 The Muse was silent—sob'd—and dropt a tear.  
 And now the trumpet's sound, by Fame's command,  
 Proclaims the hour of starting is at hand.  
 Now round the goal the various heroes press,  
 While hope and fear alternately possess  
 Each anxious breast: in order here they rise,  
 And panting stand impatient for the prize:  
 Scarce can they wait till Derrick takes his place,  
 And waves the flag, as signal for the race.

But, lo!—a crowd upon the plain appear,  
 With Descaizean slow-pacing in the rear;  
 Mason and Thompson, Ogilvy and Hayes,  
 And he whose hand has pluck'd a sprig of bays  
 On Rhœtia's barren hills<sup>55</sup>:—onward they move;  
 But now too late their various powers to prove,  
 Some future day may fair occasion yield  
 To weigh their several merits in the field:  
 For see! the bards, with expectation rife,  
 Stand strip'd, and ready for the glorious strife:

<sup>55</sup> See the Traveller, a poem, by Goldsmith.

And monarch Derrick would attempt in vain  
 Their furious ardour longer to restrain.  
 The flag display'd, promiscuous forth they bound,  
 And shake with clattering feet the powder'd ground ;  
 Equal in flight there two dispute the race,  
 With envious strife, and measure pace for pace.  
 Straight all is uproar and tumultuous din ;  
 This tumbles down, another breaks his shin ;  
 That swears his passing neighbour stinks of gin. }  
 Each jostles each, a wrangling, madding train,  
 While loud, ' To order,' Derrick calls in vain.  
 Stuck fast in mire here some desponding lay,  
 And grinning yield the glories of the day.  
 For, maugre all primeval bards have sung,  
 Steep is the road to Fame, and clog'd with dung.  
 Borne on the wings of hope now Murphy flies,  
 Vain hope ! for Fate the wish'd-for boon denies ;  
 Arriv'd where scavengers, the night before,  
 Had left their gleanings from the common shore,  
 With head retorted, as he fearful spied  
 The giant Churchill thundering at his side,  
 Sudden he tript, and, piteous to tell !  
 Prone in the filth the hapless poet fell. <sup>57</sup>  
 ' Distanc'd, by G— !' roars out a rustic 'squire,  
 He must give out, thus sous'd in dung and mire.'  
 Lord March replies, ' I'll hold you six to ten,  
 Spite of the t—d, he'll rise and run again.'

<sup>57</sup> The very same misfortune happens to Oilean Ajax, in the Iliad, who also makes a speech to the same effect :

Accurs'd Fate, the conquest I forego,  
 A mortal I, a goddess was my foe !  
 She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way ;  
 And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.

A noble precedent, and sufficient for authorizing so low an incident in this poem.

A burst of laughter echoes all around,  
While, sputtering dirt, and scrabbling from the  
ground,

‘Cease, fools, your mirth, nor sneer at my disgrace,  
This cursed bog, not Churchill, won the race;  
And sure, who such disasters can foresee,  
Must be a greater conjurer than me.’

While Churchill, careless, triumphs in his fall,  
Up to the gulf his jaded rivals crawl;  
Here some the watchful harpies on the shore  
Plunge in—ah! destin’d to return no more!—  
While others, wondering, view them as they sink,  
And, scar’d, stand quivering on the dreadful brink.

Now rous’d the hero, by the trumpet’s sound,  
Turns from his rueful foe, and stares around;  
No bard he views behind—but all have pass’d  
Him, heedless of their flight, and now the last.  
Stung at the thought, with double force he springs,  
Rage gives him strength, and emulation wings:  
The ground regain’d—‘Stand clear,’ he sternly said,  
‘Who bars my passage, horror on his head!’—  
Unhappy Dapper! doom’d to meet thy fate,  
Why heard’st thou not the menace ere too late?  
Fir’d with disdain, he spurn’d the witling’s breech,  
And headlong hurl’d him in Oblivion’s ditch;  
Then instant bounding high with all his main,  
O’erleap’d its utmost bounds, and scour’d along the  
plain.

Sour critics, frowning, view’d him as he fled;  
Spite bit her nails, and Dulness scratch’d her head.  
The gulf once pass’d, no obstacle remains,  
Smooth is the path, midst flower-enamell’d plains;  
Unrival’d now, with joyful speed he flies,  
Performs the destin’d race, and claims the prize.

Fame gives the chaplet, while the tuneful Nine  
The' acknowledg'd victor hail in notes divine.

Smollet stood grumbling by the fatal ditch ;  
Hill call'd the goddess whore, and Jones a bitch ;  
Each curs'd the partial judgment of the day,  
And, greatly disappointed, sneak'd away.

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*THE SNOW-BALL.*

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

As Harriot, wanton as the sportive roe,  
Was pelting Strephou with the new-fall'n snow ;  
The' enamour'd youth, who'd long in vain admir'd,  
By every look and every gesture fir'd,  
While round his head the harmless bullets fly,  
Thus breathes his passion, prefac'd with a sigh.

AIR.

‘ Cease, my charmer, I conjure thee,  
Oh! cease this pastime too severe ;  
Though I burn, snow cannot cure me,  
Fix'd is the flame that rages here.

‘ Snow in thy hand its chillness loses,  
Each flake converts to glowing fire ;  
Whilst thy cold breast all warmth refuses,  
Thus I, by contraries, expire.’

RECITATIVE.

‘ At humble distance thus to tell your pain,  
What should you meet but coldness and disdain?’


Replied the laughing fair—‘ Observe the snow,  
The sun retir'd, broods o'er the vale below,  
But when approaching near he gilds the day,  
It owns the genial flame and melts away.’

## AIR.

‘ Whining in this love-sick strain,  
Strephon, you will sigh in vain ;  
For your passion thus to prove,  
Moves my pity, not my love.  
Phœbus points you to the prize,  
Take the hint, be timely wise :  
Other arts perhaps may move,  
And ripen pity into love.’

THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
*EDWARD LOVIBOND.*




COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY  
*THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.*

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# ENCOMIUM ON LOVIBOND.

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## ON HIS DEATH.

BY MISS G——.

Al! what avails—that once the Muses crown'd  
Thy head with laureis, and thy temples bound!  
That in that polish'd mind bright genius shone,  
That letter'd Science mark'd it for her own!  
Cold is that breast that breath'd celestial fire!  
Mute is that tongue, and mute that tuneful lyre!  
O could my Muse but emulate thy lays,  
Immortal numbers should record thy praise,  
Redeem thy virtues from Oblivion's sleep,  
And o'er thy urn bid distant ages weep!—  
Yet though no laureat flowers bestrew thy hearse,  
Nor pompous sounds exalt the glowing verse,  
Sublimèr Truth inspires this humbler strain,  
Bids Love lament, and Friendship here complain:  
Bids o'er thy tomb the Muse her sorrows shed,  
And weep her Genius, number'd with the dead!—



THE  
TEARS  
OF  
*OLD MAY-DAY*<sup>1</sup>.

---

---

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours  
And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May ;  
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers  
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.  
Her locks with Heaven's ambrosial dews were  
bright,  
And amorous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast :  
With every shifting gleam of morning light  
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.  
Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,  
A golden key, and golden wand she bore ;  
This charms to peace each sullen eastern Storm,  
And that unlocks the Summer's copious store.  
Onward in conscious majesty she came,  
The grateful honours of mankind to taste ;  
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,  
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

<sup>1</sup> Written on the 25th of July, 1754, when our style or calendar was rendered conformable to the usage of the rest of Europe.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite  
 Her virgin votaries, and at early dawn,  
 Sacred to May and Love's mysterious rite, [lawn,  
 Brush the light dew-drops<sup>2</sup> from the spangled

To her no more Augusta's<sup>3</sup> wealthy pride  
 Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine;  
 Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,  
 A purer offering at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around  
 To valour's games the' ambitions youth advance;  
 No merry bells and tabors' sprightlier sound  
 Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,  
 Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd—

' O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?  
 My maiden honours, whither gone?' she cried,

' Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,  
 The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,  
 With time coëval and the star of morn,  
 The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

' Then, when at Heaven's prolific mandate sprung  
 The radiant beam of new-created day,  
 Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,  
 Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me May.

' Space in her empty regions heard the sound,  
 And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;  
 The Sun exulted in his glorious round,  
 And shouting Planets in their courses sung.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the country custom of gathering May-dew.

<sup>3</sup> The plate-garlands, which the London milk-maids dance round.

- ‘ For ever then I led the constant year ;  
Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love’s enchanting wiles ;  
Saw the mild Graces in my train appear,  
And infant Beauty brighten in my smiles.
- ‘ No Winter frown’d. In sweet embrace allied,  
Three sister Seasons danç’d the’ eternal green ;  
And Spring’s retiring softness gently vied  
With Autumn’s blush, and Summer’s lofty mien.
- ‘ Too soon, when man profan’d the blessings given,  
And Vengeance arm’d to blot a guilty age,  
With bright Astrea to my native Heaven  
I fled, and flying saw the Deluge rage :
- ‘ Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,  
While sounding billows from the mountains roll’d,  
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,  
My nectar’d streams, that flow’d on sands of gold.
- ‘ Then vanish’d many a sea-girt isle and grove,  
Their forests floating on the watry plain :  
Then, fam’d for arts and laws deriv’d from Jove,  
My Atalantis † sunk beneath the main.
- ‘ No longer bloom’d primeval Eden’s bow’rs,  
Nor guardian dragons watch’d the’ Hesperian  
steep :  
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits, and flow’rs,  
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.
- ‘ No more to dwell in silvan scenes I deign’d,  
Yet oft descending to the languid earth,  
With quickening powers the fainting mass sustain’d,  
And wak’d her slumbering atoms into birth.

† See Plato.

- ‘ And every echo caught my raptur’d name,  
And every virgin breath’d her amorous vows,  
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,  
Shower’d by the Muses, crown’d my lofty brows.
- ‘ But chief in Europe, and in Europe’s pride,  
My Albion’s favour’d realms, I rose ador’d;  
And pour’d my wealth, to other climes denied,  
From Amalthea’s horn with plenty stor’d.
- ‘ Ah me! for now a younger Rival claims  
My ravish’d honours, and to her belong  
My choral dances and victorious games,  
To her my garlands and triumphal song.
- ‘ O say what yet untasted bounties flow,  
What purer joys await her gentler reign?  
Do lilies fairer, violets sweeter blow?  
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?
- ‘ Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?  
Does evening fan her with serener gales?  
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,  
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?
- ‘ Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light  
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;  
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,  
Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.
- ‘ Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,  
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow’r;  
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings  
When Silence listens at the midnight hour.
- ‘ Nor wonder, man, that Nature’s bashful face,  
And opening charms, her rude embraces fear:  
Is she not sprung of April’s wayward race,  
The sickly daughter of the’ unripen’d year?



- ‘ With showers and sunshine in her fickle eyes,  
With hollow smiles proclaiming treacherous  
peace ;  
With blushes, harbouring in their thin disguise,  
The blast that riots on the Spring’s increase.
- ‘ Is this the fair invested with my spoil  
By Europe’s laws, and Senates’ stern command <sup>5</sup>?  
Ungenerous Europe, let me fly thy soil,  
And waft my treasures to a grateful land :
- ‘ Again revive on Asia’s drooping shore,  
My Daphne’s groves, or Lycia’s ancient plain ;  
Again to Afric’s sultry sands restore  
Embowering shades, and Lybian Ammon’s fane :
- ‘ Or haste to northern Zembla’s savage coast,  
There hush to silence elemental strife ;  
Brood o’er the region of eternal frost,  
And swell her barren womb with heat and life :
- ‘ Then Britain’—Here she ceas’d. Indignant grief,  
And parting pangs, her faltering tongue sup-  
press’d :  
Veil’d in an amber cloud she sought relief,  
And tears and silent anguish told the rest.

<sup>5</sup> The alteration of style was enforced by act of parliament.

## VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER PASSING THROUGH FINDON,  
SUSSEX, 1768.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. MR. WOODDESON, OF KINGSTON  
UPON THAMES <sup>1</sup>.

WOODDESON! these eyes have seen thy natal earth,  
Thy Findon<sup>2</sup>, sloping from the southern downs;  
Have bless'd the roof ennobled by thy birth,  
And tufted valley, where no ocean frowns.

Thou wert not born to plough the neighbouring  
main,

Or plant thy greatness near Ambition's throne,  
Or count unnumber'd fleeces on thy plain:

—The Muses lov'd and nurs'd thee for their own!

And twin'd thy temples here with wreaths of worth,  
And fenc'd thy childhood from the blights of  
morn,

And taught enchanting song, and sent thee forth  
To stretch the blessing to an age unborn:

<sup>1</sup> The author of these poems had been educated under this gentleman, for whom he ever retained the most affectionate regard. Mr. Wooddeson was one of those amiable beings whom none could know without loving. To the abilities of an excellent scholar was united a mind so candid, so patient, so replete with universal benevolence, that it glowed in every action. His life was an honour to himself, to religion, to human nature. He preserved to his death such a simplicity of manners as is rarely to be met with. He judged of the world by the standard of his own virtuous heart; and few men who had seen such length of days ever left it so little acquainted with it.

<sup>2</sup> Findon is a village on the side of the South Downs, Sussex.

Best blessing!—what is Pride's unwieldy state?  
 What awkward wealth from Indian oceans given?  
 What monarchs nodding under empires' weight,  
 If Science smile not with a ray from Heaven?

Witness you ruins, Arundel's high tower,  
 And Bramber, now the bird of night's resort!  
 Your proud possessors reign'd in barbarous power;  
 'The war their business, and the chase their sport;

Till there a minstrel, to the feast prefer'd,  
 With Cambrian harp, in gothic numbers charm'd,  
 Enlighten'd chiefs grew virtuous as they heard—  
 —The Sun of Science in its morning warm'd.—

How glorious, when it blaz'd in Milton's light,  
 And Shakspeare's flame, to full meridian day!  
 Yet smile, fair beam! though sloping from that  
 height,  
 Gild our mild evening with a setting ray.

---



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*DEDICATION OF JULIA'S<sup>1</sup> LETTER.*

TO THE REV. MR. WOODDESON, OF KINGSTON UPON  
 THAMES, AND THE LADIES OF HIS NEIGHBOUR-  
 HOOD.

O THOU who sit'st in academic schools,  
 Less teaching than inspiring ancient art,  
 Thy own example nobler than your rules,  
 Thy blameless life, best lesson for the heart.

<sup>1</sup> Julia was the new Eloise of Rousseau.

And ye, who dwell in peaceful groves around,  
 Whose voice, whose verse enchants, harmonious  
 Maids !  
 Who mix the lyre with harps of Cambrian sound ;  
 A mournful Muse, ah! shelter in your shades!

Nor you she rivals nor such magic strain  
 As rescued Eloise from oblivion's sleep ;  
 Enough, if one, the meekest of your train,  
 'Poor Julia!' cries,—and turns aside to weep!—

---



---

*JULIA'S PRINTED LETTER.*

TO LORD —.

—<sup>c</sup> AND darst thou then, insulting lord, demand  
 A friendly answer from this trembling hand ?  
 Perish the thought! shall this unguarded pen  
 Still trust its frailties with the frauds of men ?  
 To one, and one alone, again impart  
 The soft effusions of a melting heart!—  
 No more thy lips my tender page shall stain,  
 And print false kisses, dreamt sincere in vain ;  
 No more thy eyes with sweet surprise pursue  
 Love's secret mysteries, there unveil'd to you.  
 Demand'st thou still an answer?—let it be  
 An answer worthy vengeance, worthy me!—  
 Hear it in public characters relate  
 An ill-starr'd passion, and capricious fate !  
 Yes, public let it stand ;—to warn the Maid  
 From her that fell, less vanquish'd than betray'd

Guiltless, yet doom'd with guilty pangs to groan,  
 And expiate other's treasons, not her own :  
 A race of shame in Honour's paths to run,  
 Still Virtue's follower, yet by Vice undone ;  
 Such free complaint to injur'd love belongs,  
 Yes, tyrant, read, and know me by my wrongs ;  
 Know thy own treacheries, bar'd to general view,  
 Yes, traitor, read, and reading tremble too !

‘ What Vice would perpetrate and Fraud disguise,  
 I come to blaze it to a nation's eyes ;  
 I come—ah ! wretch, thy swelling rage control,  
 Was he not once the idol of thy soul?—  
 True,—by his guilt thy tortur'd bosom bleeds,  
 Yet spare his blushes, for 'tis Love that pleads !—  
 Respecting him, respect thy infant flame,  
 Proclaim the treason, hide the traitor's name !—  
 Enough to honour, and revenge be giv'n,  
 This truth reserve for conscience, and for Heav'n !—

‘ Talk'st thou, ingrate, of Friendship's holy pow'rs?  
 What binds the tiger and the lamb, be ours !  
 This cold, this frozen bosom, can'st thou dream,  
 Senseless to love, will soften to esteem?  
 What means thy proffer'd friendship?—but to prove  
 Thou wilt not hate her, whom thou can'st not love—  
 Remember thee !—repeat that sound again !—  
 My heart applauding echoes to the strain ;  
 Yes, till this heart forgets to beat, and grieve,  
 Live there thy image—but detested live !—  
 Still swell my rage—unchecked by time, or fate,  
 Nor waken memory but to kindle hate !—

‘ Enter thy treacherous bosom, enter deep,  
 Hear Conscience call, while flattering passions  
 sleep !—

Impartial search, and tell thy boasted claim  
 To Love's indulgence and to virtuous Fame!  
 Where harbour Honour, Justice, Faith, and Truth,  
 Bright forms, whose dazzling semblance caught my  
 youth.

How could I doubt what fairest seem'd and best,  
 Should build its mansion in a noble breast?  
 How doubt such generous virtues lodg'd in thine  
 That felt them glowing, tender maid, in mine?  
 Boast not of trophies from my fall achiev'd,  
 Boast not, deceiver, in this soul deceiv'd;  
 Easy the traitor saps an open heart,  
 Artless itself, and unsuspecting art:  
 Not by superior wiles, successful proves,  
 But fond credulity in her that loves.—

‘ Blush, shameless grandeur, blush!—shall Bri-  
 tain's peer,

Daring all crimes, not dare to be sincere?—  
 His fraud in Virtue's fairest likeness paint,  
 And hide his nobleness in base constraint.  
 What charms were mine to tempt thy guilty fires!  
 What wealth, what honours, from illustrious sires!  
 Can Virtue's simple spoils adorn thy race?  
 Shall annals mark a village-maid's disgrace?  
 Ev'n the sad secret, to thyself confin'd,  
 Sleeps, nor thou dar'st divulge it to mankind:  
 When bursting tears my inward anguish speak,  
 When paleness spreads my sometimes flushing  
 cheek,  
 When my frame trembles with convulsive strife,  
 And spirits titter on the verge of life,  
 When to my heart the ebbing pulse is driv'n,  
 And eyes throw faint accusing beams to Heav'n,

Still from the world those swelling sighs suppress'd,  
Those sorrows streaming in one faithful breast ;  
Explain to her, from others hide my care,  
Thought Nature's weakness, and not Love's despair,  
The sprightly youth in gloomy languor pine,  
My portion misery, yet not triumph thine—  
Ah ! whence derives thy sex its barbarous pow'rs  
To spoil the sweetness of our virgin hours ?  
Why leave me not, where first I met your eye,  
A simple flower to bloom in shades, and die ?—  
Where sprightly Morn on downy pinions rose,  
And Evening lull'd me to a deep repose ?  
Sharing pure joys, at least divine content,  
The choicest treasure for mere mortals meant.  
Ah ! wherefore poisoning moments sweet as these,  
Essay on me thy fatal arts to please ?  
Destin'd, if prosperous, for sublimer charms,  
To court proud wealth and greatness to thy arms !  
How many a brighter, many a fairer dame,  
Fond of her prize, had faun'd thy fickle flame ?  
With livelier moments sooth'd thy vacant mind !  
Easy possess'd thee, easy too resign'd—  
Chang'd but her object, Passion's willing slave,  
Nor felt a wound to fester to the grave—  
Oh ! had I, conscious of thy fierce desires,  
But half consenting, shar'd contagious fires,  
But half reluctan't, heard thy vows explain'd,  
This vanquish'd heart had suffer'd, not complain'd—  
But ah ! with tears and crowded sighs to see  
False Passion's dress in colours meant for true ;  
Artful assume Confusion's sweet disguise,  
Meet my coy virtues with dejected eyes,  
Steal their sweet language that no words impart,  
And give me back an image of my heart ;

This, this was treachery, fated best to share  
 Hate from my bosom, and from thine despair—  
 Yet unrelenting still the tyrant cries,  
 Heedless of Pity's voice and Beauty's sighs,  
 "That pious frauds the wisest, best, approve,  
 And Heaven but smiles at perjuries in love."—

'No—'tis the villain's plea, his poor pretence  
 To seize a trembling prey, that wants defence.

'No—'tis the base sensation cowards feel;  
 The wretch that trembles at the brave man's steel,  
 Fierce and undaunted to a sex appears,  
 That breathes its vengeance but in sighs and tears;  
 That helpless sex, by Nature's voice address'd  
 To lean its weakness on your firmer breast,  
 Protection pleads in vain—the' ungenerous slave  
 Insults the virtue he was born to save.—

'What! shall the lightest promise lips can feign,  
 Bind man to man in Honour's sacred chain?  
 And oaths to us not sanctify the' accord,  
 Not Heaven attested, and Heaven's awful Lord?  
 Why various laws for beings form'd the same?  
 Equal from one indulgent hand we came,  
 For mutual bliss that each assign'd its place,  
 With manly vigour tempering female grace,  
 Depriv'd our gentler intercourse, explain  
 Your solitary pleasures sullen reign;  
 What tender joys sit brooding o'er your store,  
 How sweet Ambition's slumbers gorg'd with gore!  
 'Tis our's the' unsocial passions to control,  
 Pour the glad balm that heals the wounded soul;  
 From Wealth, from Power's delusive, restless  
 To lure your fancy to diviner themes.— [dreams,  
 Confess at length your fancied rights you draw  
 From force superior, and not Nature's law;



Yet know, by us those boasted arms prevail,  
By native gentleness, not man we fail ;  
With brave revenge a tyrant's blood to spill,  
Possessing all the power—we want the will.

‘ Still if you glory in the lion's force,  
Come, nobly emulate that lion's course !  
From guarded herds he vindicates his prey,  
Not lurks in fraudful thickets from the day ;  
While man, with snares to cheat, with wiles perplex,  
Weakens, already weak, too soft a sex ;  
In laws, in customs, fashion's fetters binds,  
Relaxes all the nerves that brace our minds,  
Then, lordly savage, rends the captive heart  
First gain'd by treachery, then tam'd by art.—

‘ Are these reflections then that Love inspires?  
Is bitter grief the fruit of fair desires?  
From whose example could I dream to find  
A claim to curse, perhaps to wrong mankind ?  
Ah ! long I strove to burst the' enchanting tie,  
And form'd resolves, that ev'n in forming die ;  
Too long I linger'd on the shipwreck'd coast,  
And eyed the ocean where my wealth was lost !  
In silence wept, scarce venturing to complain,  
Still to my heart dissembled half my pain —  
Ascrib'd my sufferings to its fears, not you ;  
Beheld you treacherous, and then wish'd you true ;  
Sooth'd by those wishes, by myself deceiv'd,  
I fondly hop'd, and what I hop'd, believ'd.—  
Cruel ! to whom ? Ah ! whither should I flee,  
Friends, fortune, fame, deserted all for thee !  
On whom but you my fainting breast repose ?  
With whom but you deposit all its woes ?—  
To whom but you explain its stifled groan ?  
And live for whom ? but Love and you alone ?

What hand to probe my bleeding heart be found?  
 What hand to heal?—but his that gave the wound?—

O dreadful chaos of the ruin'd mind!

Lost to itself, to virtue, humankind!

From earth, from heaven, a meteor flaming wide,

Link'd to no system, to no world allied;

A blank of Nature, vanish'd every thought

That Nature, Reason, that Experience taught,

Past, present, future trace, alike destroy'd,

Where Love alone can fill the mighty void:

That Love on unreturning pinions flown,

We grasp a shade, the noble substance gone—

From one ador'd and once adoring dream

Of Friendship's tenderness—ev'n cold esteem

(Humble our vows) rejected with disdain,

Ask a last conference, but a parting strain,

More suppliant still, the wretched suit advance,

Plead for a look, a momentary glance,

A latter token—on Destruction's brink

We catch the feeble plank of Hope, and sink.—

'In those dread moments, when the hovering flame  
 Scarce languish'd into life, again you came,  
 Pursued again a too successful theme,  
 And dried my eyes, with your's again to stream;  
 When treacherous tears your venial faults confess'd,  
 And half dissembled, half excus'd the rest,  
 To kindred griefs taught pity from my own,  
 Sighs I return'd, and echo'd groan for groan;  
 Your self-reproaches stifling mine, approv'd,  
 And much I credited, for much I lov'd.

'Not long the soul this doubtful dream prolongs,  
 If prompt to pardon, not forget its wrongs,  
 It scorns the traitor, and with conscious pride  
 Scorns a base self, deserting to his side:

Great by misfortune, greater by despair,  
 Its Heaven once lost, rejects an humbler care,  
 To drink the dregs of languid joys disdains,  
 And flies a passion but perceiv'd from pains ;  
 Too just the rights another claims to steal,  
 Too good its feelings to wish Virtue feel,  
 Perhaps too tender or too fierce, my soul  
 Disclaiming half the heart, demands the whole.—

I blame thee not, that, fickle as thy race,  
 New loves invite thee, and the old efface,  
 That cold, insensible, thy soul appears  
 To Virtue's smiles, to Virtue's very tears ;  
 But ah ! a heart whose tenderness you knew,  
 That offer'd Heaven, but second vows to you,  
 In fond presumption that securely play'd,  
 Securely slumber'd in your friendly shade,  
 Whose every weakness, every sigh to share,  
 The powers that haunt the perjur'd, heard you  
 Was this a heart you wantonly resign'd [swear ;  
 Victim to scorn, to ruin, and mankind ?  
 Was this an heart ?—O shame of honour, truth,  
 Of blushing candour, and ingenuous youth !  
 What means thy pity ? what can it restore ?  
 The grave that yawns till general doom's no more,  
 As soon shall quicken, as my torments cease,  
 Rock'd on the lap of Innocence and Peace,  
 As smiles and joy this pensive brow invade,  
 And smooth the traces by Affliction made,  
 Flames once extinguish'd Virtue's lamp divine,  
 And visits Honour, a deserted shrine !  
 No, wretch, too long on Passion's ocean tost,  
 Not Heaven itself restores the good you lost ;  
 The form exists not that thy fancy dream'd,  
 A Fiend pursues thee that an Angel seem'd ;

Impassive to the touch of Reason's ray  
His fairy phantom melts in clouds away ;  
Yet take my pardon in my last farewell,  
The wounds you gave, ah cruel! never feel!  
Fated like me to court and curse thy fate,  
To blend in dreadful union Love and Hate ;  
Chiding the present moment's slumbering haste,  
To dread the future, and deplore the past ;  
Like me condemn the' effect, the cause approve,  
Renounce the lover, and retain the love.  
Yes, Love—even now in this ill-fated hour,  
An exile from thy joys, I feel thy pow'r.  
The Sun to me his noontide blaze that shrouds  
In browner horrors than when veil'd in clouds ;  
The Moon, faint light that melancholy throws,  
The streams that murmur, yet not court repose ;  
The breezes sickening with my mind's disease,  
And vallies laughing to all eyes but these,  
Proclaim thy absence, Love, whose beam alone  
Lighted my morn with glories not its own.  
O thou of generous passions purest, best !  
Soon as thy flame shot rapture to my breast,  
Each pulse expanding, trembled with delight,  
And aching vision drank thy lovely light ;  
A new creation brighten'd to my view,  
Nurs'd in thy smiles the social passions grew ;  
New strung, the thrilling nerves harmonious rose,  
And beat sweet unison to others' woes ;  
Slumbering no more, a Lethe's lazy flood,  
In generous currents swell'd the sprightly blood,  
No longer now to partial streams confin'd,  
Spread like an ocean, and embrac'd mankind ;  
No more centering in itself the blaze,  
The soul diffus'd Benevolence's rays,

Kindled on earth, pursued the' ethereal road,  
In hallow'd flames ascended to its God.—

' Yes, Love, thy star of generous influence cheers  
Our gloomy dwelling in this vale of tears.  
What? if a tyrant's blasting hand destroys  
Thy swelling blossoms of expected joys,  
Converts to poison what for life was given,  
Thy manna dropping from its native Heaven,  
Still Love victorious triumphs, still confess'd  
The noblest transport that can warm the breast ;  
Yes, traitor, yes ; my heart, to Nature true,  
Adores the passion, and detests but you.

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TO MRS. B——,

READING JULIA WITH TEARS, DURING A HARD  
FROST.

WHAT, though descending as the dews of morn,  
On misery's sighs your tear of virtue waits ;  
Forget the fallen Julia ! you were born  
For heart-expanding joys and smiling fates.

To soothe with social pleasures human cares,  
To call the Muse to Thames's frozen glades,  
To wake the slumbering Spring with vernal airs,  
And plant an Eden in December's shades ;

To deck, like Eve<sup>1</sup>, with soft officious haste,  
Your banquet, worthiest of her angel-guest ;  
Amid the flowers that crown the fair repast  
A flower yourself, the fairest of the feast.

<sup>1</sup> See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book v. from line 303.

There the great Giver for his bounties given,  
 Your grateful consort blessing, blesses too  
 The sweet dispenser of the gifts of Heaven,  
 In wonder's silent prayer he blesses you :

Your infants there reflecting round the board,  
 Maternal graces while his eye approves ;  
 One tear to rapture give!—then sit ador'd  
 The gentle mother of the Smiles and Loves.

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ON CONVERTING THE

*LATE MR. WOODDESON'S HOUSE,*

AT KINGSTON, INTO A POOR-HOUSE, AND CUTTING  
 DOWN THE GREAT WALK OF HIGH TREES BE-  
 FORE IT.

WHERE the broad path-way fronts yon ancient seat,  
 Approach not, stranger, with unhallow'd feet,  
 Nor mock the spot, unshelter'd now, and bare!  
 The grove's old honours rose majestic there :  
 Its giant arms extending to defend  
 Thy reverend temples, man's and virtue's friend!  
 Secure thy walk, that unpiere'd gloom along,  
 No storm approach'd to silence Homer's song ;  
 No beam to wound thy Heaven-directed eye :  
 The world's near tumult swept unheeded by.  
 Now, low as thine, these towering heads are laid,  
 Nor more embower the mansion in their shade ;  
 Time-honour'd pile ! that, owning thee its lord,  
 Saw ancient manners, ancient faith, restor'd ;

In renovated youth beheld again  
 Saturnian days, the good Eliza's reign.  
 With thee too sheltering many an angel-guest,  
 For what, but Heaven, serener than thy breast?—  
 Bless'd mansion then, Simplicity's abode,  
 Where smiling Innocence look'd up to God;  
 Where Nature's genuine graces charm'd the heart,  
 Or Nature, polish'd but by classic art. [beans,  
 There Fancy, warm'd with brightest, chastest  
 The saint's high rapture, and the poet's dreams,  
 While Virtue left, delighting there to dwell,  
 The pensive mountain, and the hermit's cell.—  
 There the good teacher held by turns to youth  
 The blaze of fiction and pure light of truth,  
 Who, less by precept than example fir'd,  
 Glow'd as he taught, inspiring and inspir'd.

Nor think, gay revellers, this awful roof  
 Echoed no sounds but Wisdom's harsh reproof;  
 The social board, attendant Mirth, was there,  
 The smile unconscious of to-morrow's care,  
 With every tranquil joy of wedded life,  
 The gracious children, and the faithful wife.  
 In dance, in song, in harmless sports approv'd,  
 There youth has frolic'd, there soft maids have lov'd.  
 There one, distinguish'd one—not sweeter blows  
 In simpler ornament attir'd, the rose,  
 The rose she cull'd to deck the nuptial bower,  
 Herself as fair—a transitory flower.—

Thus a short hour—and woods and turrets fall;  
 The good, the great, the beauteous, perish all.  
 Another age a gayer race supplies,  
 Less awful groves, and gaudier villas rise.  
 See Wisdom's place usurp'd by Folly's sons,  
 And scorners sit on Virtue's vacant thrones.

See neighbouring Combe's old genius quit its bowers,  
 Not Warwick's <sup>1</sup> name preserv'd his gothic towers;  
 Nor distant <sup>2</sup> see new royal domes deride  
 What half remains of Wolsey's ancient pride!  
 While yet this humbler pile survives to prove  
 A mansion worthy of its master's love:  
 Like him, still welcomes to its liberal door  
 Whom most he honour'd, honouring most the poor;  
 Like him, the lisping infant's blessing shares,  
 And age's gratitude in silent prayers.—  
 While such partake the couch, the frugal feast,  
 No regal chambers boast an equal guest;  
 For, gracious Maker, by thy own decree,  
 Receiving mercy is receiving Thee!—

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ON

*REBUILDING COMBE-NEVILLE,*

NEAR KINGSTON, SURREY, ONCE THE SEAT OF THE  
 FAMOUS KING-MAKING EARL OF WARWICK, AND  
 LATE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY OF  
 HARVEY.

YE modern domes that rise elate  
 O'er yonder prostrate walls,  
 In vain your hope to match the state  
 Of Neville's ancient halls.

<sup>1</sup> Combe-Neville, near Kingston, built by the king-making Earl of Warwick.

<sup>2</sup> The new apartments at Hampton-Court, raised on the ruins of part of Wolsey's palace.



Dread mansion! on thy gothic tower  
Were regal standards rais'd ;  
The rose of York, white virgin flower,  
Or red Lancastria's blaz'd.

Warwick, high chief, whose awful word  
Or shook, or fix'd the throne,  
Spread here his hospitable board,  
Or war'd in tilts alone.

When Combe her garter'd knights beheld  
On barbed steeds advance,  
Where ladies crown'd the tented field,  
And Love inspir'd the lance.

Historic heralds bere array'd  
Fair acts in gorgeous style,  
But heroes' toils were best repay'd  
By bashful Beauty's smile.

So flourish'd Combe, and flourish'd long  
With lords of bounteous soul ;  
Her walls still echoed to the song,  
And Mirth still drain'd her bowl.

And still her courts with footsteps meek  
The fainting traveller press'd,  
Still Misery flush'd her faded cheek  
At Harvey's genial feast.—

Lov'd seat, how oft, in childish ease,  
Along thy woods I stray'd,  
Now ventrous climb'd embowering trees,  
Now sported in their shade.

Along thy hills the chase I led  
With echoing hounds and horns,  
And left for thee my downy bed,  
Unplanted yet with thorns.

Now, languid with the noontide beams,  
 Explor'd thy <sup>1</sup> precious springs  
 That proudly flow <sup>2</sup>, like Susa's streams,  
 To temper cups for Kings.

But soon, inspir'd with nobler pow'rs,  
 I sought thy awful grove ;  
 There frequent sooth'd my evening hours,  
 That best deceiver, Love.

Each smiling joy was there, that springs  
 In life's delicious prime ;  
 There young Ambition plum'd his wings,  
 And mock'd the flight of Time.—

There patriot passions fir'd my breast  
 With Freedom's glowing themes,  
 And Virtue's image rose confess'd  
 In bright Platonic dreams.—

Ah me! my dreams of harmless youth  
 No more thy walks invade,  
 The charm is broke by sober Truth,  
 Thy fairy visions fade.—

No more unstain'd with fear or guilt  
 Such hours of rapture smile,  
 Each airy fabric Fancy built  
 Is vanish'd as thy pile!—

<sup>1</sup> Hampton-Court Palace is supplied with water from the springs on Combe-Hills

<sup>2</sup> There Susa by Choapes' amber stream,  
 The drink of none but Kings.

## ON LADY POMFRET'S

PRESENTING THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD WITH  
HER COLLECTION OF STATUES.

WELCOME again the reign of ancient Arts!  
 Welcome fair modern days from gothic night,  
 Though late, emerging! sun of Science hail!  
 Whose glorious rays enlighten'd Greece and Rome,  
 Illustrious nations!—Their's was empire's seat,  
 Their's Virtue, Freedom, each enchanting grace;  
 Sculpture with them to bright perfection rose,  
 Sculpture, whose bold Promethean hand inform'd  
 The stubborn mass with life—in fretted gold  
 Or yielding marble, to the raptur'd eye  
 Display'd the shining conclave of the skies,  
 And chiefs and sages gave the Passions form,  
 And Virtue shape corporeal: taught by her  
 The obedient brass dissolv'd;  
 In Love's soft fires thy winning charms she stole,  
 Thou mild retreating Medicean Fair.  
 She mark'd the flowing Dryads lighter step,  
 The panting bosom, garments flowing loose,  
 And wanton tresses waving to the wind.—  
 Again by Pomfret's generous care, these stores  
 Of ancient Fame revisit Learning's seats,  
 Their old abode. O reverence Learning's seats,  
 Ye beauteous Arts! for know, by Learning's smiles  
 Ye grew immortal—Know, however fair  
 Sculpture and Painting, fairer Poetry  
 Your elder Sister, from the' Aonian mount,  
 Imagination's fruitful realm, supplied  
 The rich material of your lovely soil.  
 Her fairy forms, poetic Fancy first

Peopled the hills, and vales, and fabled groves,  
 With shapes celestial, and by fountain side  
 Saw Fauns with wanton Satyrs lead the dance  
 With meek-ey'd Naiads ; saw your Cyprian Queen  
 Ascending from the Ocean's wave ;  
 Poetic Fancy in Mæonian song  
 Pictur'd immortal Jove, ere Phidias' hands  
 Sublime with all his thunders form'd the God.  
 Here then uniting with your kindred art,  
 Majestic Grecian Sculpture deign to dwell,  
 Here shades of Academe again invite,  
 Athenian philosophic shades, and here  
 Ye Roman forms, a nobler Tyber flows.

Come, Pomfret, come ; of rich munificence  
 Partake the fame, though candid blushes rise,  
 And modest virtues shun the blaze of day.  
 Pomfret, not all thy honours, splendid train,  
 Not the bright coronet that binds thy brow,  
 Not all thy lovely offspring, radiant queens  
 On Beauty's throne, shall consecrate thy praise  
 Like Science, boasting in thy genial beam  
 Increasing stores : in these embowering shades  
 Stands the fair tablet of eternal Fame ;  
 There Memory's adamantine pen records  
 Her sons ; but each illustrious female's name  
 In golden characters engrav'd, defies  
 Envy and Time, superior to their rage.—  
 Pomfret shall live, the generous Pomfret join'd  
 With Caroline, and martial Edward's Queen.  
 And great Eliza, regal names, like thee  
 Smiling on Arts and Learning's sons they reign'd.—  
 And see where Westmorland adorns the train  
 Of Learning's princely patrons ! lo, I see  
 A new Pantheon rise, as that of old

Famous, nor founded by ignobler hands ;  
 Though thine, Agrippa, sway'd the helm of Rome :  
 I see enshrin'd majestic awful forms,  
 Chiefs, legislators, patriots, beauties, gods.  
 Not him by superstitious fears ador'd  
 With barbarous sacrifice and frantic zeal,  
 Yet not uncelebrated nor unsung, for oft  
 Thou, slumbering Cupid, with inverted torch  
 Betokening mildest fires, shall hear the sighs  
 Of virtuous love-sick youths. You too shall reign,  
 Celestial Venus, though with chaster rites,  
 Address'd with vows from purer votaries heard.

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ON RURAL SPORTS.

THE sun wakes jocund—all of life, who breathe  
 In air, or earth, and lawn, and thicket rove,  
 Who swim the surface, or the deep beneath,  
 Swell the full chorus of delight and love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,  
 Whose levell'd thunder frightens Morn's repose,  
 Who drag the net, whose hook insidious wounds  
 A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?

I see ye come, and havoc loose the reins ;  
 A general groan the general anguish speaks,  
 The stately stag falls butcher'd on the plains,  
 The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! see the pheasant fluttering in the brake,  
 Green, azure, gold, but undistinguish'd gore!  
 Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!

—I call in vain—They gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round  
 With dogs of war—the spurning bull their prize;  
 And now he bellows, humbled to the ground,  
 And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.

You too must feel their missile weapon's pow'r,  
 Whose clarion charms the midnight's sullen air;  
 Thou the Morn's harbinger, must mourn the hour  
 † Vigili to fasts, and penitence, and prayer.

Must fatal wars of human avarice, wage  
 For milder conflicts, Love their palm design'd?  
 Now sheath'd in steel, must rival Reason's rage,  
 Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind?

Are these your sovereign joys, Creation's lords?  
 Is death a banquet for a godlike soul?  
 Have rigid hearts no sympathising chords  
 For concord, order, for the harmonious whole?

Nor plead necessity, thou man of blood! [vere!  
 Heaven tempers power with mercy—Heaven re-  
 Yet slay the wolf for safety, lamb for food;  
 But shorten misery's pangs, and drop a tear!

Ah! rather turn, and breathe this evening gale,  
 Uninjur'd, and uninjuring Nature's peace.  
 Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,  
 † Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's increase!

See † pasturing heifers with the bull, who wields  
 Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil!  
 Or see the panting spaniel try the fields,  
 While bursting coveys mock his wanton toil!

† Shrove Tuesday.

Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force  
Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind control;  
Nor mangle all his sinews in the course,  
And fainting, staggering, lash him to the goal!

Now sweetly pensive, bending o'er the stream,  
Mark the gay floating myriads, nor molest  
Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream  
Of evil fled and all Creation bless'd!

Or else, beneath thy porch, in social joy  
Sit and approve thy infant's virtuous haste,  
Humanity's sweet tones while all employ  
To lure the wing'd domestics to repast!

There smiling see a fop in swelling state,  
The turkey, strut with valour's red pretence,  
And duck, row on with waddling honest gait,  
And goose, mistake solemnity for sense!

While one with front erect, in simple pride,  
Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call;  
Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,  
That each may taste the bounty meant for all!

Yon bashful songsters with retorted eye  
Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,  
While he, the bolder sparrow, scorns to fly;  
A son of freedom claiming Nature's right.

Liberal to him; yet still the wafted grain,  
Choicest for those of modest worth, dispense;  
And blessing Heaven that wakes their grateful strain,  
Let Heaven's best joy be thine, benevolence!

While flocks' soft bleatings, echoing high and clear,  
The neigh of steeds, responsive o'er the heath;  
Deep lowings sweeter melt upon thy ear  
Than screams of terror and the groans of death.

Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood :  
Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old !  
For not their fury, a consuming flood  
Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.

But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law !  
Eager on man, a nobler chase, they start ;  
Now from a brother's side the dagger draw,  
Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See, as they reach Ambition's purple fruits, —  
Their reeking hands in nation's carnage died !  
No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,  
They swim to empire in a human tide.

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,  
With scorpion conscience lash himself, the last !  
See festering in the bosom where they sprung  
The fury passions that laid Nature waste !

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,  
And weary Heaven with many a fruitless groan !  
By pining fasts, by voluntary pains,  
Revenging Nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,  
He calls down Heaven in thunders to pursue  
Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and love,  
The voice of thunder is no voice from you !

Mistaken mortal ! 'tis that God's decree  
To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood :  
Heaven breathes benevolence, to all, to thee ;  
Each being's bliss consummates general good.



ODE TO CAPTIVITY.

WRITTEN IN THE LAST WAR.

O STERN Captivity! from Albion's land  
 Far, far, avert the terrors of thy rod!  
 O wave not o'er her fields thy flaming brand!  
 O crush not Freedom, fairest child of God!—  
 Bring not from thy Gallic shore  
 The galling fetters, groaning oar!  
 Bring not hither Virtue's bane,  
 Thy sister Superstition's train!  
 O spare from sanguine rites the silver floods!  
 Nor haunt with shapes obscene our unpolluted  
 woods!—

Is yet too weak, rapacious Power, thy throne?  
 While the chain'd Continent thy vassal waits,  
 The Rhine, the Danube, and the sounding Rhone,  
 Proclaim thy triumphs through an hundred states.  
 See Valentia's smiling vales  
 Courted for thee by Ocean's gales!  
 Through yawning vaults<sup>1</sup> on Tagus' streams,  
 Thine Revenge's dagger gleams:  
 Thy fury bursts on Rome's devoted head,  
 In vain the Scipios liv'd, the Decii, Cato bled!  
 Be these thy bounds—whose laws with monarchs  
 To this fair isle how impotent thy hate! [reign,  
 Where Pitt, so righteous Heaven and George ordain,  
 In wisdom guides the thunder of the state.

<sup>1</sup> The late conspiracy against the Portuguese government was planned amid the ruins of that unfortunate capital.

That thunder shook on Afric's <sup>2</sup> shore,  
 The howling wild where lions roar ;  
 In western <sup>3</sup> worlds its awful powers  
 Sunk astonish'd Bourbon's towers ;  
 That thunder sounding o'er the Celtic main,  
 Rol'd to Lutetia's walls along the' affrighted Seine.  
 Daughters of Albion ! strew his paths with flowers,  
 O wake for him the lute's harmonious chord !  
 His name be echoed in your festal bowers,  
 Who guards Britannia from a foreign Lord !  
 Happy Fair, who seated far  
 From haughty conquerors, barbarous war,  
 Have heard alone in tragic songs,  
 Of cities storm'd and virgins' wrongs,  
 There felt the daughter's, parent's, consort's groan,  
 And wept historic woes, impractis'd in your own !  
 Have you not heard how Sion's daughters mourn'd  
 Their prostrate land?—how Greece her victims  
 tore  
 From flaming altars?—captive queens they turn'd  
 From Troy reluctant—on the sea-beat shore  
 Their eyes to Heaven were roll'd in vain,  
 Their eyes—for not the victor's chain  
 Indulg'd thy privilege, Despair !  
 Their hands to rend their flowing hair ;  
 Behind them Troy a smoking ruin lies,  
 Before lie unknown seas, and black incumbent skies.  
 ' Ye gales <sup>4</sup> !' they cried, ' ye cruel eastern gales !  
 Adverse to Troy, conspiring with the foe,  
 That eager stretch the victor's swelling sails,  
 To what unfriendly regions will ye blow ?

<sup>2</sup> Senegal

<sup>3</sup> Louisbourg.

<sup>4</sup> An imitation of the first chorus in the Hecuba of Euripides.

Shall we serve on Doric plains?  
 Or where in Pithia Pyrrhus reigns?  
 Shall Echo catch our captive tales?  
 Joyless in the sprightly vales

Apidann thy beauteous current laves,  
 Say, shall we sit and dream of Simois' fairer waves?

' Shall Delos, sacred Delos, hear our woes?

Where when Latona's offspring sprung to birth,  
 The palm spontaneous, and the laurel rose,  
 O Dian, Dian, on thy hallow'd earth;  
 With Delian maids, a spotless band,  
 At Virtne's altar shall we stand,  
 And hail thy name, with choral joy,  
 Invok'd in vain for falling Troy?

Thy shafts victorious shall our songs proclaim,  
 When not an arrow fled to spare thy votaries shame.

' To Athens, Art's fair empire, shall we rove

There for some haughty mistress ply the loom,  
 With daring fancy paint avenging Jove,  
 His forked lightnings flaming through the gloom,  
 To blast the bold Titanian race:  
 Or deaf to Nature, must we trace  
 In mournful shades our hapless war?  
 What art, dread Pallas, to thy car,

Shall yoke the' immortal steeds? what colours tell  
 By thine, by Pyrrhus' lance, how lofty Ilion fell?

' Yes, cruel gods, our bleeding country falls,

Her chiefs are slain—see brothers, sires expire!  
 Ah see, exulting o'er her prostrate walls,  
 The victor's fury, and devouring fire!  
 Asia's haughty Genius broke,  
 Bows the neck to Europe's yoke,

Chains are all our portion now,  
 No festal wreaths shall bind our brow,  
 Nor Hymen's torches light the bridal day: [prey!  
 O Death, and black Despair, behold your destin'd

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ODE TO YOUTH.

YOUTH, ah stay, prolong delight,  
 Close thy pinions stretch'd for flight!  
 Youth, disdain silver hairs,  
 Autumn's frowns and Winter's cares,  
 Dwell'st thou but in dimple sleek,  
 In vernal smiles and Summer's cheek?  
 On Spring's ambrosial lap thy hands unfold, [gold.  
 They blossom fresh with hope, and all they touch is  
 Graver years come sailing by:  
 Hark! they call me as they fly;  
 Quit, they cry, for nobler themes,  
 Statesman, quit thy boyish dreams!  
 'Tune to crowds thy pliant voice,  
 Or flatter thrones, the nobler choice!  
 Deserting Virtue, yet assume her state; [to Hate.  
 Thy smiles, that dwell with Love, ah! wed them now  
 Or in Victory's purple plain  
 Triumph thou on hills of slain!  
 While the virgin rends her hair,  
 Childless sires demand their heir,  
 Timid orphans kneel and weep:  
 Or, where the unsunn'd treasures sleep,  
 Sit brooding o'er thy cave in grim repose, [woes.  
 There mock at human joys, there mock at human

Years away ! too dear I prize  
 Fancy's haunts, her vales, her skies ;  
 Come, ye gales that swell the flow'rs,  
 Wake my soul's expanding pow'rs ;  
 Come, by streams embower'd in wood,  
 Celestial forms, the Fair, the Good !

With moral charms associate vernal joys !  
 Pure Nature's pleasures these—the rest are Fa-  
 shion's toys.

Come, while years reprove in vain,  
 Youth, with me, and Rapture reign !  
 Sculpture, Painting, meet my eyes,  
 Glowing still with young surprise !  
 Never to the Virgin's lute  
 This ear be deaf, this voice be mute !

Come, Beauty, cause of anguish, heal its smart,  
 —Now temperate measures beat, unalter'd else my  
 heart.

Still my soul, for ever young,  
 Speak thyself divinely sprung !  
 Wing'd for Heaven, embracing Earth,  
 Link'd to all of mortal birth,  
 Brute or man, in social chain  
 Still link'd to all, who suffer pain.

Pursue the' eternal law !—one Power above  
 Connects, pervades the whole—that Power divine is  
 Love.

*IMITATION FROM OSSIAN'S POEMS,*

LATELY PUBLISHED BY THE TITLE OF FINGAL, &c.

BROWN Autumn nods upon the mountain's head,  
 The dark mist gathers; howling winds assail  
 The blighted desert; on its mineral bed  
 Dark rolls the river through the sullen vale.

On the hill's dejected scene  
 The blasted ash alone is seen,  
 That marks the grave where Connal sleeps;  
 Gather'd into mouldering heaps  
 From the whirlwind's giddy round,  
 Its leaves bestrew the hallow'd ground:

Across the musing hunter's lonesome way  
 Flit melancholy ghosts, that chill the dawn of day.

Connal, thou slumber'st there, the great, the good!  
 Thy long-fam'd ancestors what tongue can trace?  
 Firm, as the oak on rocky heights, they stood;  
 Planted as firm on Glory's ample base.

Rooted in their native clime,  
 Brav'd alike devouring time,  
 Full of honours, full of age,  
 That lofty oak the winter's rage  
 Rent from the promontory's brow,  
 And Death has laid the mighty low.

The mountains mourn their consecrated tree;  
 His country Connal mourns;—what son shall rival  
 thee?

Here was the din of arms, and here o'erthrown  
 The valiant!—mournful are thy wars, Fingal;  
 The caverns echo'd to the dying groan,  
 The fatal fields beheld the victor fall;

Tall amidst the host, as hills  
Above their vales and subject rills,  
His arm, a tempest louring high,  
His sword, a beam of summer's sky,  
His eyes, a fiery furnace, glare,  
His voice that shook the astonish'd war,  
Was thunder's sound: he smote the trembling foes,  
As sportive infant's staff the bearded thistle mows.

Onward to meet this hero, like a storm,  
A cloudy storm, the mighty Dargo came;  
As mountain caves, where dusky meteors form  
His hollow eye-balls flash'd a livid flame!  
And now they join'd, and now they wield  
Their clashing steel—resounds the field,  
Crimora heard the loud alarms,  
Rival's daughter, bright in arms,  
Her hands the bow victorious bear,  
Luxuriant wav'd her auburn hair;  
Connal, her life, her lové, in beauty's pride, [side.  
She follow'd to the war, and fought by Connal's

In wild despair, at Connal's foe she drew  
The fatal string, impatient flew the dart;  
Ah, hapless maid!—with erring course it flew;  
The shaft stood trembling in her lover's heart.  
He fell—so falls by thunder's shock  
From ocean's cliffs the rifted rock.  
That falls and ploughs the groaning strand—  
He fell by Love's unwilling hand.  
Hapless maid! from eve to day,  
Connal, my love; the breathless clay  
My love, she calls—now rolls her frantic eyes—  
—Now bends them sad to earth—she sinks, she  
faints, she dies.—

Together rest in Earth's parental womb,  
 Her fairest offspring ; mournful in the vale  
 I sit, while, issuing from the moss-grown tomb,  
 Your once-lov'd voices seem to swell the gale—  
 Pensive Memory wakes her powers,  
 Oft recalls your smiling hours  
 Of fleeting life, that wont to move  
 On downy wings of youth and love ;  
 The smiling hours no more return ;  
 —All is hush'd—your silent urn  
 The mountain covers with its awful shade,  
 Far from the haunts of men in pathless desert laid.

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ON A

*PRESENT TO THE AUTHOR,*

OF TWO IMPRESSIONS FROM A FINE ANTIQUE SEAL  
 OF THE HEAD OF ALEXANDER.

*The one by Lady P—, on Paper : the other by Miss  
 J— P—, in Wax.*

FAIR sculpture of Ammon's young graces !  
 My lady with whim shall we tax ;  
 On paper who marks thy faint traces,  
 Which Stella stamps lively in wax ?  
 Of their hearts they make mutual confession :  
 That, cold to emotions once felt,  
 The mother's scarce yields to impression—  
 —The daughter's can soften and melt.



ON THE SUBJECT OF

*THE MONUMENT IN ARCADIA.*

O you, that dwell where shepherds reign,  
 Arcadian youths, Arcadian maids,  
 To pastoral pipe who danc'd the plain ;  
 Why pensive now beneath the shades ?

Approach her virgin tomb, they cry,  
 Behold the verse inscrib'd above,  
 Once too in Arcady was I,—  
 Behold what dreams are life and love !

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*ON THE SAME.*

SWEET Arcady, where shepherds reign,  
 Your simple youths, your simple maids,  
 With pastoral dance still cheer the plain,  
 Their pastoral pipe still charms the shades :

This only song still meets our ear,  
 It swells the breeze, it fills the grove ;  
 ' What joys so sweet as Nature's here ?  
 What joy of Nature sweet as Love ?'

*HITCHIN CONVENT.*

## A TALE.

WHERE Hitch's gentle current glides,  
 An ancient convent stands  
 Sacred to prayer, and holy rites  
 Ordain'd by pious hands.

Here monks of saintly Benedict  
 Their nightly vigils kept,  
 And lofty anthems shook the choir  
 At hours when mortals slept.

But Harry's <sup>1</sup> wide reforming hand  
 That sacred order wounded ;  
 He spoke—from forth their hallow'd walls  
 The friars fled confounded.

Then wicked laymen entering in,  
 Those cloisters fair profan'd ;  
 Now Riot loud usurps the seat  
 Where bright Devotion reign'd.

Ev'n to the chapel's sacred roof,  
 Its echoing vaults along,  
 Resounds the flute, and sprightly dance,  
 And hymeneal song.

Yet Fame reports, that monkish shades  
 At midnight never fail  
 To haunt the mansion once their own,  
 And tread its cloisters pale.

<sup>1</sup> Henry the Eighth, who suppressed the religious houses in England,

One night, more prying than the rest,  
 It chanc'd a friar came,  
 And enter'd, where on beds of down  
 Repos'd each gentle dame.

Here, softening midnight's raven gloom,  
 Lay R——e, blushing maid ;  
 There, wrapt in folds of cypress lawn,  
 Her virtuous aunt was laid.

He stop'd, he gaz'd, to wild conceits  
 His roving fancy run ;  
 He took the aunt for Prioress,  
 And R——e for a Nun.

It hap'd that R——'s capuchin,  
 Across the couch display'd,  
 To deem her sister of the veil,  
 The holy sire betray'd.

Accosting then the youthful fair,  
 His raptur'd accents broke ;  
 Amazement chill'd the waking nymph :  
 She trembled as he spoke :—

' Hail halcyon days! Hail holy Nun!  
 This wondrous change explain :  
 Again Religion lights her lamp,  
 Reviews these walls again.

' For ever bless'd the power that check'd  
 Reformists' wild disorders,  
 Restor'd again the church's lands,  
 Reviv'd our sacred orders.

' To Monks indeed, from Edward's days,  
 Belong'd this chaste foundation ;  
 Yet sister Nuns may answer too  
 The founder's good donation.

- ' Ah ! well thy virgin vows are heard :  
 For man were never given  
 Those charms, reserv'd to nobler ends,  
 Thou spotless spouse of Heaven !
- ' Yet speak what cause from morning Mass  
 Thy lingering steps delays :  
 Haste to the deep-mouth'd organ's peal,  
 To join thy vocal praise.
- ' Awake thy abbess-sisters all ;  
 At Mary's holy shrine,  
 With bended knees and suppliant eyes  
 Approach, thou Num divine !—'
- ' No Nun am I,' recovering cried  
 The nymph ; ' no Nun, I say,  
 Nor Nun will be, unless this fright  
 Should turn my locks to grey.
- 'Tis true, at church I seldom fail  
 When aunt or uncle leads :  
 Yet never rise by four o'clock  
 To tell my morning beads.
- ' No mortal lover yet, I vow,  
 My virgin heart has fix'd,  
 But yet I bear the creature's talk  
 Without a grate betwixt.
- ' To Heaven my eyes are often cast,  
 (From Heaven their light began)  
 Yet deign sometimes to view on earth  
 Its image stamp'd on man.
- ' Ah me ! I fear in borrow'd shape  
 Thou com'st, a base deceiver ;  
 Perhaps the Devil to tempt the faith  
 Of orthodox-believer.

‘ For once my hand, at masquerade,  
A reverend Friar press’d ;  
His form as thine, but holier sounds  
The ravish’d saint address’d.

‘ He told me vows no more were made  
To senseless stone and wood,  
But adoration paid alone  
To saints of flesh and blood.

‘ That rosy cheeks, and radiant eyes,  
And tresses like the morn,  
Were given to bless the present age,  
And light the age unborn :

‘ That maids, by whose obdurate pride  
The hapless lover fell,  
Were doom’d to never-dying toils  
Of leading apes in hell.

‘ Respect the first command, he cried,  
It’s sacred laws fulfil,  
And well observe the precept given  
To Moses—*Do not kill.*

‘ Thus spoke, ah yet I hear him speak !  
My soul’s sublime physician ;  
Then get thee hence, thy doctrines vile  
Would sink me to perdition.’

She ceas’d—the Monk in shades of night  
Confus’dly fled away ;  
And Superstition’s clouds dissolv’d  
In sense, and beauty’s ray.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

A VERY GOOD ACTRESS.

POWERFUL is beauty, when to mortal seats  
 From Heaven descends the heaven-created good,  
 When fancy's glance the fairy phantom meets,  
 Nymph of the shade, or naiad of the flood.

So blooms Celena, daughter of the skies,  
 Queen of the joys romantic rapture dreams ;  
 Her cheeks are summer's damask rose, her eyes  
 Steal their quick lustre from the morning's beams.

Her airy neck the shining tresses shade ;  
 In every wanton curl a Cupid dwells :  
 To these, distrusting in the Graces' aid,  
 She joins the mighty charms of magic spells.

Man, hapless man, in vain destruction flies,  
 With wily arts the' enchantress nymph pursues ;  
 To varying forms, as varying lovers rise,  
 Shifts the bright Iris of a thousand hues.

Behold the' austere Divine, oppress'd by years,  
 Colics, and bulk, and tythes engender'd care ;  
 The sound of woman grates his aching ears,  
 Of other woman than a scripture fair.

Sudden she comes, a Deborah bright in arms,  
 Or wears the pastoral Rachel's ancient mien ;  
 And now, as glow gay-flushing eastern charms,  
 He sighs like David's son for Sheba's Queen.

To Change the China-trader speeds his pace,  
 Nor heeds the chilly North's unripening dames ;  
 'Tis her's with twinkling eyes, and lengthen'd face,  
 And pigmy foot, to wake forgotten flames.

She oft, in likeness of the' Egyptian crone,  
 Too well inform'd, relates to wond'ring swains  
 Their amorous plaints prefer'd to her alone :  
 Her own relentless breast too well explains.

See, at the manor's hospitable board  
 Enters a Sire, by infant age rever'd ;  
 From shorten'd tube exhaling fumes afford  
 The incense bland that clouds his forky beard.

Conundrums quaint, and puns of jocund kind,  
 With rural ditties, warm the' elated 'squire,  
 Yet oft sensations quicken in his mind,  
 Other than ale and jocund puns inspire.

The forms where bloated Dropsy holds her seat  
 He views, unconscious of magician's guiles ;  
 Nor deems a jaundie'd visage lov'd retreat  
 Of graces, young desires, and dimpled smiles.

Now o'er the portal of an antique hall  
 A Grecian form the raptur'd patriot awes,  
 The hoary bust and brow severe reveal  
 Lycinus, founder of majestic laws.

Awhile entranc'd, he dreams of old renown,  
 And freedom's triumph in Platean fields,  
 Then turns—relaxing sees the furrow'd frown,  
 To melting airs the soften'd marble yields.

' I see the lips as breathing life,' he cries,  
 ' On icy cheeks carnation blooms display'd :  
 The pensive orbs are pleasure-beaming eyes,  
 And Sparta's lawgiver a blushing maid.

‘ There, at the curtains of the shuddering youth,  
 Stiff, melancholy, pale, a spectre stands,  
 Some love-lorn virgin’s shade—O ! injur’d truth,  
 Deserted phantom, and ye plighted hands.’

He scarce had utter’d—from his frantic gaze  
 The vision fades—succeeds a flood of light :

‘ O friendly shadows, veil him, as the blaze  
 Of beauty’s sun emerging from the night.

‘ Here end thy triumphs, nymph of potent charms,  
 The laurel’d bard is Heavens immortal care ;  
 Him nor illusion’s spell nor philter harms,  
 Nor music floating on the magic air.

‘ The myrtle wand this arm imperial bears,  
 Reluctant ghosts and stubborn elves obey :  
 Its virtuous touch the midnight fairy fears,  
 And shapes that wanton in Aurora’s ray.’

I ceas’d ; the virgin came in native grace,  
 With native smiles that strengthen beauty’s chain :  
 O vain the confidence of mortal race !  
 My laurel’d head and myrtle wand are vain.

Again wild raptures, kindling passions rise,  
 As once in Andover’s autumnal grove ;  
 When looks that spoke, and eloquence of sighs,  
 Told the soft mandate of another’s love.



TO

*AN ACCOMPLISHED LADY.*

IN THE MANNER OF WALLER.

O NYMPH! than bless'd Pandora honour'd more,  
 What gods to grace thee lavish all their store!  
 We see thy form in awful beauty move,  
 At once repelling and inviting love;  
 We see thy mind each bright perfection reach  
 That Genius kindles, and the Graces teach;  
 Pallas to form that matchless mind, conspires  
 With Wisdom's coolness, tempering Fancy's fires:  
 Here, as in Eden's blissful garden, shoot  
 The tree of Knowledge and forbidden Fruit.

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*ADDRESS TO THE THAMES.*

O THAMES! thy clear majestic stream  
 Shall ever flow my raptur'd theme;  
 Not because Augusta's pride  
 Builds her greatness on thy tide,  
 Courted by worlds in other oceans found;  
 Not because proud Cliefden laves  
 His pendent beeches in thy waves;  
 Not because thy limpid rills  
 Reflect on Hampton's towers, or Richmond's hills;  
 Or Cooper's<sup>1</sup> mountain, by the Muses crown'd,

<sup>1</sup> Cooper's Hill; the well-known subject of Sir John Denham's descriptive poem.

Or catch the blaze from Windsor's beaming  
 star,  
 Sacred to patriot chiefs, the boast of peace and war.

Nor yet because thy current loves  
 The haunt of Academic groves ;  
 And still with lingering fond delay  
 Through Egham's vales delights to stray,  
 Once scene of Freedom's claims, heroic cares :  
 But hail thee, Thames ! while o'er thy meads  
 Eliza with Louisa leads  
 Each winning grace of Love and Youth,  
 Ingenuous forms, fair Candour and fair Truth :  
 Oh ! fan their evening walk with mildest airs ;  
 So Gallic spoils shall crowd thy wealthy side,  
 And Commerce swell her stores with each re-  
 volving tide.

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*TO LADY F——,*

ON HER MARRIAGE.

THOUGH to Hymen's gay season belong  
 Light airs, and the raptures of youth ;  
 Yet listen to one sober song ;  
 O listen, fair Stella, to truth.

Farewell to the triumphs of beauty,  
 To the soft serenade at your bow'r,  
 To the lover's idolatrous duty,  
 To his vigils in midnight's still hour.

To your frowns darting amorous anguish,  
 To your smiles chasing every care,  
 To the power of your eyes' lively languish,  
 To each glance waking hope or despair.

Farewell to soft bards, that in Heaven  
 Dipt the pencil to picture your praise,  
 And blended the colours of even  
 With morning's gay opening rays :

They no longer on Thames shall proclaim you  
 A naiad new sprung from the flood,  
 Nor to Bushy's soft echoes shall name you  
 Bright Dian, the queen of the wood.

Farewell to Love's various season,  
 Smiling days hung with tempests and night ;  
 But welcome the reign of fair Reason,  
 O ! welcome securer delight.

O ! welcome, in Nature's own dress,  
 Purest pleasures of gentler kind ;  
 O ! welcome the power to bless,  
 To redeem Fortune's wrongs on mankind.

Be a goddess indeed, while you borrow  
 From Plenty's unlimited store,  
 To gild the wan aspect of Sorrow,  
 To cheer the meek eyes of the poor.

When your virtues shall mix with the skies,  
 When your beauty, bright phoenix, decays :  
 In your image new graces shall rise,  
 And enlighten Posterity's days.

Future ages shall trace every air ;  
 Every virtue deriv'd to your blood,  
 Shall remember that Stella was fair,  
 Shall remember that Stella was good.

## SONG.

No gaudy Rubens ever dare  
 With flaunting Genius, rosy Loves,  
 To crowd the scene, in sunshine's glare,  
 Exposing her the Muse approves.

Let, chaste Poussin, thy shaded stream  
 Reflect her pensive, tender air ;  
 Let evening veil, with sober beam,  
 In bashful night the bashful Fair.



## TO A LADY.

THE simple swain, where Zembla's snows  
 Are bound in frozen chains,  
 Where scarce a smile the sun bestows  
 To warm the sullen plains ;

Not once conceives that sun to rise  
 With kinder, brighter ray ;  
 Nor southern vales, Hesperian skies,  
 To bask in smiling day.

As weak my thoughts respecting thee :  
 Must thou, my better sun,  
 Because but smiling cold on me,  
 Be therefore warm to none ?

## STANZAS.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

MILTON.

THE bird of midnight swell'd her throat,  
 The virgins listen'd round  
 To Sorrow's deeply-warbled note,  
 To sweet but solemn sound :

When soon the lark ascending high,  
 In sun-beams idly play'd ;  
 As soon to greet him, see, they fly—  
 One pensive virgin stay'd.

She stay'd to hear the mourner sing ;  
 The rest, to Nature true,  
 The flutter of the gayer wing  
 The vacant song pursue.

TO

*A YOUNG LADY,*

WHO OBJECTED TO SUP WITH A PARTY OF BOTH  
SEXES THAT MET AT A COFFEE-HOUSE.

O Far from Caroline, so soft a maid,  
Be cruel coyness, pride, and cold disdain!  
Who now of man, the monster man, afraid,  
Flies the gay circle of the social train.

Away vain fears! away suspicious dreams,  
From Beauty, Virtue, Tenderness, and Truth;  
From eyes that dawn with Wisdom's mildest beams,  
From harmless smiles that wait on gentle Youth.

Far other years and other nymphs befit  
The prndish form, and high forbidding brow;  
With others dwell, or frowns or scornful wit,  
With nymphs less innocent, less fair than thou:

With her, whose youth, of Virtue's mild control  
Impatient, rush'd on wanton wild desires;  
Now Prayer or Scandal cheers the gloomy soul,  
That pines in secret with forbidden fires:

Or her that triumph'd in her lover's sighs,  
As round their brows the willow garlands bend;  
She now dejected, now deserted lies,  
Without a lover, and without a friend!

Another fate is youthful Virtue's share:  
Come with the Graces, gentle maid, along;  
Come, fairest thou among the young and fair,  
To lead the dance, or join the virgin's song,

Come, listen to the tale that youths complain,  
To thousand vows, in amorous sighs address'd ;  
Propitious listen to the raptur'd strain,  
When chaste majestic passions swell the breast.

Too long exterior charms of radiant eyes  
And blushing cheeks, the captive sense control ;  
Thy forms, fair Harmony, too long we prize,  
Forget the fairer, more harmonious soul.

Too long the lovers for an empty Fair  
At heedless ease inglorious arts advance ;  
Enough for them to deck the flowing hair,  
Or flutter gandy with the pride of France.

From Worth with Beauty nobler lessons taught,  
Each youth that languishes, his flame shall prove  
By generous action or heroic thought,  
And merit fame by arts that merit love.

Shall once again the Grecian lyre be strung,  
Restoring Hymen's mild Arcadian reign ?  
Shall patriot Eloquence instruct the tongue,  
And spoils be gather'd from the martial plain ?

O ! far unlike to such celestial flame  
The passion kindled from impure desires ;  
Fatal to Friends, to Fortune, and to Fame,  
The momentary flash in night expires.

Love's lambent fire that beams from Virtue's rays,  
Each sordid passion as it burns, refin'd,  
Still bright and brighter with benignant blaze  
Embraces friends, a country, humankind.

*A DREAM.*

WITH bridal cake beneath her head,  
 As Jenny press'd her pillow,  
 She dreamt that lovers, thick as hops,  
 Hung pendent from the willow.

Around her spectres shook their chains,  
 And goblins kept their station ;  
 They pull'd, they pinch'd her, till she swore  
 To spare the male creation.

Before her now the buck, the bean,  
 The 'squire, the captain trips ;  
 The modest seiz'd her hand to kiss,  
 The forward seiz'd her lips.

For some she felt her bosom pant,  
 For some she felt it smart ;  
 To all she gave enchanting smiles,  
 To one she gave her heart.

She dreamt—(for magic charms prevail'd,  
 And Fancy play'd her farce on)  
 That, soft reclin'd in elbow-chair,  
 She kiss'd a sleeping parson.

She dreamt—but, O rash Muse! forbear,  
 Nor virgins' dreams pursue ;  
 Yet bless'd above the gods is he  
 Who proves such visions true.





While Garrick proclaim'd—'such a plant never  
grew,

So foster'd by sun-shine, by soil, and by dew.

The palm-trees of Delos, Phœnicia's sweet grove,

The oaks of Dodona, though hallow'd by Jove,

With all that antiquity shows to surpass us,

Compar'd to this tree, were mere shrubs of Par-  
nassus. [laid,

Not the beeches of Mantua, where Tityrus was

Not all Vallombrosa produc'd such a shade ;

'That the myrtles of France, like the birch of the  
schools,

Were fit only for rods to whip Genius to rules ;

That to Stratford's old Mulberry, fairest and best,

The Cedars of Eden must bow their proud crest !

Then the fruit—like the loaf in the Tub's pleasant  
Tale<sup>1</sup>, [ale—

That was fish, flesh, and custard, good claret, and

It compris'd every flavour, was all, and was each,

Was grape, and was pine-apple, nectarine and peach ;

Nay he swore, and his audience believ'd what he  
told,

That under his touch it grew *apples of gold*.——

Now he paus'd!—then recounted its virtues again—

'Twas a wood for all use, bottom, top, bark, and  
grain :

It would saw into seats for an audience in full pits,

Into benches for judges, episcopal pulpits ;

Into chairs for philosophers, thrones too for kings,

Serve the highest of purposes, lowest of things ;

Make brooms to mount witches, make May-poles  
for May-days,

And boxes, and ink-stands, for wits and the ladies.'——

<sup>1</sup> The Tale of a Tub, by Swift. See Section IV.

His speech pleas'd the vulgar, it pleas'd their  
superiors,

By Johnson stopt short,—who his mighty posteriors  
Applied to the trunk—like a Sampson, his haunches  
Shook the roots, shook the summit, shook stem,  
and shook branches!

All was tremor and shock!—now descended in  
showers

Wither'd leaves, wither'd limbs, blighted fruits  
blighted flowers!

The fragments drew critics, bards, players along,  
Who held by weak branches, and let go the strong;  
E'en Garrick had dropt with a bough that was  
rotten,

But he leapt to a sound, and the slip was forgotten.

Now the plant's close recesses lay open to day,  
While Johnson exclaim'd, stalking stately away,  
' Here's rubbish enough, till my homeward return,  
For children to gather, old women to burn;  
Not practis'd to labour, my sides are too sore,  
Till another fit season, to shake you down more.  
What future materials for pruning, and cropping,  
And cleaning, and gleaning, and lopping, and top-  
ping!

Yet mistake me not, rabble! this tree's a good tree,  
Does honour, dame Nature, to Britain and thee;  
And the fruit on the top,—take its merits in brief,  
Makes a noble desert, where the dinner's roast-  
beef!

## TO A LADY.

YES ; Wedlock's sweet bands were too bless'd, in  
her lover

If Virtue her likeness could find,  
What Plato <sup>1</sup> has fabled, could Julia recover  
Her lost other half, from mankind.

What joy to receive all the good you impart,  
Thy cares on another recline,  
Another's fond bosom, and feel that his heart  
Beats all the same measures with thine!

The features, the virtues of both, in your race,  
How sweet the confusion, enjoy !  
Yet more of thyself in the daughter still trace,  
And more of thy lord in the boy.

Such bliss rivals Heaven—yet what grief, what dis-  
grace,  
Were riot's low follower thy lot,  
Were he whose loud pleasures are wine and the  
chase,  
All love's silent pleasures forgot !

What misery to hear, without daring reply,  
All folly, all insolence speaks ;  
Still calling the tear of reproach to thy eye,  
The flush of disdain to thy cheeks !

<sup>1</sup> Plato's fable is, that man and woman originally were one being, divided afterwards by Jupiter for their punishment ; that each part, in perpetual search of the other, never recovers happiness till their reunion.

Would soft macaronies have judgment to prize,  
Whom arts and whom virtues adorn,  
Who learnt every virtue and art to despise,  
Where Catos and Scipios were born?

Would Wealth's drowsy heir, without spark of  
Heaven's fire,  
Enshrin'd in his dullness completely,  
Awake to the charmer, her voice, and her lyre,  
Ah! charm they though ever so sweetly?

But what with the gamester, ah! what were thy  
fate,  
What Fortune's caprices thy share!  
To sleep upon down under canopied state,  
To wake on the straw of Despair!

The timid free-thinker, that only defies  
Those bolts which his Maker can throw;  
Would he, when blaspheming the Lord of the skies,  
Yet reverence his image below?

Would slaves to a court, or to Faction's banditti,  
Thy temperate spirit approve;  
So proud in their chains of the court and the city,  
Disdaining no chains, but of Love?

O! mild as the zephyr, like zephyr that throws  
Its sweets on the sweet-breathing May;  
But not on the lap of cold Winter bestows,  
What Winter will never repay.

So turn thee from Folly's cold aspect, ah! turn  
 From Vice's hard bosom away;  
 The wise and the virtuous thy sweets will return,  
 As warm and as grateful as May.

---

ON

*A VERY FINE LADY.*

FINE B—— observes no other rules  
 Than those the Coterie prize;  
 She thinks, whilst Lords continue fools,  
 'Tis vulgar to be wise:

Thinks rudeness wit in noble dames,  
 Adultery, love polite;  
 That ducal stars shoot brighter flames  
 Than all the host of light.

Yet sages own that greatness throws  
 A grace on Spencer's charms;  
 On Hagley's verse, on Stanhope's prose,  
 And gilded Marlborough's arms.

For titles here their reverence ends,  
 In general Wisdom thinks  
 The higher Grandeur's scale ascends,  
 The lower Nature's sinks.

ON

*MEN BEING DEPRIVED,*

FROM CUSTOM AND DELICACY, OF ENJOYING SOCIAL  
FRIENDSHIP WITH THE FAIR-SEX.

HAD soft Aspasia's sex been man,  
What Friendship's holy chains  
Had link'd our beings, Fortune's plan,  
Our pleasures and our pains?

Alike our ruder, milder sports,  
Our studies too the same ;  
Companions both in shades and courts,  
In paths of love or fame.

By bright collision, patriot beams  
Had flush'd from soul to soul ;  
And War had seen, in Union's streams,  
Our tide of glory roll.

There Fate, that strikes the noblest breast,  
Had surely reverenc'd thine ;  
The thirsty lance I then had bless'd  
For only wounding mine.

But ah ! my sweeter downy hours,  
Had I been chang'd, not you ;  
What tranquil joys, if kinder powers  
Had made me woman too !

Made each the other's softer care,  
One table then had fed,  
One chamber lodg'd the faithful pair,  
Ah, do not blush!—one bed.

Both sitting at one busy loom  
In Nature's vernal bow'r,  
Had rivall'd Nature's vernal bloom,  
Creating both one flow'r.

Both screen'd from summer's sultry view,  
In shades by haunted stream,  
Had own'd the moral vision true  
That youthful poets dream.

Sweet wisdom, couch'd in mystic rhyme,  
Yet bending o'er the brook,  
Had gather'd morals more sublime  
From great Creation's book;

And felt our mixing souls refine  
In purer wisdom's ray,  
The being Virtue's friend and thine  
Had clear'd our mists away.

My morning incense, evening pray'r,  
With thine had soar'd above,  
With thine ascending sweeter there  
On wings of song and love.

Vain dreams! for custom's laws, combin'd  
With Virtue's stern decree,  
Divide the beings Nature join'd,  
Divide my fair from me.



TO A YOUNG LADY,

FAINTING AT THE NEWS OF HER FRIEND'S  
MISFORTUNES.

Ah! maid too gentle, while thy tears deplore  
 The virtuous exile on a foreign shore,  
 Thy pulse forgets to beat, thy cheek to glow,  
 Dim the bright eye, fix'd monument of woe ;  
 Lost every function, vanish'd every sense :  
 Is this thy lot, divine benevolence ?  
 Approach no more, such bitter anguish, near  
 So soft a bosom ; flow alone the tear,  
 That dew of Heaven, O maid ! to Heaven allied,  
 Thy great Redeemer shed for man, and died.  
 Good angels mourn Creation's glories lost,  
 And mourning, please, resemble him, the most ;  
 Flow then thy tear, ordain'd by Heaven's decree,  
 For bliss to others, sweeter bliss to thee !  
 With Pity's pangs her dear sensations feel ;  
 The shaft that wounds thee, drops a balm to heal.  
 Thy soul expanding, like a vernal flower,  
 Shall glow the brighter in Affliction's shower.  
 For every tear to suffering Virtue given,  
 Itself approving, and approv'd by Heaven.  
 Weep then, but weep another's fate alone ;  
 Let smiles be still attendant on thy own !

ON THE

*DEATH OF AN INFANT.*

How bless'd is he whom Nature's gentle hand  
 Has snatch'd from human life and human woes,  
 Ev'n in his childish days, ere yet he knew  
 Or sin, or pain, or youthful passion's force!  
 In Earth's soft lap, beneath the flowery turf,  
 His peaceful ashes sleep; to Heaven ascends  
 The' unspotted soul, declar'd by voice divine  
 A guest well pleasing—Then no longer mourn,  
 Thou drooping parent, nor bewail him lost—  
 In life's first bloom, when infant reason dawn'd,  
 And the young mind, unfolding every power,  
 Gave promise fair of manhood, transport fill'd  
 The mother's bosom, pondering every word  
 And action there. She now lamenting loud  
 Deplores him, from her vain embraces torn  
 By unrelenting fate, and fierce disease;  
 Like eastern storms that blast the opening year.

---

TO MISS N———M,

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

LOVELY N———m! rise, and see  
 Modest morn resemble thee!  
 Ocean smiles with your repose,  
 Come to seas, where Venus rose!

Bathing, Dr. Pool observes,  
 Braces all the optic nerves.  
 ‘Heavens,’ she cries, ‘what idle whim!  
 Youthful eyes are seldom dim;  
 Mine can mark the distant sail,  
 Or lowing herds in Sussex vale;  
 Scarce a spire or cottage smoke,  
 Or cloud embracing mountain oak:  
 An object scarce of land or sea  
 Rises unperceiv’d by me.’  
 True—but eyes that distant roam,  
 Frequent fail for scenes at home.  
 Let example make me clearer,  
 Place yourself at Shergold’s mirror!  
 Every mild reflected grace,  
 That angel form, that angel face,  
 A world of wonders all can view,  
 Envy only blind and—you.

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TO

*THE MRS.'S R——S.*

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

No, gentle Ladies!—he on Brighton’s flood,  
 Who deck’d with N——s’ name a feeble page;  
 For you, the guardians of the fair and good,  
 Has arm’d no bitter stings of Satan’s rage.  
 On impious necks the Muse of Vengeance treads,  
 For shameless Folly dips her shatts in gall;  
 While, dropping odours on your virtuous heads,  
 The dews of praise, a precious ointment, fall.

Your N——m's mind in every virtue grew,  
 In every grace, beneath your sweet control ;  
 In genuine lustre were preserv'd by you  
 Her polish'd form, reflecting all the soul.

Her candid smiles, unconscious of their worth,  
 Her blush of nature, without other dye ;  
 You taught her modest eyes to love the earth,  
 Or soar in flaming rapture to the sky.

Her, the best gift of Heaven, its gracious love  
 Permitted to your guidance—come and share  
 The joy of virtuous souls, whose toils improve  
 The talents<sup>1</sup> trusted to their fruitful care ;

' Come, faithful servants'—hear a voice proclaim  
 Your hymn of triumph—'tis no song of mine ;  
 'Tis Heaven that calls you to partake your fame  
 With God the giver, and this gift divine.

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## VERSES

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTELMSTONE.

HERE Charles lay shelter'd, from this desert shore  
 He launch'd the bark, and brav'd the tempest's roar ;  
 He trusted here the faith of simple swains,  
 And ocean, friendlier than the Worcester<sup>2</sup> plains.  
 No beauteous forms, as now, adorn'd it then,  
 The downs were pathless, without haunt of men.

<sup>1</sup> Matthew xxv.

<sup>2</sup> Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, escaped to France in a fishing-boat, from Brightelmstone.

One shepherd wander'd on the lonely hill,  
 One village-maid explor'd the distant rill.  
 But mark the glittering scenes succeeding these ;  
 See peopled all the shores, and healing seas ;  
 Yet, friend to Britain, flows alike the wave  
 With India's treasures, and defrauds the grave.  
 Had Fate now plac'd him on this fairy land,  
 The thoughtless Charles had linger'd on the strand,  
 Nor danger chill'd, nor high ambition fir'd  
 That wanton bosom, by the loves inspir'd :  
 His languid sails the monarch here had furl'd,  
 Had gain'd a N——n's smile, and lost the world.

---

TO MISS G——,

FROM BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

COME, Stella, let us climb the heights  
 Where purer spirits flow,  
 And upward point our mental flights,  
 And mock the scenes below.

And turn no more the giddy rounds  
 Of Pleasure's wanton chase,  
 But range beyond material bounds,  
 Eternity, and space !—

Come, read in ocean's ample page,  
 Explain the cause that guides,  
 That bridles now, and now to rage  
 Precipitates the tides.

In glory see the planets roll,  
Their laws, their measure, scan :  
Nor there confin'd, explore the soul,  
And liberty, and man !

On soaring pinions let us shoot,  
Like him, the bird of Jove !  
—‘ What waste,’ she cries, ‘ in such pursuit,  
An age of life and love !

‘ With eagle flight and eagle view  
Let Newton sail the sky !  
But what am I? or what are you,  
Philosopher?—a fly :

‘ Vain insect ! now aloft he springs  
To drink the liquid light,  
And quenches now his flagging wings  
In angry seas and night.

‘ Ah, fool ! to quit his reptile state  
Amid fresh dews and flowers !  
Be his the justly purchas'd fate,  
The sober lesson ours.

‘ From clouds descending, let us try  
What humbler regions give !  
Let others soar to fall and die !  
’Tis ours to creep and live.’

## ANSWER

TO THE FOREGOING VERSES.

BY MISS G——.

No more let science tempt thy searching eyes,  
 Beyond the bounds prescrib'd to mortal sight,  
 No more adventrous mount the lofty skies,  
 And, daring, penetrate the realms of light.

With humble mind go trace thy Maker's hand  
 In every smiling valley, fertile plain ;  
 Adore his bounty in the cultur'd land,  
 Revere his wisdom in the stormy main !

Nor thoughtless view the vast tremendous sea,  
 Whose course impetuous power divine restrains ;  
 Whose rushing tide, control'd by Heaven's decree,  
 Forbears to violate the flowery plains.

Nor yet confine to these thy wandering sight,  
 While splendid gems the face of Heaven adorn ;  
 Nor heedless view the radiant lamps of night,  
 Nor heedless view the sun that gilds the morn :

But turn with praise to HIM who reigns above,  
 Supreme o'er works that speak Almighty power ;  
 O ! turn a grateful bosom breathing love,  
 And learn the noblest lesson—to adore !

## ON THE

*DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.*

Go, mournful spirit, wing thy dreary way,  
 Leave a lov'd mansion, leave the cheerful day ;  
 A naked wanderer on the winter's wind,  
 Ah leave, reluctant, youth and strength behind !  
 Not long a wanderer, to that happier shore  
 Be Heaven thy guide, where mourning is no more !  
 In purer mansions, in a form divine,  
 Immortal youth, immortal joy be thine !

---

*INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.*

O you, who mark what flowerets gay,  
 What gales, what odours breathing near,  
 What sheltering shades from summer's ray  
 Allure my spring to linger here :  
 Yet see me quit this margin green,  
 Yet see me deaf to pleasure's call,  
 Explore the thirsty haunts of men,  
 Yet see my bounty flow for all.  
 O, learn of me—no partial rill,  
 No slumbering selfish pool be you :  
 But social laws alike fulfil ;  
 O flow for all creation too !

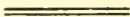


*TO THE THAMES.*

NEARER to my grove, O Thames !  
 Lead along thy sultry streams,  
 Summer fires the stagnant air,  
 Come and cool thy bosom there !  
 Trees shall shelter, zephyrs play,  
 Odours court thy smiling stay ;  
 There the lily lifts her head,  
 Fairest child of nature's bed.

Oh! Thames, my promise all was vain :  
 Autumnal storms, autumnal rain,  
 Have spoil'd that fragrance, strip'd those shades,  
 Hapless flower ! that lily fades.—  
 What? if chance, sweet evening ray,  
 Or western gale of vernal day,  
 Momentary bloom renews,  
 Heavy with unfertile dews  
 It bends again, and seems to cry,  
 ' Gale and sunshine, come not nigh !  
 Why réclaim from winter's pow'r  
 This wither'd stalk, no more a flow'r !'  
 Such a flower, my youthful prime,  
 Chill'd by rigour, sapp'd by time,  
 Shrinks beneath the clouded storm :  
 What? if Beauty's beaming form,  
 And Cambrian virgins' vocal air  
 Expand to smiles my brow of care :  
 That beam withdrawn, that melting sound,  
 The dews of death hang heavier round,  
 No more to spring, to bloom, to be,  
 I bow to fate and Heaven's decree.

Come then, Cambrian virgin, come,  
 With all thy music seek my tomb,  
 With all thy grace, thy modest state,  
 With all thy virtues, known too late!  
 Come, a little moment spare  
 From pious rites and filial care!  
 Give my tomb—no heartfelt sigh,  
 No tear convulsing pity's eye!  
 Gifts of too endearing name  
 For you to grant, for me to claim;  
 But bring the song—whose healing sounds  
 Were balm to all my festering wounds.  
 Bring the lyre—by music's pow'r  
 My soul entranc'd shall wait the hour,  
 The dread majestic hour of doom,  
 When through the grave, and through the gloom,  
 Heaven shall burst in floods of day:  
 Dazzled with so fierce a ray,  
 My aching eyes shall turn to view  
 Its milder beams reflect from you.



TO MISS K—— P——.

GENTLE Kitty take the lyre  
 Thy magic hands alone inspire!  
 But wake not once such swelling chords  
 As rouse Ambition's stormy lords,  
 Nor airs that jocund tabors play  
 To dancing youth in shades of May,  
 Nor songs that shake old Picton's tow'rs,  
 When feast and music blend their pow'rs!

But notes of mildest accent call,  
Of plaintive touch and dying fall ;  
Notes, to which thy hand, thy tongue,  
Thy every tender power is strung.—  
Cambrian maid, repeat that strain !  
Soothe my widow'd bosom's pain !  
Its passions own thy melting tones ;  
Sighs succeed to bursting groans ;  
Soft and softer still they flow,  
Breathing more of love than woe ;  
Glistening in my eye appears  
A tenderer dew than bitter tears ;  
Springing hope despair beguiles,  
And sadness softens into smiles.

I quit thy lyre—but still the train  
Of sweet sensations warms my brain.  
What? though social joy and love  
Forget to haunt my sullen grove :  
Though there my soul, a stagnant flood,  
Nor flows its own or others good,  
Emblem of yon faded flow'r,  
That, chill'd by frost, expands no more :  
The dreary scene yet sometimes closes,  
When sleep inspires, on beds of roses,  
Such dear delusions, fairy charms,  
As Fancy dreams in Virtue's arms.  
For see, a gracious form is near !  
She comes to dry my falling tear :  
One pious hand, in pity spread,  
Supports my else unshelter'd head ;  
The other waves, to chase away  
The spectres haunting all my day :  
She calls—above, below, around,  
Sweet fragrance breathes, sweet voices sound—

Such a balm to wounded minds,  
 Gentle Kitty, slumber finds ;  
 Such a change is misery's due—  
 —Who wakes to grief should dream of you.

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TO MISS K—— P——.

AH ! bow to music, bow my lays  
 To beauty's noblest art !  
 To reach the bosom mine the praise,  
 But thine to melt the heart.  
 'Tis mine to close Affliction's wounds,  
 To brighten Pleasure's eye :  
 But thine, by sweet dissolving sounds,  
 To make it bliss to die.  
 My notes but kindle cold desire,  
 Ah ! what you feel for me !  
 Diviner passions thine inspire,  
 Ah ! what I feel for thee !  
 Associate then thy voice, thy touch,  
 O wed to mine thy pow'rs !  
 Be such at least, nor blush at such,  
 Connubial union our's !

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TO MISS K—— P——.

WHY, Kitty, with that tender air,  
 Those eyes to earth inclin'd,  
 Those timid blushes, why despair  
 Of empire o'er mankind ?

Ah! know, that Beauty's surest arms  
 Are candour, softness, ease;  
 Your sweet distrust of pleasing charms  
 Is half the charm to please.—

Respect your own harmonious art!  
 For love securest wounds,  
 Securest takes the' imprison'd heart,  
 Entranc'd by magic sounds!

If flowers of fiction's growth, you call  
 This wreath that truth bestows;  
 Survey around your Attic wall  
 Each pencill'd<sup>1</sup> form that glows:

And ask the youths! what heavenly fair  
 Their tenderest vows inspires?  
 If Juno's more than regal air,  
 Or fierce Minerva's fires?

'Tis bashful Venus they prefer,  
 Retiring from the view;  
 And what their lips address to her,  
 Their bosoms feel for you.

---

TO MISS K—— P——.

YOUR bosom's sweet treasures thus ever disclose!  
 For believe my ingenuous confession,  
 The veil meant to hide them, but only bestows  
 A softness transcending expression.

'Good Heaven!' cries Kitty, 'what language I hear!  
 Have I trespass'd on Chastity's laws?  
 Is my tucker's clear muslin indecently clear?  
 Is it no satin apron, but gauze?'

<sup>1</sup> Drawings from antique statues.

Ah, no!—not the least swelling charm is descried  
 Through the tucker, too bashfully decent;  
 And your apron hides all that short aprons can hide,  
 From the fashion of Eve to the present.

The veil, too transparent to hinder the sight,  
 Is what modesty throws on your mind:  
 That veil only shades, with a tenderer light,  
 All the feminine graces behind.

---

TO MISS K—— P——.

Si un arbre avoit du sentiment, il se plairoit a voir celui qui  
 le cultive se reposer sous son ombrage, respirer le pa-  
 rum de ses fleurs, gouter la douceur de ses fruits: Je suis  
 cet arbre, cultive par vous, et la Nature m' a donne une  
 ame.

MARMONTEL.

AMID thy native mountains, Cambrian fair,  
 Were some lone plant supported by thy care,  
 Sav'd from the blast, from winter's chilling powers,  
 In vernal suns, in vernal shades and showers,  
 By thee reviving: did the favour'd tree  
 Exist, and blossom and mature by thee:  
 To that selected plant did Heaven dispense,  
 With vegetable life, a nobler sense:  
 Would it not bless thy virtues, gentle maid?  
 Would it not woo thy beauties to its shade?  
 Bid all its buds in rich luxuriance shoot,  
 To crown thy summer with autumnal fruit,  
 Spread all its leaves, a pillow to thy rest,  
 Give all its flowers to languish on thy breast,  
 Reject the tendrils of the' nuxorious vine,  
 And stretch its longing arms to circle thine?

Yes ; in Creation's intellectual reign,  
 Where life, sense, reason, with progressive chain,  
 Dividing, blending, form the' harmonious whole:  
 —That plant an I, distinguish'd by a soul.

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TO MISS K—— P——,

WITH ANSON'S VOYAGE.

RAPTUR'D traveller, cease the tales  
 Of Tinian's lawns, Fernandes' vales;  
 Of isles, centering Nature's charms,  
 Lapt in peaceful Ocean's arms :  
 Of that Hesperian world, which lies  
 Beneath the smile of southern skies,  
 Where Zephyr waves unflagging wings,  
 Where Albion's Summers, Latian Springs  
 Join thy autumns, smiling France,  
 And lead along the' eternal dance !

These enchanting scenes, and all  
 That wake to form at Fancy's call,  
 And all the sportive pencil traces,  
 Are feeble types of living graces ;  
 Of moral charms, that mental throne  
 Unclouded Beauty calls her own :  
 Where all the Sun's meridian blaze  
 Is twilight gloom to Virtue's rays.  
 There with richer blended sweets  
 Wedded Spring her Autumn meets ;  
 There Fernandes' brighter shore,  
 There a purer Chili's ore,  
 Fruits and flowers are there combin'd  
 In fairer Tinian—Kitty's mind.

THE  
COMPLAINT OF CAMBRIA.

TO MISS K—— P——, SETTING TO MUSIC, AND  
SINGING ENGLISH VERSES.

DONE INTO ENGLISH FROM THE WELSH ORIGINAL.

DEGENERATE maid, no longer ours!  
Can Saxon ditties suit thy lyre?  
Accents untun'd, that breathe no pow'rs  
To melt the soul, or kindle martial fire?  
    It ill becomes thee to combine  
    Such hostile airs with notes divine,  
In Cambrian shades, the Druids hallow'd bounds,  
Whose infant voice has lisp'd the liquid Celtic  
sounds.

Revere thy Cambria's flowing tongue!  
Though high-born Hoel's lips are dumb,  
Cadwallo's harp no more is strung,  
And Silence sits on soft Lluellyn's tomb:  
    Yet songs of British bards remain,  
    That, wedded to thy vocal strain,  
Would swell melodious on the mountain breeze,  
And roll on Milford's wave to distant echoing  
seas.—

O sing thy sires in genuine strains!  
When Rome's resistless arm prevail'd,  
When Edward delug'd all my plains<sup>1</sup>,  
And all the music of my mountains fail'd;

<sup>1</sup> Edward I. put to death all the Welsh Bards.



When all her flames Rebellion spread,  
 Firmly they stood—O sing the dead!  
 The theme majestic to thy lyre belongs,  
 To Picton's lofty walls, and Cambrian virgins' songs.

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ON AN ASIATIC LADY.

O you who sail on India's wealthy wave,  
 Of gems and gold who spoil the radiant East;  
 What oceans, say, what isles of fragrance gave  
 This fairer treasure to the joyful West?  
 What banks of Ganges, and what balmy skies  
 Saw the first infant dawn of those unclouded eyes?

By easy arts while Europe's beauties reign,  
 Roll the blue languish of their humid eye;  
 Rule willing slaves, who court and kiss the chain,  
 Self-vanquish'd, helpless to resist or fly;  
 Less yielding souls confess this Eastern Fair,  
 And lightning melts the heart that milder fires  
 would spare.

Of gods, enamour'd with a mortal dame,  
 Let Grecian story tell—the gifts display  
 That deck'd Cassandra, and each honour'd name  
 Lov'd by the god, who guides the golden day:  
 See! Asia triumphs in a brighter scene;  
 A nobler Phœbus woos her Summer's smiling Queen.

Sublimar sense, and sprightlier wit to please,  
 That Phœbus gave; he gave the voice and lyre,  
 That warble sweeter than the spicy breeze,  
 He gave what charms meridian suns inspire;

What precious rays from Light's pure fountain  
 stream,  
 What warm the diamond's blaze and ruby's flaming  
 beam.

---

*TO THE SAME,*

ON HER DRESS.

AH, envious robe! to frustrate Heaven's intent,  
 Concealing beauty from the eye of day;  
 Beauty to man by gracious Nature sent  
 To cheer the wanderer on his lonesome way.

One Power who wak'd Aurora's smiling light  
 Gave skies their azure, and gave vales their green,  
 Form'd the quick sense for wonder and delight,  
 Made eyes to see, and Laura to be seen.

Curs'd be the' eclipse that plunges morn in night,  
 And jealous clouds that shade the landscape's  
 On envious robes severer curses light; [scene;  
 That veil the beauties of my summer's queen!

Ah, Laura! cruel Laura! why constrain  
 In Art's fantastic drapery, Nature's ease?  
 Why, form'd to empire, empire's arts disdain?  
 Why, born for pleasure, still refuse to please?

Nor yet these folds on folds, this load of dress,  
 Shall bar approaches to poetic love;  
 No—where the Graces sport in sweet recess,  
 'Tis Fancy, bold intruder, joys to rove:

Fancy, pursuing where my Laura flies,  
 With wanten gales forbidden charms reveals;  
 Betrays her slumbers, and with eager eyes  
 The panting breast devouring, dreams it feels.

Fancy, indulgent to her votary's prayer,  
 Shows where, sequester'd from the sultry beam,  
 The limpid wave but ill conceal'd the fair,  
 With virgins sporting in her Ganges' stream.

---



---

*TO THE SAME.*

AH, Laura! while graces and songs,  
 While smiles, winning smiles you impart;  
 Indulgence but nurses desire,  
 I sigh for that treasure, your heart.

'Yes, take, too presumptuous,' she cries,  
 'All that Virtue can wish to receive;  
 Yes, take all that Virtue can grant,  
 A heart I had never to give.

'The Maid of the North, like the lake  
 That sleeps by her peaceable cot,  
 Too languishing lives but for one,  
 Forgetting the world, and forgot.

'But born where my Ganges expands,  
 To no partial channels confin'd,  
 Unfix'd to no object, I flow  
 With innocent smiles on mankind.

'Our Asia's bright dames, like their sun,  
 Cheer all with benevolent reign,  
 Coy moons Europe's daughters but light  
 A single disconsolate swain.'

ON

*READING THE FOREGOING VERSES.*

BY MISS G——.

AH! Dorimant, victim to Love,  
 Too fatally caught in his wiles,  
 Can you in fair Laura approve  
 Those diffusive, those general smiles?

If inconstancy dwells with that fire  
 Which the sun-beams of Asia impart;  
 Can a daughter of Europe desire  
 To change with your Laura a heart?

No!—happier the temperate mind,  
 Which, fix'd to one object alone,  
 To one tender passion confin'd,  
 Breathes no wishes, no sighs, but for one.—

Such bliss has the maid of the plain,  
 Though secluded she lives in a cot;  
 Yet, rich in the love of her swain,  
 She's contented, and blesses her lot.—

Ah! say, if deserving thy heart,  
 The too undistinguishing fair,  
 Who to thousands can raptures impart,  
 And the raptures of thousands can share?

Ah! say, does she merit those lays?  
 Those lays which true passion define?—  
 No—unworthy the Fair of thy praise,  
 Who can listen to any but thine.

## SONG.

HANG my lyre upon the willow,  
 Sigh to winds thy notes forlorn :  
 Or, along the foamy billow  
 Float the wrecking tempest's scorn.

Sprightly sounds no more it raises,  
 Such as Laura's smiles approve ;  
 Laura scorns her poet's praises,  
 Calls his artless friendship love :

Calls it love, that spurning duty,  
 Spurning Nature's chastest ties,  
 Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,  
 Sports with fallen Virtue's sighs.

Call it love, no more profaning  
 Truth with dark Suspicion's wound ;  
 Or, my fair, the term retaining,  
 Change the sense, preserve the sound.

Yes, 'tis love—that name is given,  
 Angels, to your purest flames :  
 Such a love as merits Heaven,  
 Heaven's divinest image claims.

---



---

 LAURA'S ANSWER,

TO MISS G——.

Soon be thy lyre to winds consign'd,  
 Or hurl'd beneath the raging deep,  
 For while such strains seduce my mind,  
 How shall my heart its purpose keep ?

Thy artful lays, which artless seem,  
 With too much fondness I approve ;  
 Ah! write no more on such a theme,  
 Or Laura's friendship—ends in love.

---



---

REPLY TO MISS G——.

SAPPHO, while your Muse of fire,  
 Listening to the vocal spheres,  
 Sits and tempers to her lyre  
 Airs divine for mortal ears :

Viewing higher orbs that glow,  
 Ever constant, ever true,  
 Still she dreams to find below  
 Perfect forms, as Heaven and you.

Blame not Asia's fair, who glances  
 Random smiles in heedless ease,  
 Shifts at will her wayward fancies,  
 Pleasing all, whom all can please ;

Blame her not—no envied treasure  
 Is the tenderer, feeling heart,  
 Bosoms quick to keener pleasure  
 Beat, alas! as quick to smart.

Who with eyes that ever languish,  
 Still to desarts sighs alone ?  
 Who consumes her youth in anguish ?  
 She who keeps a heart for one.

Tender love repaid with treason,  
 Fortune's frowns, parental power,  
 Blast her in the vernal season,  
 Bend her, unsupported flower.

Happier she, with pliant nature  
 Fleeting, fickle as the wind ;  
 She, who proving one a traitor,  
 Turns to meet another kind. •

Blame her not—with Asian rovers  
 What can Asia's fair pursue? •  
 What? but lessons taught by lovers,  
 Like the traitor, treacherous too.

Why should faith, obsequious duty,  
 Soothe an eastern tyrant's scorn?  
 Who but rifles joyless beauty,  
 Steals the honey, leaves the thorn.

Sadness sits by Ganges' fountains ;  
 How can echo cheer the vale ?  
 What repeat from fragrant mountains ?  
 What but grief and horror's tale ?

What but shrieks of wild despair ?  
 What but shouts that murder sleep ?  
 There the struggling, fainting fair ;  
 There—but see my Sappho weep !

Change the strain!—this mournful measure  
 Melts, oppresses virtuous hearts—  
 Sappho, wake thy lyre of pleasure !  
 Sing of Europe's happier arts !

Sing of all the mingled blessing  
 Reason, tempering passion, knows ;  
 All the transport of possessing  
 Unpluck'd beauty's willing rose !

Sing of that refin'd sensation  
 Mutual melting bosoms prove,  
 Souls exchang'd, sweet emanation,  
 Separate being lost in love !

Rapture's tears, voluptuous stream!  
 Languor stealing sorrow's sighs ;  
 Sing of love—thyself the theme!  
 Sing of love—thyself the prize!

---

TO MISS G——.

Ah! leave, you cry, the harp unstrung,  
 For Fortune shifts her fickle wind :  
 Resume thy lyre, on willows hung,  
 To sing the fair, no longer kind.

No—nearer view my alter'd state,  
 For fear too high, for hope too low ;  
 Beneath the victor's joyful fate,  
 Yet far above the captive's woe.

The charms of sense no more beguile ;  
 On Reason's lap I lay me down :  
 If claiming now no beauties' smile,  
 Appears it just to meet their frown?

Light insects they, of gaudy hues,  
 Admire the glare of youthful day,  
 Still bathe in morn's, not evening's dews,  
 From shades of autumn fleet away.

Behold their train of captains, beaux !  
 Disdain my breast, disdain to sigh !  
 To these the fair, the rivals those,  
 The son of Jove's be my reply :

' Ah, why desert the' Olympic games?  
 Aspire to victory !' Philip cries :  
 ' I come,' young Ammon fierce exclaims,  
 ' If kings my rivals, thrones the prize.'



Yes, letter'd maid! my soul approve,  
The seat no more of vain desires :  
Extinguish'd there the flame of love,  
Extinguish'd there Ambition's fires!

To save from vice, from folly save,  
What aid can beauty, power, afford?  
Unworthy love to call thee slave,  
Unworthy crowds to call thee lord!

Pure reason, yes; pure truth—but why,  
Ah, why! rebellious heart declare,  
With flattering pulse and stifled sigh,  
That other tenants harbour there?

Go—tranquil Hope, by turns to dwell,  
Expelling Reason Pleasure's court,  
Expelling Passion Wisdom's cell:  
Go—Reason's, Passion's mutual sport.

Vain dreamer!—rather both revere,  
But neither's sole dominion own:  
When Heaven assign'd to each their sphere,  
It never meant excluding one:

Excluding which?—objections wait  
On vain pretensions either forms;  
Alike to life's salubrious state  
Ye both are fatal—calms and storms.

## TO LAURA,

ON HER RECEIVING A MYSTERIOUS LETTER FROM  
A METHODIST DIVINE.

THE Doctor wakes early—half drest in his cassock,  
He steals from his consort to write ; [hassock  
She sleeps—and sweet Heaven is invok'd from his  
To lengthen the trance of her night.

Now he writes to the fair, with what fervour he  
Heaven's glory concern'd in her fame ; [paints  
How he raves upon grace, and the union of Saints,  
Idolatry, raptures, and flame !

Equivocal priest. lay solemnity by,  
Deceiver thyself, or deceiv'd !  
When you kneel to the idol of beauty, and sigh,  
Are your ardours for Heaven believ'd ?

Will the heart that is kindled from passions below  
Ascend in pure spirit above ?  
Ah ! analyse better, as blended they glow,  
The flames of religion and love.—

Quit the Teacher, my fair one, and listen to me,  
A Doctor less grave and severe !  
Who eternity's joys for the virtuous can see,  
Consistent with happiness here.

Still reverence, I preach, those endearing relations  
Of daughter, of parent, of wife :  
Yet I blame not your relish for slighter sensations  
That sweeten the medicine of life.

Know, the virtue it cherishes Heaven will reward,  
But attend to no blasphemous tales,  
That the blaze of the Deity shines unimpair'd,  
Though human infirmity fails.

Know your God as he is, wise, good, beyond  
measure,  
No tyrant in horrors array'd,  
But a Father, who smiles on the innocent pleasure  
Of amiable creatures he made!—

Still please, and pursue his benevolent ends,  
Still enrapture the heart and the ear!  
I can swear for myself, and believe for my friends,  
Our morals improve as we hear.

If the passions are waken'd by harmony's charm,  
Their breezes waft health to the mind;  
What our reason but labours, vain toil! to disarm,  
By virtue and song are refin'd.

Ah! listen to me, in whose natural school  
Religion leads Truth by the hand!—  
Who regulates faith by a mystical rule,  
But builds his foundation on sand!

By the winds of unreconcil'd principles driv'n,  
Still fluctuates the Methodist's plan;  
Now he wishes you chaste for the glory of Heav'n,  
—Now frail—for the pleasure of man.

TO THE SAME.

ON POLITICS.

FROM moments so precious to life,  
 All politics, Laura, remove ;  
 Ruby lips must not animate strife,  
 But breathe the sweet language of love.

What is party?—a zeal without science,  
 A bubble of popular fame ;  
 In Nature and Virtue's defiance,  
 'Tis Reason enslav'd to a name.

'Tis the language of madness, or fashion,  
 Where knaves only guess what they mean ;  
 'Tis a cloak to conceal private passion,  
 To indulge, with applause, private spleen.

Can I, plac'd by my Laura, inquire,  
 If poison or claret put out  
 Our Churchill's satirical fire,  
 If Wilkes lives with ears or without?

When you vary your charms with your patches,  
 To me 'tis a weightier affair  
 Than who writes the northern dispatches,  
 Or sits in the President's chair.

When, by Nature and Art form'd to please,  
 You sing, and you talk, and you laugh ;  
 Can I forfeit such raptures as these,  
 To dream of the Chamberlain's staff?

Secure under Brunswick and Heaven,  
 I trust the state-vessel shall ride ;  
 To Bute let the rudder be given,  
 Or Pitt be permitted to guide.

At Almack's when the turtle's well dress'd,  
 Must I know the cook's country, or starve ?  
 And when George gives us Liberty's feast,  
 Not taste, till Newcastle shall carve ?

Yet think not that wildly I range,  
 With no sober system in view ;  
 My notions are fix'd, though they change,  
 Applied to Great Britain and you.

There, I reverence our bright constitution,  
 Not heeding what Calumny raves ;  
 Yet wish for a new Revolution,  
 Should rulers treat subjects as slaves.

Here, the doctrine of boundless dominion,  
 Of boundless obedience is mine ;  
 Ah ! my fair, to cure schism in opinion,  
 Confess non-resistance is thine.

---



---

TO LAURA.

FAREWELL TO THE ROSE.

Go, Rose—in gaudy gardens wilt thou bloom,  
 Far from the silent vale of peace and love ?  
 On fluttering insects lavish waste perfume,  
 Or deck the fickle wreath that folly wove ?

And yet the fragrance of thy evening hoar,  
 Ambrosial odours, yet to me refuse?  
 To me, who pay thy sweets, ungrateful flow'r!  
 With rich returns of incense from the Muse?—

Who but the Muse transplants thee, short-liv'd Rose!  
 From mortal regions to celestial seats?  
 By memory's fountain, where thy buds disclose  
 Eternal beauties, with eternal sweets.

---


SONG TO \* \* \* \*.

WHAT! bid me seek another fair  
 In untried paths of female wiles?  
 And posies wreath'd of other hair,  
 And bask secure in other smiles?  
 Thy friendly stars no longer prize,  
 And light my course by other eyes?

Ah, no!—my dying lips shall close,  
 Unalter'd love, as faith, professing;  
 Nor praising him who life bestows,  
 Forget who makes that gift a blessing.  
 My last address to Heaven is due;  
 The last but one is all—to you.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
*THOMAS PENROSE.*



COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY  
*THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.*

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ADDRESSED TO  
**THREE LADIES,**

ON THE  
*DEATH OF A FAVOURITE PARROQUET.*

---

---

DEEP from your hallow'd silent shades,  
Attend, attend, ye tuneful maids ;  
    Ye Muses, haste along :  
Inspire the tender, moving lay,  
For surely such a mournful day  
    Demands a serious song.

See where with pity's force oppress'd,  
(While rising sorrows heave each breast)  
    Three gentle Sisters weep.  
See how they point with streaming eyes,  
Where Parroquetta slumbering lies,  
    Her last, eternal sleep.

In vain the pride of beauty's bloom,  
The vivid dye, the varied plume  
    O'er her fair form were spread :  
In vain the scarlet's blushing ray,  
Bright as the orient beam of day,  
    Adorn'd her lovely head.

Love, beauty, youth, perfection,—all  
 Together undistinguish'd fall

    Before the' opposing Fates,  
 The lisp'ing tongue, the silver hairs,  
 One common ruin overbears,  
 One common lot awaits.

Then calm, dear Maids, your woes to peace,  
 With unavailing sorrow cease

    Your favourite to deplore ;  
 For know, the time will surely come  
 When *you* (though now in beauty's bloom)  
 When *you* shall charm no more.

Learn then your moments to employ  
 In virtuous love, in Hymen's joy,  
 Ere yet those moments fly ;  
 For Fate has doom'd this lot severe,  
 The brightest belle, the loveliest Fair,  
 Like Parroquets, must die.

---



---

A TALE,

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT AT ST. VINCENT'S  
 ROCKS, 1779.

HIGH on the cliffs tremendous side,  
 That frowning hangs o'er Avon's tide,  
 Three lasses chanc'd to stray ;  
 To pluck the casual flowerets bent,  
 Regardless of the rough ascent,  
 They wound their dangerous way.

Till slowly mounted to the height,  
 They turn'd their view in wild affright,  
 And shuddering mark'd the steep :  
 O! then, what grief' bedew'd each eye,  
 To think one slip, one step awry,  
 Might plunge them in the deep !

A priest, whom soft emotions press  
 To succour damsels in distress,  
 That instant trod the shore :  
 With happy strength and steady pace,  
 Safe to the rock's time-moulder'd base  
 Each trembling nymph he bore.

Learn then this truth ;—the careless hour  
 May seek a gay, but treacherous flower,  
 Whose honey turns to gall :  
 While the kind parson's timely aid  
 May rescue many a tottering maid,  
 And—save from many a fall.

---



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WRITTEN

FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRURY 5, 1762, IN THE  
 CLOISTERS OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXON ;

*On being disappointed of going to the Assembly at New-  
 bury, Berks.*

LOUD howl the winds around this awful pile,  
 A dusky light the pale-eyed moon-beams shed ;  
 While I amid the long-drawn cloister'd isle,  
 Silent and sad, the letter'd pavement tread

Where, low in earth—ah! never more to rise,  
Unnotic'd, unregarded, and unknown,  
Full many a shrouded student sleeping lies,  
O'er whom still weeps the monumental stone.

Here, as I pace the hallow'd gloom along  
Where at this hour no other foot dares rove ;  
Quick on my mind what dear ideas throng,  
How heaves my heart, and melts with faithful love.

See, see my Chloe rises to my view,  
In all the pride of youth and virtue's charms!  
Swift as the winds the fair one I pursue,  
But clasp an empty phantom to my arms.

Methinks I see the dance's circling round,  
The cheerful music, hark! methinks, I hear!  
The viol sweet, and hautboy's gladsome sound,  
And sprightly tabor strike my wondering ear.

But ah! again the pleasing dream is gone ;  
Swift as the gales, see! see! it flies away ;  
And leaves me wretched, darkling, and alone,  
Amidst this melancholy scene to stray.

O! hear, ye gods, accept my humble pray'r!  
Grant me, O! grant my heart's fond, best desire ;  
Give to my faithful arms, my constant Fair ;  
Give this—nor wealth, nor honours I require.

TO  
*MISS SLOCOCK,*  
 OF NEWBURY, BERKS,

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE AMBUSCADE, JAN. 6th,  
 1763, A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE ATTACK OF  
 NOVA COLONIA DO SACRAMENTO, IN THE RIVER  
 OF PLATE.

THE Fates ordain, we must obey ;  
 This, this is doom'd to be the day ;  
     The hour of war draws near :  
 The eager crew with busy care  
 Their instruments of death prepare,  
     And banish every fear.

The martial trumpets call to arms,  
 Each breast with such an ardour warms,  
     As Britons only know :  
 The flag of battle waving high,  
 Attracts with joy each Briton's eye ;  
     With terror strikes the foe.

Amidst this nobly awful scene,  
 Ere yet fell slaughter's rage begin,  
     Ere Death his conquests swell ;  
 Let me to Love this tribute pay,  
 For Polly frame the parting lay ;  
     Perhaps, my last farewell:

For since, full low among the dead,  
 Must many a gallant youth be laid,

Ere this day's work be o'er ;  
Perhaps e'en I, with joyful eyes  
Who saw this morning's sun arise,  
Shall see it set no more.

My love, that ever burnt so true,  
That but for thee no wishes knew ;  
My heart's fond, best desire !  
Shall be remember'd e'en in death,  
And only with my latest breath,  
With life's last pang expire.

And when, dear maid, my fate you hear,  
(Sure love like mine demands one tear,  
Demands one heart-felt sigh)  
My past sad errors, O forgive !  
Let my few virtues only live,  
My follies with me die.

But hark ! the voice of battle calls ;  
Loud thundering from the towery walls  
Now roars the hostile gun ;  
Adieu, dear maid !—with ready feet,  
I go prepar'd the worst to meet,  
Thy will, O God, be done !



## ELEGY

## ON LEAVING THE RIVER OF PLATE,

*After the unsuccessful Attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento, by the Lord Clive of 64 Guns, the Ambuscade of 40, and the Gloria of 38, in which the former was unfortunately burned, with the greatest Part of her Crew<sup>1</sup>; and the two latter obliged to retire in a very shattered Condition.*

WHILE the torn vessel stems her labouring way,  
 Ere you blue hills sink ever from my view ;  
 Let me to sorrow raise the tribute-lay ;  
 And take of them my long, my last adieu !

Adieu ! ye walls ; thou fatal stream farewell ;  
 By war's sad chance beneath whose muddy wave  
 Full many a gallant youth untimely fell,  
 Full many a Briton found an early grave.

Beneath thy tide, ah ! silent now they roll,  
 Or strew with mangled limbs thy sandy shore ;  
 The trumpet's call no more awakes their soul !  
 The battle's voice they now shall hear no more !

In vain the constant wife and feeble sire,  
 Expectant, wish their lov'd return to see ;  
 In vain their infant's lisping tongues inquire,  
 And wait the story on their father's knee.

<sup>1</sup> Out of 340 persons on board, only 78 escaped.

Ah! nought avails their anxious, busy care;  
 Far, far they lie, on hostile seas they fell;  
 The wife's, sire's, infant's joy, no more to share,  
 The tale of glorious deeds no more to tell.

Learn then, ye Fair, for others' woes to feel,  
 Let the soft tear bedew the sparkling eye;  
 When the brave perish for their country's weal,  
 'Tis pity's debt to heave the heartfelt sigh.

Ah! glorious Drake! far other lot was thine,  
 Fate gave to thee to quell the hostile pride;  
 To seize the treasures of Potosi's mine,  
 And sail triumphant o'er La Plata's tide.

But Providence, on secret wonders bent,  
 Conceals its purposes from mortal view;  
 And Heaven, no doubt with some all-wise intent,  
 Denied to numbers what it gave to few.

---



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### ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MARY PENROSE,  
 WHO DIED DECEMBER 18, 1764, IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR  
 OF HER AGE.

HEARD ye the bell from yonder dusky tow'r?  
 Deep, deep it tolls the summons of the dead;  
 And marks with sullen note the solemn hour,  
 That calls Maria to her earthy bed.

O! come, ye mournful virgin train, attend;  
 With musing step, the hallow'd place draw near;  
 View there your once-lov'd, happy, blooming friend,  
 Now silent, slumbering on the sable bier.

Come ye, who join'd in friendship's sacred tie,  
With her engag'd in pleasure's guiltless scene ;  
Who shar'd with her the tender, social joy,  
Wove the gay dance, or trod the flowery green ;

Mark here, O ! mark, how chang'd, how alter'd lies  
The breast that once with youth's warm tide beat  
high ;

Read your own fate in her's ;—in time be wise,  
And from her bright example learn to die !

Like drooping lilies cropt by wintry wind,  
For fate has doom'd the hour when die you must,  
Must leave the world's fantastic dreams behind,  
And sleep, and mingle, with your parent dust.

Say, are your forms with youth's soft graces dress'd?  
Say, are they ting'd with beauty's brightest bloom?  
So once was her's—by you—by all confess'd,  
Till death untimely swept her to the tomb.

Her eyes beam'd out, how innocent, how meek !  
At whose rebuke vice shrunk abash'd and pale ;  
Like vernal roses blush'd her modest cheek,  
Like them as lovely, and like them as frail.

How was she skill'd the softest breasts to move !  
Of hardest hearts the passions rough to bend ;  
How was she skill'd to win the general love !  
How form'd to bless the husband or the friend !

With meek-soul'd charity, with pitying hands,  
To misery oft her little store she gave ;  
Now she herself our flowing tears demands,  
And bids our pious drops bedew her grave.

There on her dusty couch in firm repose,  
Deaf to our call, the clay-cold slumberer lies ;  
Her beauty faded like the blasted rose,  
Mute her sweet tongue, and clos'd her radiant  
eyes.

Full many an hour of agonizing pain  
She, patient sufferer, bore her lot severe ;  
Well did the anguish of her soul restrain,  
Nor dropt one female, one repining tear.

Midst life's last pangs Religion lent her aid,  
And wip'd with lenient hand her misty eyes ;  
With bless'd assurance cheer'd the pain-worn maid,  
And bade her hopes, high-soaring, reach the skies.

There now, enroll'd with heavenly angels bright,  
Whose hallow'd hymns their Maker's glories raise,  
She shines, refulgent in the blaze of light,  
And swells with raptur'd voice the note of praise.

Look down, bless'd saint, O ! turn a pitying eye !  
If yet in Heaven a brother's name be dear :  
In the dread hour of danger be thou nigh,  
And lead me far from vice's baneful snare.

Teach me, whate'er my future lot shall be,  
To God's just Will my being to resign :  
Teach me to sail through life's tempestuous sea :  
And like thy latest parting hour be mine !

TO  
*MY DEAREST WIFE,*  
 ON OUR WEDDING-DAY, 1768.

THE happy morn's arriv'd at last,  
 That binds our nuptial union fast ;  
 And knits our plighted vows in one,  
 With bonds that ne'er can be undone.  
 Can I be backward then, to pay  
 The tribute of this joyful day ?  
 Can I refuse my voice to raise,  
 And hymn to God the song of praise ?  
 No—surely gratitude demands  
 This humble action from my hands,  
 And bids me bless that God who gave  
 Safe passage o'er the stormy wave ;  
 Who turn'd the shafts of war aside,  
 And bless'd me with so lov'd a Bride.  
 O ! be that season ne'er forgot,  
 When Hope itself could flatter not,  
 When doubts were all my soul's employ,  
 Nor dar'd I paint the present joy.  
 But yet, my love, be mine the blame,  
 Thy goodness ever was the same ;  
 The fault was mine, misguided youth !  
 When Folly held the place of Truth,  
 And Vice and Error's syren smile  
 My artless bosom did beguile.  
 What, though by heedless heat misled,  
 To war and foreign climes I fled,

Forsook thy love, and peaceful ease,  
 And plough'd, long plough'd, the Southern seas ;  
 Yet, though unworthy of thy care,  
 Thy kind, dear love, pursued me there,  
 And midst the battle's horrid strife  
 Thy tender prayer preserv'd my life.  
 God heard thy prayers, my heart's lov'd queen !  
 His shield protected me unseen ;  
 His favour kept me safe from harms,  
 And lodg'd me in thy faithful arms :  
 Be't then my task, with grateful breast  
 To hush thy every care to rest,  
 And make thee, while thy love survives,  
 The happiest of all happy Wives !  
 Yes, yes, my dear, the nuptial vow  
 Shall ever bind as strong as now ;  
 My duty I shall ne'er forego,  
 No change, no other wish I'll know ;  
 But still I'll prove to life's last end,  
 The kindest Husband, truest Friend.

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MADNESS.

SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,  
 Blow into rage the Muse's fires !  
 All thy answers, Echo, bring,  
 Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,  
 'Tis Madness' self inspires.

Hail, awful Madness, hail !  
 Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,  
 Far as the voyager spreads his ventrous sail.  
 Nor best nor wisest are exempt from *thee* ;  
 Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark!—To the astonish'd ear  
 The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.  
 They now approach, they now appear,—  
 Frenzy leads her chorus near,  
 And demons dance around.—

Pride—Ambition idly vain,  
 Revenge and Malice swell her train,—  
 Devotion warp'd—Affection crost—  
 Hope in disappointment lost—  
 And injur'd Merit, with a downcast eye,  
 (Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of Madness rise,  
 Various voices, various cries,  
 Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,  
 Bursts of laughter—heart-felt groans—  
 All seem to pierce the skies.—

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars  
 On Thule's desert shores,  
 Wild raving to the' unfeeling air,  
 The fetter'd Maniac foams along,  
 (Rage the burden of his jarring song) [hair.  
 In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite  
 All former scenes of dear delight;  
 Connubial love—parental joy—  
 No sympathies like these his soul employ,  
 —But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn Maid,  
 By too much tenderness betray'd;  
 Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,  
 But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,  
All—but in reason, still the same:—

Streaming eyes,

Incessant sighs,

Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,  
Point out to Pity's tears the poor distracted Fair.  
Dead to the world—her fondest wishes cross'd,  
She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,  
Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things:

She starts—she flies—who dares so rude

On her sequester'd steps intrude?—

'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—

Merry mischief fills his brain.

Blanket-rob'd, and antic-crown'd,

The mimic monarch skips around;

Big with conceit of dignity he smiles, [wiles.—

And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,

Drawn from the inmost soul!

'Give the knife, demons, or the poison'd bowl,

To finish miseries equal to your own.'—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—

—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child:—

Sunk in the emphasis of grief,

Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd,

Duteous daughter of the skies,

To warm and cheer the human mind,

To make men happy, good, and wise.



To point where sits, in love array'd,  
 Attentive to each suppliant call,  
 The God of universal aid,  
 'The God, the Father of us all!

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,  
 Till Superstition, fiend of woe,  
 Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow, [tween.  
 And spread deep shades our view and Heaven be-

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,  
 (His beams of mercy thrown aside)  
 With thunder arming his uplifted hands,  
 And hurling vengeance wide:

Hope, at the frown aghast, yet lingering, flies,  
 And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Fate's best depen-  
 dance lies.

But ah!—too thick they crowd,—too close they  
 Objects of pity and affright!— [throng,  
 Spare farther the descriptive song—  
 Nature shudders at the sight:—  
 Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,  
 But o'er the hapless group, low drop Compassion's  
 veil.

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MORTALITY.

'Twas the deep groan of death  
 That struck the' affrighted ear!  
 The momentary breeze—the vital breath—  
 Expiring sunk!—Let Friendship's holy tear  
 Embalm her dead, as low he lies.—  
 To weep another's fate, oft teaches to be wise.

Wisdom! set the portal wide—  
 Call the young, and call the vain,  
 Hither lure presuming Pride,  
 With Hope mistrustless at her side, [Gain.  
 And Wealth, that chance defies, and greedy thirst of

Call the group, and fix the eye—  
 Show how awful 'tis to die—  
 Show the portrait in the dust :—  
 Youth may frown—the picture's just—  
 And though each nerve resists—yet yield at length  
 they must.

Where's the visage, that awhile  
 Glow'd with glee and rosy smile?  
 Trace the corpse—the likeness seek—  
 No likeness will you own:  
 Pale's the once social cheek,  
 And wither'd round the ghastly bone.

Where are the beamy orbs of sight,  
 The windows of the soul?  
 No more with vivid ray they roll—  
 Their suns are set in night.

Where's the heart, whose vital power  
 Beat with honest rapture high—  
 That joy'd in many a friendly hour,  
 And gave to misery many a sigh?—

Froze to a stone!—And froze the hand  
 Whose grasp affection warm convey'd;  
 Whose bounty fed the suppliant band,  
 And nourish'd Want with timely aid.

Ah! what remains to bring relief—  
 To silence agouizing grief—  
 To soothe the breast in tempest tost,  
 That thrilling wails in vain the dear companion lost?

'Tis the departed worth, though sure  
 'To gash the wound, that works the cure :—  
 'Tis Merit's gift alone to bloom  
 O'er the dread horrors of the tomb ;  
 To dry the mourner's pious stream,  
 And soften sorrow to esteem.

Does Ambition toil to raise  
 Trophies to immortal praise?  
 Trust not, though strong her passions burn,  
 Trust not the marble's flattering style,  
 —Though Art's best skill engrave the urn—  
 Time's cankering tooth shall fret the pile.—

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*POVERTY.*

HIE thee hence! thou spectre foul,  
 Fiend of misery extreme ;  
 Hence! nor o'er yon dwelling scowl  
 With blasting eye, while to thy haggard scream  
 The midnight wolf accords his famish'd bowl,  
 And maddening wretches loud in agony blaspheme.

Hence!—from the artless bard keep wide aloof—  
 Fly rather to *his* hated roof,  
 Who, deaf to Mercy's soft control,  
 Can steel with rugged edge the soul ;

Plundering, unmov'd the orphan's cry can bear,  
 Or from the widow'd lip the scanty morsel tear:—  
 But pass *him* by, the wooer mild  
 Of Genius, friend to all, Nature's ingenuous child.

Constant toil, and coarsest fare,  
 Long indeed the village hind  
 In silent apathy may bear,  
 While o'er his brow Health's rosy wreath is twin'd :  
 While his passions sluggish flow,  
 Borne on life's pacific round ;  
 Nor aims his highest wish to know [bound.  
 Beyond the hamlet's pale, his grandsire's farthest

Yet, rous'd to feeling, much he mourns his lot,  
 When the pale visage of Disease  
 Frowns on his humble cot, [knees.  
 When sinks his drooping front, and bend his feeble

There, oft, unheeded on the ground,  
 May Sickness, Age, and Want be found,  
 United all in one forlorn abode,  
 Of grief each singly own'd a melancholy load.

From the damp and earthy bed  
 The sufferer lifts his aching sight in vain :—  
 Despair hangs weeping o'er his head :  
 Sad pallet this for ease ! sad comforter in pain !

Fly, ye rich, unbidden fly,  
 Pour your oil, and pour your wine :  
 Wipe from tears the misty eye ;  
 Charity's a ray divine— [shine.  
 A ray that lights the soul with brightest beam to

Why withhold the little boon?

Seems it much, ye sons of wealth,  
Glittering moths of sunny noon—

Plum'd with gold of joy and health? [soon!  
O think! a blast may come, yourselves may perish

Yet, different in this common state,  
What different care attends your happier fate!

Fading you may sure receive  
All wayward fancy craves, all soothing art can give :  
While, with equal wants oppress'd,  
The child of Misery heaves his labouring breast,  
Cheer'd by no kind assisting powers,  
Scarce with such crumbs sustain'd as hungry Health  
devours.

Melt, in soft compassion melt,  
Ye gentle, wail the' unletter'd peasant poor :  
Yet keener far, as more severely felt,  
Does Penury haunt the' ill-omen'd scholar's door ;  
He calls for all your tears ; give these, if nothing  
more.

Warm'd his soul with genial flame  
In youth's gay spring was bid to rise,  
To pant for science, thirst for fame,  
And hope fair Merit's golden prize.

Much he hop'd, for many a tale  
Of praise was echo'd to his ear ;  
Full many a promise (flattering gale!)  
Foretold the wish'd-for port was near.

Awhile it blew—then died away,  
Like breezes with declining day,  
And left him, wondering wretch! forsaken quite,  
In Poverty's dead calm, and Disappointment's night.

What avails the' expanded mind,  
 Tutor'd in the choicest lore ?  
 The suffering body lags behind,  
 Nor lets the rising spirit soar :  
 Call'd home—what stoic pride the soul can steel,  
 When every sinew's rack'd, and every nerve must  
 feel?

What avails the glowing heart,  
 The eye that glistens at distress ;  
 The wish all blessings to impart,  
 Or make at least a brother's sorrow less ?  
 From 'Trouble's spring the deepest draught he drew,  
 Who mourns his own hard lot, and weeps for others  
 too.

At the sad mistaken gate  
 When the maim'd veteran takes his suppliant stand,  
 Struck with the hapless warrior's state,  
 Sudden the pitying tenant gives his hand.—  
 ——'Tis empty—See ! his lids o'erflow,  
 To send undol'd away the hoary son of woe.

Love too—for in the lowliest cell  
 Chaste love with purest flame may dwell—  
 His love—what sorer can befall ?  
 Is doom'd to sour its sweets, and dash his cup with  
 gall.

Before the husband's and the father's eyes,  
 Stormy clouds in prospect rise,  
 The future orphan's cry, the widow's groan ;  
 These and more he makes his own—  
 For ah ! the faithless world by him too well is known.

For these the homely robe, the scanty board,  
 While life in toil is lingering on,  
 The drudge of science may afford :—  
 But where's the friend will cheer, when that poor  
 life is gone?

No friend may rise, but many a foe  
 Will deck his visage with a smile,  
 Will hide in softest words the basest guile,  
 And, while he soothes the most, will strike the  
 deepest blow.

Hence the pang, and hence the tear,  
 When his daughter's ripening bloom  
 Swells into agony his fear  
 Of the fell spoiler's den—fair Virtue's early tomb.

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*THE HERMIT'S VISION.*

MILDLY beam'd the queen of night,  
 Sailing through the grey serene ;  
 Silver'd by her modest light,  
 But faintly shone the solitary scene,  
 With deepening shadows mix'd, and glittering  
 breaks between.

High on a cliffy steep, o'erspread  
 With many an oak, whose ancient head  
 Did in its neighbour's top itself inwreath,  
 And cast an umber'd gloom and solemn awe beneath.

High on a cliffy steep a Hermit sat,  
 Weighing in his weaned mind  
 The various turns of mortal fate,  
 The various woes of human kind ;

Meek pity's pearl oft started in his eye,  
 And many a prayer he pour'd, and heav'd a frequent sigh.

Silent was all around,  
 Save when the swelling breeze  
 Convey'd the half-expiring sound  
 Of distant waterfalls, and gently-waving trees.

' No tinkling folds, no curfew's parting knell,  
 Struck the sequester'd Anchoret's ear ;  
 Remote from men he scoop'd his narrow cell,  
 For much he had endur'd, no more he look'd to fear.

But still, the world's dark tempests past,  
 What though his skiff was drawn to shore,  
 And shelter'd in retirement fast,  
 Yet oft his voyage he would ponder o'er ;  
 Oft in reflection life's rough ocean view,  
 How mount the stormy waves, how hard to struggle through !

Before his sage revolving eyes  
 Various phantoms seem'd to rise,  
 Now retreat, and now advance,  
 And mazy twine the mystic dance.

Joy led the van, in rapture wild,  
 Thoughtless of the distant day ;  
 Sweet Complacence, angel mild,  
 Hied from the frantic pageant far away ;  
 For she was Wisdom's favour'd child,  
 In revelry untaught to stray.





PENROSE.  
Before his sage revolving eyes  
Various phantoms seem'd to rise



Joy led the van—her painted vest,  
Flowing to the' obsequious wind,  
Hope had seiz'd, with fluttering breast,  
And eager tripp'd behind.

Gay she stepp'd, till busy Fear  
Whisper'd in her startled ear,  
'How many a cup is dash'd with gall,  
How many an evil may befall!

Aghast awhile, she heard the ruthless song,  
Then faster seiz'd the robe, and hastier danc'd along.

Close Love follow'd in the train,  
Love, the queen of pleasing pain:  
Placid now in dear delight,  
Maddening now in deep affright,  
And prying keen with jaundic'd eye,  
Pierc'd by the sting of hell-born Jealousy.

'Twixt Pride and lust of Grandeur led,  
Next Ambition rear'd her head,  
By Frenzy urg'd o'er every bar to rise,  
And seize the visionary prize:  
Wild as she rush'd, she scorn'd to mark the ground,  
Yet many a slip she made, and many a fall she found.

Pale as the waning moon,  
With tear-stain'd cheek and stupid gaze,  
Withering before life's sunny noon,  
Grief crept along in sad amaze,  
By many a stroke to keenest misery brought,  
Now in a shower dissolv'd, now lost in inward  
thought.

As the rous'd tiger gaunt and fell  
 Kindles into cruel rage,  
 With flashing glare, and murderous yell—  
 Thus Anger past the' ideal stage,  
 Too fierce for wounds or groans to feel,  
 Onward she sprung, and shook the bloody steel.

While far behind, with silent pace and slow,  
 Malice was content to go,  
 Patient the distant hour to wait,  
 And hide with courteous smiles the blackest hate.  
 Secret long her wrath she'd keep,  
 Till Time disarm'd the foe, then drove her poniard  
 deep.

To Malice link'd, as near allied,  
 Envy march'd with baneful lour ;  
 Detraction halted by her side,  
 Upheld by Falsehood's feeble power.—

' No more!—no more !' the holy Seer exclaim'd,  
 Passions wild, unbroke, untam'd,  
 Must sure the human heart o'erthrow,  
 And plunge in all the energy of woe.

' Grant then the boon, all-gracious Heav'n,  
 Let Reason ever take the helm ;  
 Lest, by unheeded whirlwinds driv'n,  
 The pinnacle frail some gust may overwhelm !

' Hang out the friendly lamp, that clear  
 From Error's perils she may safely steer ;  
 Till Death shall bid each trial cease,  
 And moor the shatter'd bark in peace !'



‘ Joy to the soul,’ the Harpers sung,  
 ‘ When, embattled ranks among,  
 The steel-clad Knight, in vigour’s bloom,  
 ( Banners waving o’er his plume )  
 Foremost rides, the flower and boast  
 Of the bold determin’d host !’

With greedy ears the guests each note devour’d,  
 Each struck his beaver down, and grasp’d his faith-  
 ful sword.

The fury mark’d the’ auspicious deed,  
 And bad the Scalds proceed.

‘ Joy to the soul ! a joy divine !  
 When conflicting armies join ;  
 When trumpets clang, and bugles sound ;  
 When strokes of death are dealt around ;  
 When the sword feasts, yet craves for more ;  
 And every gauntlet drips with gore.’—

The charm prevail’d, up rush’d the madden’d throng,  
 Panting for carnage, as they foam’d along ;  
 Fierce Odin’s self led forth the frantic band,  
 To scatter havoc wide o’er many a guilty land.



### THE HARP.

BORNE on Fancy’s wing along,  
 High soars the bard’s enraptur’d soul :  
 Round him floats the joy of song,  
 Round him airs ecstatic roll :

Resistless charm ! each swelling vein [strain.  
 Owns the accustom’d flame, and throbs to pour the

Spirit of Ossian!—through the gloom  
 Of ages deepen'd into night,  
 See it hursting from the tomb,  
 O'er it gleams a holy light!

See! it waves its master-band; [band.  
 Assembling o'er the heath quick glide the minstrel  
 They wake the sleeping chords!—the magic tone,  
 (That sooth'd the dying warrior's groan,  
 That hur'd to sing the latest breath,  
 And mock'd with smiles the frown of death,)  
 Ideal, now renews the powerful spell;  
 The listening Shades, a grisly host,  
 Spring from the narrow cell, [mighty ghost.  
 And hail with lengthen'd shout the' enchanter's

'Thine too, Cadwallo! whom to save  
 In vain the heavenly science sued,  
 Starts from Arvon's rocky grave,  
 With bloody streams embrued:  
 Bound in the brotherhood of woe,  
 The Druid-choir unites, their tears harmonious flow.

Wild as they sweep the' aërial lyre,  
 Arresting fast the passive ear,  
 Fiercer glows the poet's fire,  
 O melody belov'd! O art for ever dear!

Ruthless tyrant,—yield to fate:  
 Nor Folly's scorn, nor Rancour's hate,  
 Though opening wide the sluice of gore, [lore.  
 Could quench the skill divine, could drown the mystic  
 Long!—long indeed 'twas mute! thy feeble prey,  
 Fall'n the hoary minstrel's lay:—  
 While, sickening o'er the mournful ground,  
 The conquer'd bands oft turn'd the ear in vain:

No more was heard the soul-inspiring sound—  
 —But, faster in Despair's sad fetters bound,  
 Each hung his head amaz'd, and dragg'd the servile  
 chain.

Wintry, thus the storm of war  
 Froze into sloth the captive mind :  
 Till growing Freedom burst the icy bar,  
 And loos'd the arts that hell for ever strove to bind.

### *THE FIELD OF BATTLE.*

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar  
 Distant down the hollow wind ;  
 Panting Terror fled before,  
 Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs'd the sunken day,  
 That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon ;  
 While, scarcely lighting to the prey,  
 Low hung and lowr'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,  
 Was now with various carnage spread ;  
 And floated with a crimson tide,  
 That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,  
 Abandon'd all to horrors wild,  
 With frantic step Maria flew,  
 Maria, Sorrow's early child ;

By duty led, for every vein  
 Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame :  
 With Edgar o'er the wintry main  
 She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.



For well she thought, a friend so dear

In darkest hours might joy impart ;  
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,  
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though look'd for long—in chill affright,  
(The torrent bursting from her eye)

She heard the signal for the fight—  
While her soul trembled in a sigh—

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,  
Yet scarce could urge the' inglorious stay ;  
His manly heart the charm confess'd—  
Then broke the charm,—and rush'd away.

Too soon, in few—but deadly words,  
Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,  
' That in the foremost strife of swords  
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.'

She press'd to hear—she caught the tale—  
At every sound her blood congeal'd ;  
With terror bold—with terror pale,—  
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze  
She went—with courage not her own—  
On many a corpse she cast her gaze—  
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press  
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd ;  
—Of comfort glad, the drear caress  
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled  
When late pale Edgar's form she found,  
Half-buried with the hostile dead,  
And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd,  
 —The moon withdrew her troubled light,  
 And left the Fair,—though fall'n she seem'd—  
 To worse than death—and deepest night.

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*FRIENDSHIP.*

Distill'd amidst the gloom of night,  
 Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn ;  
 Till, notic'd by approaching light,  
 It glitters in the smile of morn.  
 Morn soon retires, her feeble pow'r  
 The sun outbeams with genial day,  
 And gently, in benignant hour,  
 Exhales the liquid pearl away.  
 Thus on Affliction's sable bed  
 Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue :  
 Condensing round the mourner's head,  
 They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.  
 Though Pity shows her dawn from Heaven,  
 When kind she points assistance near ;  
 To Friendship's Sun alone 'tis given  
 To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

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*DISAPPOINTMENT.*

A FRAGMENT.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*
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So sigh'd Horatio, on a tomb reclin'd,  
 Beneath a mouldering chapel's ivied wall :  
 His ruin'd hope o'ergloom'd his sickly mind,  
 And bade the head to droop—the tear to fall.

Horatio, to whose lot was not denied  
 Keen Sensibility with all her woes :  
 By many a painful test his heart was tried ;  
 His was the thorn, while others won the rose.

Yet, why should thorns his honest breast invade,  
 Since all the Charities were fondled there ?  
 Why should thy seat, Benevolence, be made  
 The haunt of hapless Grief and pining Care ?

Fill'd with an ample seal, that would adorn  
 Fair Independence, he began his day :  
 Full many a promise smil'd upon his morn :  
 Morn chang'd to eve—each promise died away.

He wish'd,—nor can you call his wishes bold ;  
 He hop'd,—for sure his friends were not a few ;  
 He hop'd,—for many a flattering tale was told,  
 And the safe harbour pointed to his view.

The soft delusion play'd before his sight  
 Just to mislead ;—for soon, alas ! he found  
 His dawn of joy o'ercast with sudden night,  
 His air-built vision totter'd to the ground.

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*THE CURATE.*

A FRAGMENT.

OER the pale embers of a dying fire,  
 His little lamp fed with but little oil,  
 The Curate sat, (for scanty was his hire)  
 And ruminated sad the morrow's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare  
 The stated lectures of the coming tide ;  
 No day of rest to him—but day of care,  
 At many a Church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him spread his various sermons lay,  
 Of explanation deep and sage advice ;  
 The harvest gain'd from many a thoughtful day,  
 The fruit of learning, bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a foud but tearful eye,  
 Awhile he paus'd, for sorrow stopp'd his throat,  
 Arous'd at length, he heav'd a bitter sigh,  
 And thus complain'd, as well indeed he mote :

' Hard is the scholar's lot, condemn'd to sail  
 Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempestuous wave ;  
 Clouds blind his sight ; nor blows a friendly gale,  
 To waft him to one port—except the grave.

' Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keel,  
 With youthful ardour and bright science fraught ;  
 Unanxious of the pains, long doom'd to feel,  
 Unthinking that the voyage might end in nought.

' Pleas'd on the summer-sea I danced a-while,  
 With gay companions, and with views as fair ;  
 Outstripp'd by these, I'm left to humble toil,  
 My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.

' Had my ambitious mind been led to rise  
 To highest flights, to crosier and to pall,  
 Scarce could I mourn the missing of the prize,  
 For soaring wishes well deserve their fall.

' No towering thoughts like these engag'd my breast,  
 I hop'd (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly pian)  
 Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,  
 The scheme of duty suited to the man ;

- ' Where, in my narrow sphere secure, at ease,  
 From vile dependence free, I might remain,  
 The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,  
 The friend, the shepherd, of the village swain.
- ' Yet cruel fate denied the small request,  
 And bound me fast, in one ill-omen'd hour,  
 Beyond the chance of remedy, to rest  
 The slave of wealthy pride and priestly pow'r.
- ' Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,  
 In distant chapels hastily to pray,  
 By nod scarce notic'd of the passing throng,  
 " 'Tis but the *Curate*," every child will say.
- ' Nor circumscrib'd in dignity alone  
 Do I my rich superior's vassal ride :  
 Sad penury, as was in cottage known,  
 With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preside.
- ' Ah! not for me the harvest yields its store,  
 The bough-crown'd shock in vain attracts mine  
 eye ;  
 To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,  
 I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.
- ' When at the altar, surplice-clad, I stand,  
 The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee ;  
 The gift I take, but dare not close my hand ;  
 The splendid present centres not in me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE HELMETS.

### A FRAGMENT.

The scene of the following event is laid in the neighbourhood of Donnington Castle, in a house built after the gothic taste, upon a spot famous for a bloody encounter between the armies of Charles and the Parliament.

The prognostication alludes to Civil Dissention, which some have foretold would arise in England, in consequence of the disputes with America.

—

—'Twas midnight—every mortal eye was clos'd  
 Through the whole mansion, save an antique Crone's,  
 That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd  
 The broken sleep (fell harbinger of death)  
 Of a sick Boteler<sup>1</sup>.—Above indeed  
 In a drear gallery (lighted by one lamp,  
 Whose wick the poor departing seneschal  
 Did closely imitate,) pac'd slow and sad  
 The village Curate, waiting late to shrive  
 The penitent when 'wake: scarce show'd the ray  
 To fancy's eye, the pourtray'd characters  
 That grac'd the wall.—On this and t'other side  
 Suspended, nodded o'er the steepy stair,  
 In many a trophy form'd, the knightly group  
 Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces strong,  
 And horses' furniture—brave monuments  
 Of ancient Chivalry.—Through the stain'd pane  
 Low gleam'd the moon—not bright—but of such  
     pow'r  
 As mark'd the clouds, black, threatening over head,  
 Full mischief-fraught ;—from these in many a peal  
 Growl'd the near thunder—flash'd the frequent blaze

Bouteiller, butler.

Of lightning blue.—While round the fretted dome  
 The wind sung surly ; with unusual clank  
 The armour shook tremendous :—on a couch  
 Plac'd in the oriel <sup>2</sup> sunk the Churchman down :  
 For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,  
 Could bear portentous prodigy ?—

‘ I hear it !’ cries the proudly-gilded Casque,  
 (Fill'd by the soul of one, who erst took joy  
 In slaughterous deeds) ‘ I hear amidst the gale  
 The hostile spirit shouting—once, once more,  
 In the thick harvest of the spears we'll shine—  
 There will be work anon.’——

——‘ I'm waken'd too ;’  
 Replied the sable Helmet (tenanted  
 By a like inmate) ‘ Hark !—I hear the voice  
 Of the impatient Ghosts, who straggling range  
 You summit, (crown'd with ruin'd battlements,  
 The fruits of civil discord). To the din  
 The Spirits, wandering round this Gothic pile,  
 All join their yell—the song is war and death—  
 There will be work anon.’

——‘ Call armourers, ho !  
 Furbish my vizor—close my rivets up—  
 I brook no dallying’——

——‘ Soft, my hasty friend,’  
 Said the black Beaver ; ‘ neither of us twain  
 Shall share the bloody toil—war-worn am I,  
 Bor'd by a happier mace, I let in fate  
 To my once master—since unsought, unus'd,  
 Pensile I'm fix'd—yet too your gaudy pride  
 Has nought to boast—the fashion of the fight  
 Has thrown your gilt and shady plumes aside,  
 For modern foppery ;—still do not frown,  
 Nor lowr indignantly your steely brows,

<sup>2</sup> A projecting window.

We've comfort left enough. The bookman's lore  
 Shall trace our sometime merit ;—in the eye  
 Of antiquary-taste we long shall shine :  
 And as the scholar marks our rugged front,  
 He'll say, " this Cressy saw, that Agincourt :"  
 Thus dwelling on the prowess of his Fathers,  
 He'll venerate their shell. Yet, more than this,  
 From our inactive station we shall hear  
 The groans of butcher'd brothers, shrieking plaints  
 Of ravish'd maids, and matrons' frantic howls ;  
 Already hovering o'er the threaten'd lauds  
 The famish'd raven snuffs the promis'd feast,  
 And hoarsier croaks for blood—'twill flow.

—————' Forbid it, Heaven !

O shield my suffering Country !—shield it !' pray'd  
 The agonizing Priest.

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### DONNINGTON CASTLE.

Blow the loud trump of war—wide to the gale  
 Unfurl the painted banner—from the breast  
 Tear the mild sympathies of charity,  
 And fan the battle's fire.—What boots it now  
 If Briton fight with Briton ! —Is there one  
 To whom these shouts give joy ? can there be one  
 So steel'd, so frantic with envenom'd rage  
 Of party feud, as to forego the mark  
 Of fair humanity ?—Reckless to pluck  
 The blossoms from the olive, and dye them red  
 Deep in a brother's blood ?—If such there be,  
 (Cain's heir legitimate) O let him turn  
 His fierce eye to the desolated crown  
 Of many a batter'd hill—to many a heap  
 Of ruins scatter'd through this worried land,



Scenes once of civil strife, but now become  
Familiar to the lowliest village swain,  
If there be one within this fertile vale [blood,  
(Fertile through peace) who yearns for acts of  
Direct his view, Divine Benevolence!  
To yonder awful but instructive pile  
Of grandeur fallen,—on the indented ridge  
Stands eloquent the siege-worn monitor,  
That speaks from every stone;—from every wound  
That bor'd its strong yet vain resisting side,  
Truth tells a solemn lesson.—To the ear  
Of warm poetic fancy speaks the ghost  
Of Chancer, prime of bards, who caught the souls  
Of Ladies born for love, and e'en could lure  
For some soft season, the stout rugged hearts  
That fill'd the steel-clad warriors of his age,  
And made them listen to his syren voice  
Half-angry—yet unwilling to be gone.  
'Tis Chancer hails, from the drear ivied tower,  
The gaze of idle visitants,—but once  
The seat of all the Muses—where his court  
Kept Phœbus, gladden'd at the powerful call  
That woo'd him to our Albion:—round him play'd  
Old Comus jocular, with many a glee  
Promoting social laughter;—many a Grace  
Stole in amidst the cheerful throng, and sooth'd  
The bashful maiden, while with blushing joy  
She hearken'd to her all-accomplished Knight.  
Chaucer, the prime of bards!—with festive song  
Oft has he charm'd the variegated group  
Within yon ancient walls—walls that no more  
Resound with jocund minstrelsy.—The owl  
There shrieks her ominous note, the raven hoarse  
Joins in the horrid discord: direful change!

## ADDRESS

TO THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

COME, genial spirit, to the earnest call  
 Of the true patriot! wheresoc'er thou art,  
 O! mark the summons! whether airy borne  
 In hasty progress, pleas'd, thou skimm'st the edge  
 Of the white bulwark; from the steepy height  
 Kenning the azure wave, thy own domain:  
 While on the pebbled shore, scarce heard so high,  
 The surf breaks foaming. In the distant view  
 Full frequent pass the womby labourers  
 Of Commerce, or the gaily floating pride  
 Of naval armament. Or whether deep  
 In midland occupation glad thou seest  
 The various labours of the cheerful loom:  
 Or Agriculture, whistling at the plough:  
 Whether the anvil-notes engage thy stay,  
 (Though dissonant, yet music to the ear  
 Of him who knows his country;) or the hum  
 Of the thick-crowded burse<sup>1</sup>; come and attend  
 To Britain's general good! 'Tis not the shout,  
 The din of Clamour, drunk with factious rage,  
 That hails thee; nor the well-dissembling tongue  
 Of mask'd Sedition, whose envenom'd rant  
 Urges the crowd to madaess. Not to these  
 List heedful. 'Tis the cool persuasive voice  
 Of Reason woos.—Quick then, with brightest smiles  
 Of mild Humanity, adorn thy cheek:  
 Straight o'er the' Atlantic surge, with anxious haste,

<sup>1</sup> Exchange.

Seek out thy pensive daughter;—once as dear,  
 And closely twining round thy milky breast,  
 As was Augusta's self.—Yet now estrang'd—  
 Unhappily estrang'd! O by the hand  
 Take the fair Mourner; from her tearful eye  
 Wipe the dim cloud of sorrow;—to the throne  
 Present her reconciling.—'Tis a boon,  
 Most glorious boon, that to our latest sons  
 Will render thy soft influence doubly dear.  
 Look back, unmov'd by prejudice, look back  
 To Memory's mirror. Pictur'd there, we see  
 The happy times of Concord; when the arm  
 Of Manufacture plied the busy task  
 In various employment:—through the eye  
 Beam'd Cheerfulness, while all around her sons  
 Glad Industry pour'd forth from Plenty's horn  
 Abundant wealth:—hence to the crowded port  
 Pass, Thought; and mark the ants of Commerce store  
 The spacious hold; light ran the toilsome day,  
 Cheer'd by the hope of honest recompense.  
 The bark unmoor'd, see how the festive crew  
 Urg'd on her speedy course; not sad to quit  
 Their native soil, for in those happier days  
 America was home. There on the shore  
 Stood Expectation: friendly by her side  
 Smil'd Hospitality, with open breast,  
 Pleas'd to receive the sea-beat traveller:  
 Cherish'd, enrich'd, that traveller return'd  
 Blessing his double country.—These thy sweets,  
 Fraternal intercourse! But ah! how chang'd,  
 How sadly chang'd is now the present scene,  
 Pregnant with future griefs! in sullen state  
 Beneath the gloomy roofs dull Silence reigns,  
 Which erst in better times, resounded quick

With strokes of active business: at the forge,  
 Extinct, in pensive poverty the smith  
 Desponding leans, incapable to earn  
 The morrow's morsel, while with craving eye  
 Look up the wife and child, but look in vain,  
 Faint with despair.—O'er the deserted loom  
 The spider forms her web, poor evidence  
 Of human sloth or want.—Fain would the Muse  
 Suppress the mournful truth; yet fore'd to tell,  
 She weeps while she relates—How are they fall'n,  
 The sons of Labour, from their prosperous state  
 Degraded! How, alas! the crowded jail  
 Swarms with inhabitants, that once had hope  
 Of fairer evenings to their toilsome morn!  
 Fill'd is each cell of sorrow and of pain  
 With daily victims:—debtors part, entomb'd  
 While living, and condemn'd to linger on  
 To life's last ebb, unpitied, unreliev'd.  
 Part felons, stamp'd the foes of social life  
 By Penury's rough hand, and driven to roam  
 The spoilers of the wealthy.—To distress  
 Abandon'd, scarce the ruin'd mind perceives  
 Its own peculiar sorrows; but sinks down  
 The creditor's fix'd prey—or to the law  
 Submits the needful sacrifice.—Sad fate [hoast,  
 Of those, whom Heaven design'd their country's  
 The artizans of skill!—Nor on the banks  
 Of venerable Thames does woe preside  
 Less perilous;—Thames, the prolific sire  
 Of Britain's wealth: along his winding shores,  
 Unoccupied, moor'd to destructive sloth,  
 Whole fleets lie perishing: a forest, true,  
 But still a blasted forest: gloomy stalks  
 The unshipp'd mariner, and meditates

On foreign service.—Should some child of Hope,  
 Lur'd by the pleasing retrospect, once more  
 Spread his broad sail across the well-known sea;  
 Should he, amidst the wonders of the deep,  
 Give way to Fancy's dream, and fondly trust  
 To meet his wonted greeting: how recoils  
 The visionary voyage!—Not on the beach  
 Sit waiting Love and Amity to grasp  
 His hand, and lead him to their open bower.  
 No thronging crowds his proffer'd mart attend  
 With various traffic:—fled—affrighted—fled  
 Are all the little deities, that once,  
 Kind, o'er the social and commercial board  
 Hung hovering: in their room, sad change! appear  
 Stern Resolution, stoic Stubbornness,  
 And Independence;—in his hand each holds  
 His weapon, jealous of the passing breeze,  
 And deaf to ancient friendship.—In this pause,  
 'This solemn pause, that halts 'tween peace and war,  
 O fly, bless'd spirit, in the royal ear  
 Whisper forgiveness;—midst the high behests  
 Of justice, let our ever-gracious Sire  
 Forget not mercy;—'tis the brightest gem  
 That decks the monarch's crown: nor thou, great  
 George,

Disdain the Muse's prayer; most loyal she,  
 In mild subjection down the tide of life,  
 Steers her light skiff.—Urg'd by the plaintive call  
 Of meek Humanity, O! pardon, now  
 If warm she pleads her cause.—The savage race,  
 That prowl the desert, or that range the wood,  
 Are won to tameness by the' attentive care  
 Of the kind gentle keeper.—Shame not man;  
 Nor say his heart's more fell:—'Tis easier far

To soothe by tenderness, than awe by pow'r,  
 Quit then the bloody purpose, nor persist  
 To conquer when the field is fairer gain'd  
 By reconciling.—To the' ungrateful toil  
 Commission'd, shuddering beats the soldier's heart.  
 Not so, when from the plough in eager haste,  
 Rous'd by the call to arms, the shouting bands  
 Rush'd emulous, reluctant none, nor held  
 By loves or home;—each burning to supply  
 The waste of war, and anxious to advance  
 The common glory.—Spiritless now and sad  
 Embark the destin'd troops: the veteran brave,  
 That dauntless bore the variegated woes  
 Of long-protracted war:—the veteran brave,  
 That won on many a plain the bloody palm  
 Of Victory, amidst the dying groans  
 Of slaughter'd thousands firmly undismay'd;  
 Now hangs in tender thought his honest front,  
 Averse to slay his brother:—at the word,  
 (Awful, yet sacred to his patient ear)  
 He lifts indeed the steel, while down his cheek  
 The big drop flows, nor more he dreads the wound  
 That bores his vitals, than the stroke he gives.  
 Say therefore, 'Sword be sheath'd,'—fair in the sky,  
 Now cloudy, then the dawn of joy will spread  
 Its warm reviving ray—and every eye  
 That's misty now with sorrow, will grow bright,  
 And smile away its tears: the sunny beam  
 Of mild returning confidence will cheer  
 The kindred countries:—Commerce, on her couch  
 Now drooping wounded, then will rear her head,  
 Charm'd into health;—and from her various store  
 Will cull the sweetest flowers, and form a wreath  
 To crown the temples of her Patriot-King.

## ESSAY

## ON THE CONTARIETIES OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

SOCIETY, like thong of leather,  
 Fast binds in clusters men together ;  
 And though it cannot be forgotten,  
 That some are ripe, and some are rotten,  
 Yet,—let it still be understood,  
 They all promote the general good.  
 For this the Patriot's fire arises,  
 That glows at every trying crisis,  
 With each inferior strife, and stir too,  
 Whence spring they? but from public virtue.  
 Though different plans, like streams, 'tis true,  
 By different rills their course pursue ;  
 Though oft they seem, to mortals blind,  
 Repugnant to the end design'd,  
 Appearing, as by error led,  
 To flow through many a mazy bed ;  
 Yet still at length we see them glide,  
 Meandering to the common tide.

Smile on, ye grave, in deep derision,  
 I shrink not from my proposition,  
 But still aver all Britons merit  
 The praise of Patriotic Spirit ;  
 As far as e'er their power can stretch,  
 From N—— descending down to Ketch.  
 That statesmen guard the public weal,  
 We all must own, for all must feel :  
 'Tis their's to watch with ardour keen,  
 And careful drive the grand machine ;

To charm the passengers from fretting,  
 And keep the whole from oversetting.  
 But still inferior hands may bring  
 Some little help,—may oil a spring,—  
 May point,—‘ There, round that corner turn ye,’  
 And wish the folks a pleasant journey.

All have their use,—there’s nothing plainer,  
 From this each traveller’s a gainer ;  
 And, though the merits be but few,  
 Let’s give to every imp his due.  
 This social fire though all possess,  
 In some there’s nothing blazes less ;  
 So many a close attempt is made,  
 O’er the bright flame to hold a shade,  
 To keep their worth from being known,  
 While conscience hugs itself alone :  
 As some of alms will never boast,  
 And look least pleas’d when giving most.

But, Cynics, spare the odd behaviour,  
 If well you walk, ne’er blame the pavier.  
 Should you, when wandering in the night,  
 Some scoundrel urge to set you right,  
 Now, though he blasts you with a curse,  
 You’ll take the better from the worse,  
 Nor think the greeting ill-bestow’d,  
 If while he damns, he shows the road ;  
 But straight jog home, no more affrighted,  
 Than if an honest watchman lighted.

Learn then the best to cull from evil,  
 As Saints take warning by the Devil.  
 And,—if the Muse, whose judgment nice is,  
 Shows public good in private vices,  
 The holiest tongue must cease to stir,  
 But instant own without demur,



While modest matrons start at Drury,  
 The thief's as useful as the jury,  
 Since both the mind strong truths impress on,  
 And teach the world an awful lesson.  
 Our various Patriots then revere,  
 Their hearts are sound, though manners queer:  
 Though some to outward vision seem  
 To sport in phrensy's antic dream,  
 The aims of each laborious self are  
 Intended for the public welfare.  
 This glorious end alone pursuing,  
 They, bold like Curtius, laugh at ruin;  
 For this, if we their schemes unravel,  
 They drink, whore, mortgage, game, and travel.

Enthusiast in the paths of Science,  
 Banks bade the stormy waves defiance;  
 Fair Nature's volume to explore,  
 He<sup>1</sup> fought with seas unsail'd before,  
 And earn'd, by Argonautic toil,  
 Fresh honours for his native soil:  
 Him Wisdom lov'd, thus worthy found,  
 And Britain hail'd him as she crown'd.

But say—' Can one Adventurer's claim  
 Exhaust the trumpet voice of fame?  
 No garland has my country now,  
 To bind another pilgrim's brow?  
 Be mine the merit,'—Florio cries,  
 And cross the Channel gaily flies;  
 Through thick and thin, drives mad and giddy on,  
 Now here, now there, now in meridian,  
 (Unless perchance when Louis fail)  
 A meteor—with a fiery tail.

<sup>1</sup> With such mad seas the daring Gama fought.

Think you his aim in each manœuvre,  
 Is but to scare the' astonish'd Louvre?  
 Ah no!—in all the dissipation  
 He loves the interest of his nation,  
 And, mindful of the Patriot rule,  
 For our instruction—plays the fool.

Connubial faith,—the' unbroken vow,—  
 How bless'd! Who dares to disallow?  
 Lothario strong in this agrees,  
 And—urges every wife he sees;  
 Sure—if the' attack should fail upon her,  
 The sex is happy in her honour:  
 And,—if his stratagems surprise her,  
 Her fall may make the' unsteady wiser.  
 The husband from his doze may start,  
 And, though he long disdain'd her heart,  
 May look the thief with visage fierce on,  
 Who dar'd defile the slighted person.  
 ' Draw—draw to set the matter right,'—  
 But is Lothario wrong to fight?  
 No,—Public Virtue swells his veins,  
 Whoever falls,—his country gains:  
 This none can doubt; your feelings ask, all;  
 For 'tis a gain to lose a rascal.

When trade unclogg'd can turn its wheels,  
 The influence kind the kingdom feels;  
 Each hand, in fit degree and measure,  
 Contributes to the public treasure.  
 These truths Northumberland convince,  
 Who lives in just magnificence,  
 And,—while his bounty wide distils  
 For England's welfare—pays his bills.

But different notions Cotia strike,  
 For why should Patriots judge alike?

It shocks his greatness to describe  
 How ' Peasants gall the Courtier's kibe,'  
 An upstart race, that no one knows,  
 Who yet have folly to suppose,  
 That honest wealth is better far  
 Than guilt and want beneath a star.  
 ' Let every man preserve his station ;  
 What's rule—without subordination ?  
 T'll wiser heads confess the flaw,  
 And plan a sumptuary law,  
 Inpatient some redress to get,  
 See Cotta plunges into debt,  
 (From bailiff's safe)—and much commends  
 This practice to his hungry friends :  
 So war is wag'd with every trader,  
 Dear Honour ! lest the rogues degrade her :  
 And what contrivance is more sure  
 To humble,—than to keep them poor ?

When in contention sharp of old,  
 As legendary tales unfold,  
 Two <sup>2</sup> rival deities design'd  
 Their choicest presents to mankind,  
 With envy kindling,—warm enforcer !  
 This gave an olive, that a courser.

Thus some,—as other plans have miss'd them,  
 Revere the vegetable system,  
 And think their virtue grounded sure  
 In growth of timber, and—manure.  
 Hence, up the slope plantations spread,  
 And crown the hill's once dreary head ;  
 Hence, downward as the vale descends,  
 The harvest ocean wide extends ;

<sup>2</sup> Minerva and Neptune.

Glad Britain—how these prospects charm her!  
 Her Medal<sup>3</sup> decks the Patriot Farmer,  
 Who counts his stock,—and hopes he's shown  
 His country's riches in his own.  
 Not so the 'Squire of boistrous spirit,  
 Who, studious of equestrian merit,  
 To thrifty care makes no pretences,  
 But scours the fields, and breaks the fences.  
 Vain may the tenant urge his speeches,  
 New till the soil, and mend the breaches,  
 Yet no restraint his landlord clogs;—  
 Devoted as a prey to dogs,  
 He hates ignoble frugal ways,  
 And—wild in the career of praise,  
 Cries, as he spurs his foaming steed,  
 'To me Old England owes the breed.'

Do various loads the nation press?  
 'Tis noble sure to make them less:  
 This Vigil does, and labours hard  
 To cog the die, or palm the card:  
 Profuse in packs, as round they lie,  
 He often turns the' applauding eye;—  
 And,—though he cheats, thinks nothing of it,  
 Since his dear country shares the profit.  
 Keen Censure then her frown relaxes,  
 Without consumption what are taxes?

Taxes! But, 'why' Thersites growls,  
 Must every bird be stripp'd by owls?  
 Shall two or three, in pamper'd ease,  
 Lay contributions as they please,  
 While all the rest, in station humble,  
 Tame bear the loss,—nor dare, to grumble!

<sup>3</sup> Medals given by the Society for the encouraging Art and Sciences.

Peace, Snarler,—know, with steady soul  
 The Patriot can applaud the whole ;  
 And justly crowns with equal praise  
 The man who levies, and who pays.

'Tis true, the Doctor of finances  
 By nostrums oft his fund enhances :  
 But then his skill in physic's great,  
 He knows the ailments of the state,  
 Intent, as suits the sad disaster,  
 To cup, prick, purge, or spread a plaister.  
 A plethora's now the case, there's needing  
 Strict regimen, and copious bleeding.  
 He therefore acts the subject best  
 Who scorns the order to contest ;  
 But claps a calm contented face on,  
 And yields the most to fill the bason.

To give his part, through various stages  
 The Manufacturer engages ;  
 And thinks there's merit at his door,  
 Whose business feeds the labouring poor,  
 While to the keen Exciseman's eyes  
 Accumulating duties rise.

' Curse on the drudge's dirty toil,'  
 Exclaims my haughty lord of soil,  
 (Though oft his title-deeds may rest  
 Safe in the usurer's iron chest ;)  
 ' Unpaid let other calls remain,  
 I'll still uphold my menial train ;  
 Economy !—'tis base to court her,  
 Each Footman<sup>4</sup> is a state-supporter ;  
 To balk the cause a coward's sin is,  
 I'll bravely pay the hundred guineas.'

<sup>4</sup> New tax on servants.

Deep Bibo soaks, and boasts the reason,  
 ' Wine's the best antidote to treason,  
 Our bumpers large revenues bring,  
 I drink my claret for my King.'  
 Yet still his zeal by far surpasses,  
 Who empties first, then breaks the glasses <sup>5</sup>.

How Fungus glows with patriot pride ;  
 While credit pours an even tide !  
 Thus buoy'd along, through fairy scenes,  
 He clubs his share to ways and means ;  
 At length the dun's incessant clamour  
 Dooms every chattle to the hammer ;  
 Still there's decorum in his fall,  
 Since now the Auction <sup>6</sup> closes all.

Smile, Walpole's ghost <sup>7</sup>, untaught to feign,  
 For private folly's public gain :  
 And bid old Cecil <sup>8</sup> smooth his brow,—  
 If England thrives,—no matter how.

Vespasian thus, the bee of money,  
 From every weed could gather honey :  
 Though squeamish Titus leer'd and laugh'd,  
 The wiser father bless'd the craft,  
 And, when his bags the cash was sure in,  
 Ne'er thought the tribute smelt of urine.

<sup>5</sup> New tax on glass-wares.

<sup>6</sup> Ditto on auctions.

<sup>7</sup> Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford.

<sup>8</sup> Probably William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, is here designated.

## THE JUSTICE :

### A CANTATA.

#### RECITATIVE.

Compos'd, the Justice sat in easy state ;  
 A crowd assembling, thunder'd at the gate :  
 'The porter, to his post accustom'd long,  
 First ask'd the cause, then introduc'd the throng :  
 Midst these, a sire enrag'd, two culprits brought,  
 Her swelling waist proclaim'd the damsel's fault ;  
 The young seducer look'd abash'd and pale,  
 While thus the father urg'd his angry tale :

#### SONG.

See that wretch, base ends pursuing,  
 Low has brought my child to shame—  
 See in her my honour's ruin,  
 Death of honour, death of fame !

Well to match her ripening beauty  
 Oft I've form'd the fondest schemes ;  
 But this fall, this breach of duty,  
 Turns my hopes to idle dreams.—

Curse the traitor's late repenting—  
 Vengeance, vengeance I demand—  
 War recruits is ever wanting—  
 Let him die on foreign land.

#### RECITATIVE.

He paus'd—for rage his faltering voice oppress'd—  
 The magistrate the trembling youth address'd,  
 Dispell'd his terrors with a rising smile—  
 And thus the youth began in artless style :

## SONG.

If the laws I have offended,  
 Here for pardon let me sue :  
 'Twas a crime I ne'er intended,  
 Love's the only crime I knew.  
 Love I plead, (be this prevailing)  
 Love in early youth begun ;—  
 We had never known this failing,  
 Had yon tyrant made us one.  
 On our knees we oft have pray'd him,  
 Oft have own'd our mutual flame :  
 Wretched therefore if we've made him,  
 On himself must rest the blame.

## RECITATIVE.

He spoke, and on his partner turn'd his eye,  
 Who deep encrimson'd made this short reply :

## AIR.

Gracious sir, this faithful youth  
 Well has spoke the voice of truth.  
 Kind dispenser of the laws,  
 Show compassion to our cause—  
 Hear me on my bended knee—  
 Spare his life, and pity me.

## RECITATIVE.

'The Judge not long in useless silence sate,  
 But instant rose, and thus announc'd their fate :

## AIR.

Relentless parent, since to me  
 Is now refer'd the last decree,  
 Mark and observe my just command,—  
 I doom him not to foreign land,



But to a sentence mild and kind—  
 Be both at Hymen's altar join'd ;  
 And may their passion ne'er decay,  
 Till ebbing life shall sink away.

## RECITATIVE.

The listening crowd the fair award approv'd,  
 The youth they favour'd, and the maid they lov'd.  
 While thanks and praises did their tongues employ,  
 They thus in chorus testified their joy :

## CHORUS.

Happy pair, who thus have found  
 Friendship, when you fear'd a foe !  
 While the year revolves around,  
 May your bliss revolving flow !  
 Parents, to your children's pleasure  
 Be your close attention paid ;  
 Nor for titles, pomp, or treasure,  
 Cut the knot that love has made.  
 And to thee, thou judge of peace,  
 Our best gratitude is due ;  
 May each couple love like these—  
 May each Justice act like you !

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 THE NAVY.

## A FRAGMENT.

Down the variegated side  
 Of Edgecombe's far-recorded knoll,  
 (Joy of nereids, Cornwall's pride)  
 Where Art extends her mild control

But just to check what Nature's liberal hand  
 Has spread in gay luxuriance wide,  
 Of rocks, dells, groves, a fairy land ;  
 'The Muse, astonish'd, trac'd her lingering way,  
 Unsettled what to leave, and wondering where to  
 stay.

\* \* \* \* \*

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*FRAGMENT.*

SCRANNEL pipe, of scanty tone,  
 Yield the prize, and yield it due—  
 Pan, if here, must surely own  
 From thee no heavenly rapture grew—  
 Thine's the frolic to advance  
 Rustic joy, and rustic dance.—  
 Merry glee, in many a round  
 Tripping o'er the daisied ground,  
 Prais'd thy note, while rival feet  
 Strove thy movements fast to meet.—

\* \* \* \* \*

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*EARLY GREY HAIRS.*

O'ER my head, e'en yet a boy,  
 Care has thrown an early snow—  
 Care, be gone!—a steady joy  
 Soothes the heart that beats below.

Thus, though Alpine tops retain  
 Endless winter's hoary wreath ;  
 Vines, and fields of golden grain,  
 Cheer the happy sons beneath.

*BAGATELLE.*

EVERY hour a pleasure dies—  
 What is thought, but nurse to sorrow?—  
 He, that wishes to be wise,  
 Lives to day, and mocks to-morrow.

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ON THE

*BIRTH-DAY OF MISS S. C.*

EXULTING on the balmy gale,  
 When Flora wakes the May-dew morn,  
 The Rose-bud all with rapture hail,  
 Sweet glory of the loveliest thorn!  
 Each day refines the rich perfume—  
 Glad Flora smiles—the zephyr blows—  
 While opening with a gradual bloom  
 The favourite ripens to a Rose.

Thus in our Susan's shape and face,  
 Respondent to her angel soul,  
 The growth of each attractive grace  
 We mark—as annual circles roll.  
 Advance, ye years!—And every charm,  
 Which Venus boasts, shall sure be given;  
 While fostering Friendship joys to form  
 Her mind, the fairest work of Heaven.

## VERSES

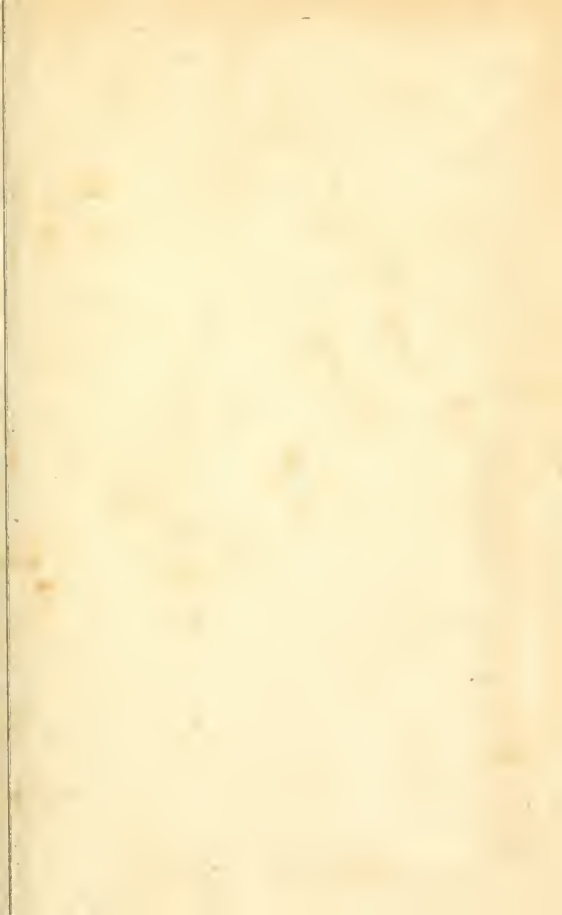
OCCASIONED BY HEARING THAT A GENTLEMAN AT  
THE HOTWELL, BRISTOL, HAD WRITTEN SATIRI-  
CAL VERSES ON A LADY. 1779.

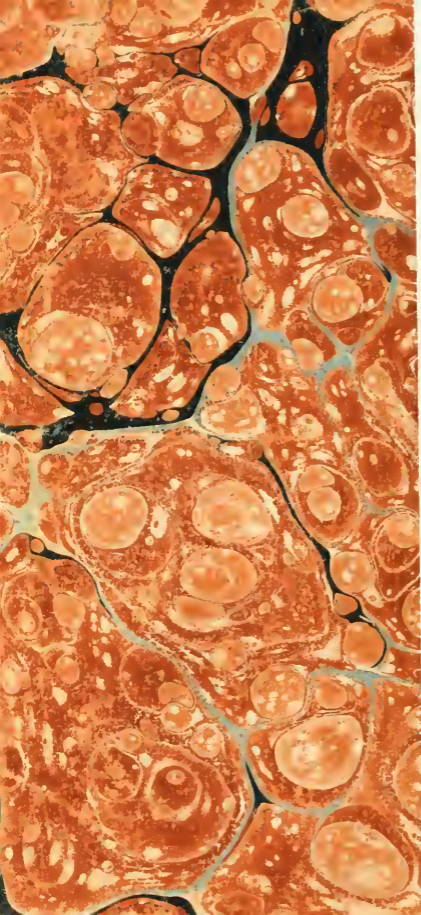
For nobler purposes design'd  
Than puny war to wage,  
What cause can sink a hero's mind  
To worse than woman's rage?  
What female fault can rouse the soul  
To dip the rancorous quill?  
How justify the' envenom'd scroll  
One female fame to kill?  
If frailty aims the slight offence,  
What man perceives the smart?  
O! let not bravery and sense  
Return the feeble dart.  
O'er the soft sex love gladly throws  
Its adamant shield,  
And few are ever known their foes,  
Or try the' inglorious field.  
Thus on the form of Beauty's queen  
One only Greek was found,  
Rough Diomed, with weapon keen,  
Who dar'd inflict a wound.

FINIS.











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